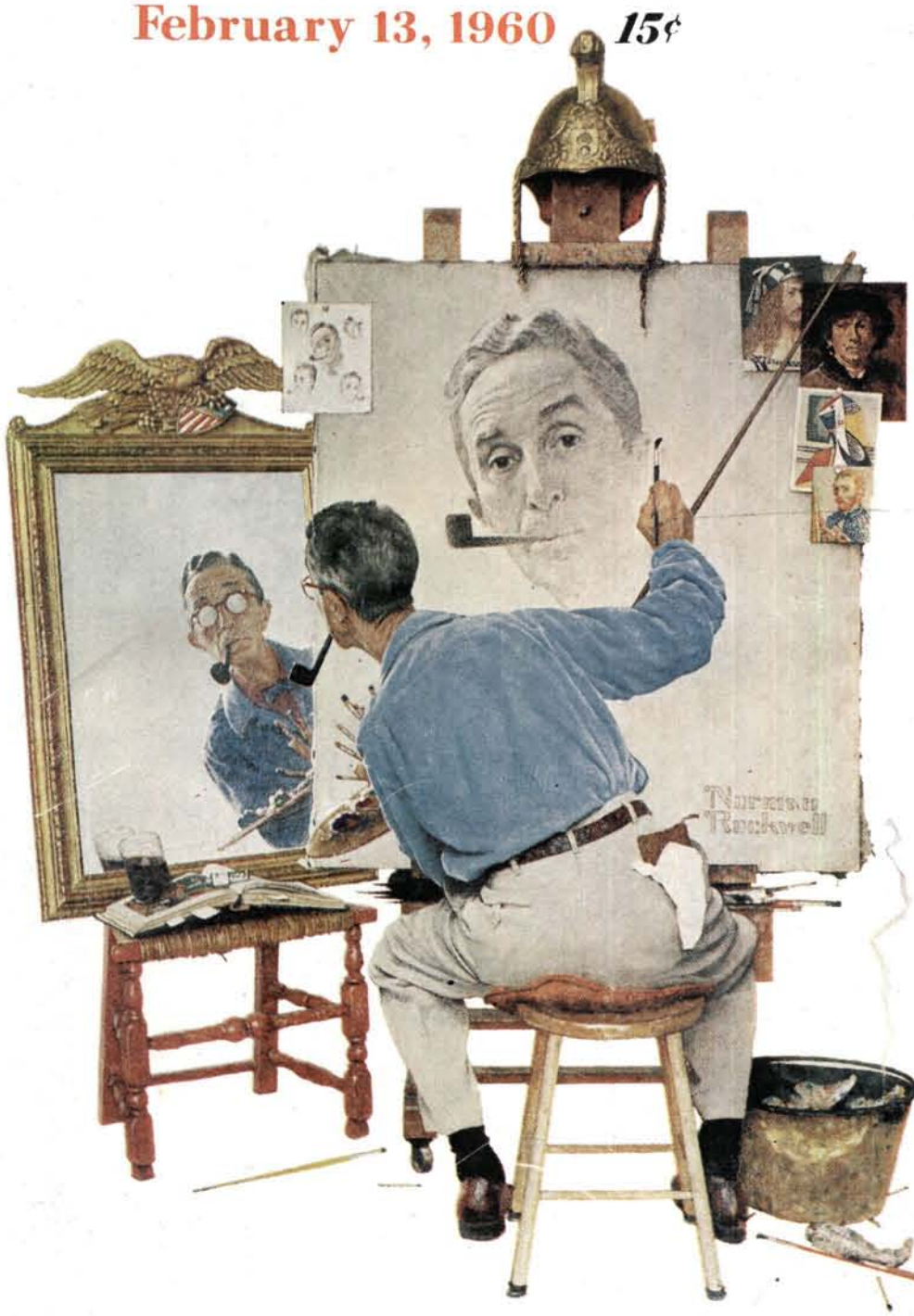
The Saturday Evening
POST
February 13, 1960 15¢

Beginning in this issue



AMERICA'S BEST LOVED ARTIST FINALLY TELLS HIS OWN STORY

NORMAN ROCKWELL

My Adventures As An Illustrator

By Norman Rockwell

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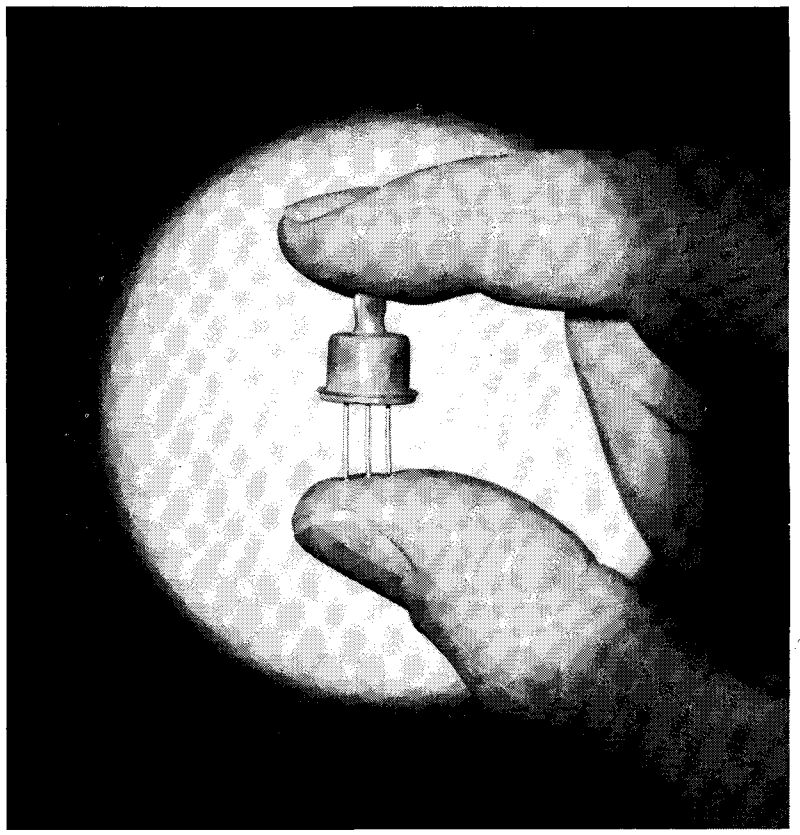
An important point about good telephone earnings is the way they yield a profit to the telephone user.

It is only through good earnings that we can do the research and the long-pull planning that improve your service and keep down the price you pay for it.

Sure, there have been increases in the price of telephone service just as in everything else. But they would have been far greater if we had not been able to absorb some part of our own increases in cost through technological advances and economies in operation.

Without adequate telephone company profits you wouldn't have the kind of service you'd like. And the chances are very good that you would be paying more for an inferior brand than you now pay for the best telephone service in the whole world.



NEW AND BETTER SERVICES for telephone users will come from the Bell Telephone Laboratories invention of the Transistor, a major scientific breakthrough. This mighty mite of electronics, which can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times, will play a big part in push-button telephony, for example. The Transistor has been made possible by basic physical research of the kind that can only be undertaken by a progressive business with good earnings over the long pull.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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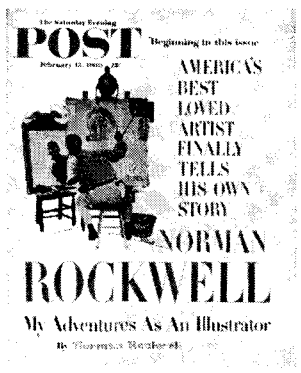
POST
Beginning in this issue
AMERICA'S BEST LOVED ARTIST FINALLY TELLS HIS OWN STORY
NORMAN ROCKWELL
My Adventures As An Illustrator

THE COVER

Behold a self-portrait of Norman Rockwell painting a self-portrait. If what Norman terms "the noble creature on the canvas" is a bit more glamorous than the gent in the looking glass, that could be laid to the intoxicating effect of the famous self-portraits on the easel—reading downward, Dürer, Rembrandt, Picasso, Van Gogh. This might also account for those light-reflecting spectacles turning into Mr. Bright Eyes and for the droopy pipe suddenly becoming so high-falutin. Rockwell seems confused about the helmet atop the easel; a Paris antique dealer sold it to him in 1923, saying it was a battle-scarred military relic, but later the painter noticed French firemen wearing practically the same thing. It could come in handy when the fire in that receptacle really gets going.

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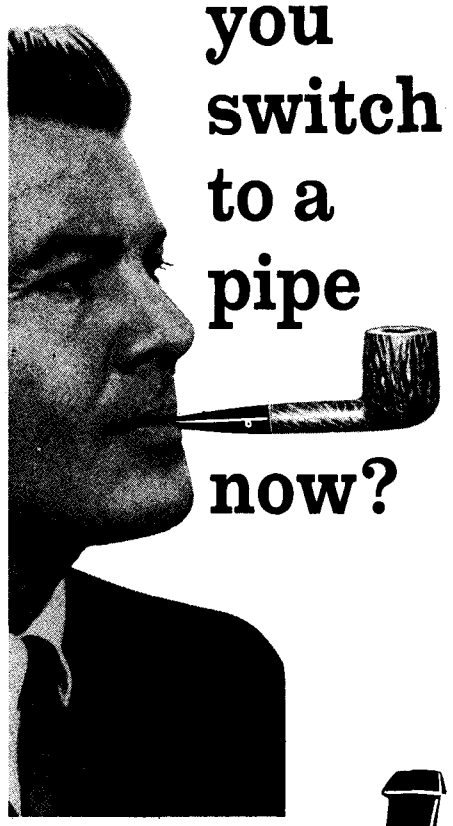

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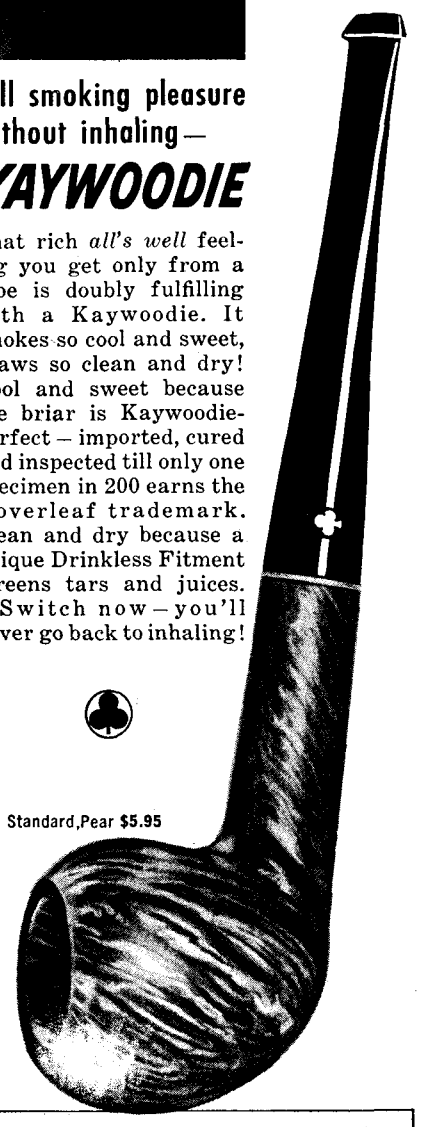

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YOUR CAR
NEEDS
A BIG
LIFT!
Car-makers all agree your engine is headed for "mid-winter sludge slump"—unless you change to clean oil now—and to a fresh oil filter to keep it clean! Winter driving is twice as hard on your engine. Cold starts and short runs can fill your oil fast with sludge and damaging contaminants.
More dealers offer Fram than any other filter. When you change your oil, get a fresh Fram Filter. Screen out dirt and grit as it forms. Give your engine maximum protection against winter wear, power loss.
Nothing cleans like Fram. A Fram Oil Filter removes grit and sludge-forming particles as small as 39 millionths of an inch . . . and still gives the fast, full flow of clean oil your engine needs for smooth, economical operation. Always insist on Fram. FRAM CORPORATION, Providence 16, R. I.
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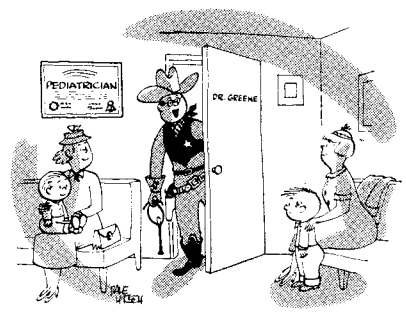
Letters

Dentistry in California

Dear Sirs:

Dave Hirsch's cartoon [Jan. 9] is not at all farfetched. According to a recent issue of *Dental Survey*, there are two pedodontists in Los Angeles who practice



"Next."

while wearing cowboy outfits. Their reception room is set up in Western style to appeal to children, with a corral in the corner where parents are "roped in."

CAPT. R. E. HAMILTON
U. S. Army Dental Corps
Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

The "Art" of Cheating

Dear Sirs:

I fought down overwhelming nausea as I read AMERICAN DISGRACE: COLLEGE CHEATING [by Jerome Ellison, Jan. 9]. We've just about hit the bottom of this rotten little barrel we live in. I knew the kids must cheat, but not so many of them nor on such a grand scale. . . .

Are these the nuts that are going to be holding offices, making laws and getting the higher-paid jobs while honest folks stand by and watch helplessly?

JOANNE BLOSE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

A thousand students at Columbia University signed a petition to have Charles Van Doren reinstated. Practically this was an endorsement of cheating. Why not? All of them probably regarded it as acceptable.

WILLIAM HOWARD LEWIS, M.D.
Cave Spring, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

College cheating has one advantage. It provides exercise in the salable art of deceit.

ARTHUR DRUMMOND JR.
Memphis, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The Honor Society at New England College thinks you are 98 per cent right in your article on college cheating. Their disagreement with you is that they feel cheating must be put to a stop by those who are most hurt by it—the students themselves.

PROF. HAROLD C. DOWNES
New England College
Henniker, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Cheating is far less prevalent on this campus than the colleges reported upon.

PETER S. CHAMBERLAIN
Washington and Jefferson College
Washington, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I never saw a single case of cheating in my whole four years at Virginia Tech, but in graduate school at New York University cheating was accepted as routine.

2ND LT. JACK R. BRYANT, USAF
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The greatest heritage and tradition of the University of Virginia is the honor system.

JAY I. LEVINE
Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am proud that my college is run very successfully on the honor system.

JANICE CARVER
Chatham College
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

My alma mater, Vassar College, is most certainly not among the colleges and universities where cheating is practiced by the students or winked at by either the students or the faculty. One of my first questions after my matriculation in 1949 was, "What kind of honor system do they have here?" Eyebrows went up. "Honor system? We don't have one. Vassar doesn't need one."

VALERE POTTER MENEFEE
Brentwood, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

When I entered high-school biology this year the instructor told us we were not on the honor system because, and I quote, "I have found that the teacher has the honor, and the students have the system."

DAVID H. EFF, *age 15*
Angola, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I am a fairly good student and have often observed others cheating. It makes me kind of mad, but I am not going to report them because the ensuing disfavor I would be in with my fellow students would make it not worth it.

SALLY ROBERTS, *age 14*
Salem, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Your favorite collegiate viewer-with-alarm, Jerome Ellison, overlooked one of the pleasantest but most difficult forms of college cheating. Romancing the professor's secretary, perhaps even offering

her a fraternity pin if the exam promised to be difficult, frequently brought forth the questions well in advance of the test.

VENLO WOLFSOHN
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Sirs:

How can we expect a race of honest young people when the example before them from the time they start to understand at all is one of fraud, deception,

(Continued on Page 6)

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* America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Albert Dorne

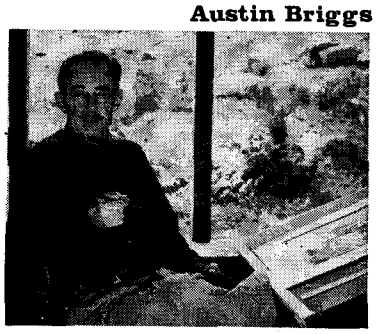
Norman Rockwell

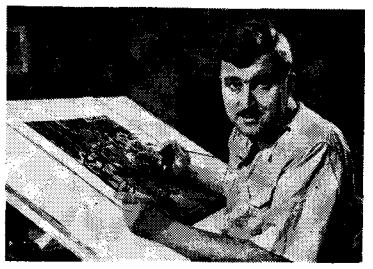
Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Austin Briggs

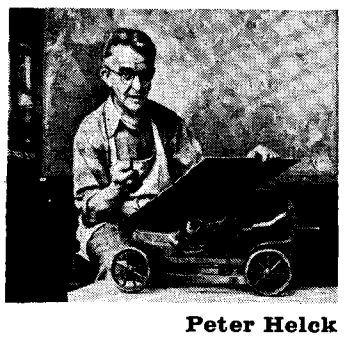
Ben Stahl


Fred Ludekens


Robert Fawcett

Harold Von Schmidt

Dong Kingman


Peter Helck

Stevan Dohanos

* We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a successful money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began more than a decade ago. We found that many men and women who could have become artists—and should have become artists—never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent and had no way of finding out whether it was worth developing. Others who were convinced they had talent simply couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We did something about this. We made it possible for anyone, anywhere, who likes to draw and paint—and who has talent worth developing—to get the training he needs to become a successful artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we, ourselves, were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with more than 5,000 specially made drawings; then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . art lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. Finally—after years of teaching—we perfected what is probably the most personal and effective method ever developed for criticizing and improving a student's drawings and paintings.

Our program of art training is now well known and respected all over the world. We have helped thousands of people find success in art. Here are just a few:

When Don Smith of New Orleans wrote to us, he knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he's a top illustrator with the South's leading advertising agency.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen of Ohio—a married man with three children, unhappy in a "no-future job"—began studying with us, evenings. Now he's earning a much higher salary as an illustrator for a growing art studio. And his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski of Rexford, N. Y., was able to give up her typing job to become the fashion artist for a local department store.

A Career of Her Own

"I now have extra money for trips and a bank account to do with as I please," says housewife Doris Hagen. "Without your Course, I would not have had a profession."

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meecham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an $18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

When Kathryn Gorsuch of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, found out she was to have a baby—she left her filing job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she went back to work for the same company . . . this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much... and recently built a new home for his family.

Profitable Hobby—at 78

Alice Whitlach, great-grandmother from Milan, Ind., used her spare time to study with us. "It's one of the best things that ever happened to me. Since then I've sold hundreds of paintings."

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each, and gets all the business he can handle.

Clerk to Cartoonist

John Whitaker of Memphis, was working as an airlines clerk when he decided to do something about his art talent. Two years after starting his Famous Artists Schools training he won a prize in a national cartooning contest. Now his daily comic strip is enjoyed by millions of newspaper readers.

Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we created our special 12-page Famous Artists Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible for professional training by the School . . . right in their own homes.

If you like to draw or paint and want to know if you have talent worth developing—mail the coupon today. The test will be mailed to you without cost or obligation.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 5065, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age _____
Miss (please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____

County _____ State _____

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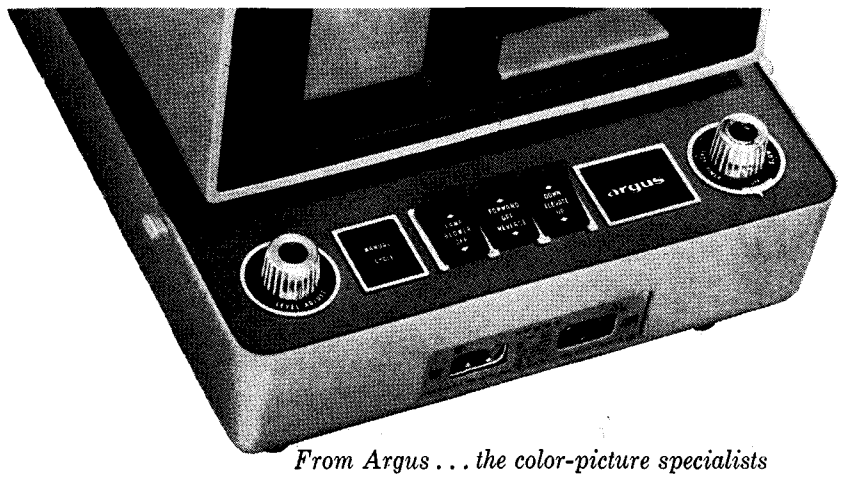

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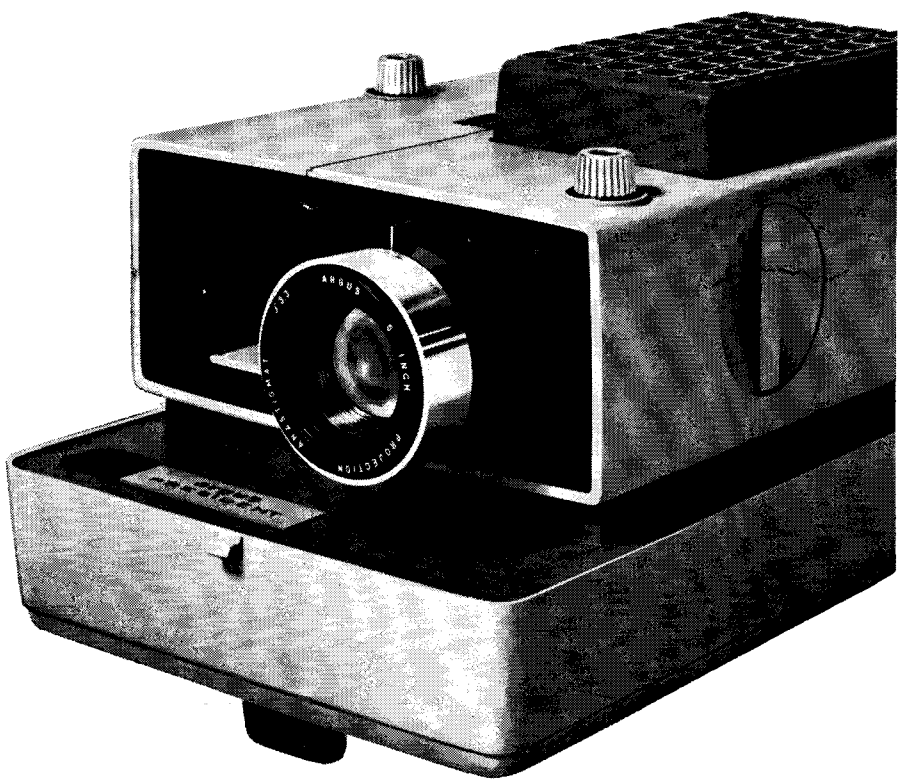


Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

get-away-with-it-if-you-can. How often do we as adults go over the speed limit—if there is no cop around—and in the presence of our children? Or pad our expense accounts and brag about it in the presence of our children? Or tell of the fast deal we pulled? And on and on.

College cheating is an American disgrace, a serious one and more so each year. But the real disgrace of America is the general moral letdown in the home, in the office and everywhere we adults, whose responsibility it is to rear our children, fail to set the proper example.

PROF. PAUL E. STANLEY
Purdue University
Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

When parents send their children to college they expect them to come home with diplomas, not codes of ethics superior to those of their elders.

BURR H. MALLORY
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

When we as a nation return to the true meaning of the word "education," the virtue of honesty will return naturally and normally [without] force or congressional investigation.

VERONICA BIALIK
Menlo Park, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I shall always remember [how] one of my teachers . . . discouraged the class from ever cheating again. "Whenever you have the thought that you might want to cheat," she said, "always think of yourself on an operating table under the knife of a doctor who cheated his way through medical school."

WELLS WAGNER
Kenyon College
Gambier, Ohio

Is the Supreme Court Too High and Mighty?

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article concerning the Supreme Court [BACKSTAGE AT THE SUPREME COURT, by Paul F. Healy, Jan. 2] I was astounded to find that this country, founded by people who wholeheartedly rejected the trappings of aristocracy, has allowed [such] a rank growth of privilege and prerogative. . . .

Granted the judicial system is entitled to the greatest respect. This is still no reason that these men who occupy the exalted bench should . . . accord special favors (paid for by the Treasury) to their favorites (like Mrs. Cafritz) and be patronizing and often insulting to their too-often professional superiors, the lawyers who practice in their court.

GEORGE S. BOHN
Columbus, Ga.

● *It seems doubtful that the occasional use Mrs. Cafritz makes of the Court's parking space and elevator amounts to a drain on the Treasury.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

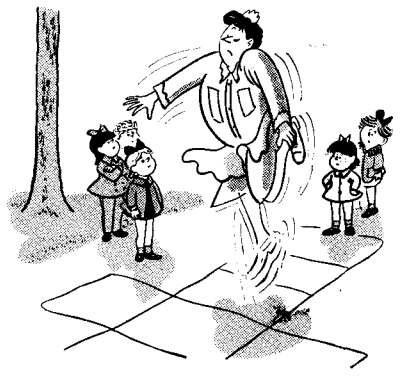
The [description] of the Supreme Court Justices doing their gymnastics in sweat shirt and tennis shoes has me in convulsions. For shame: Not even a loincloth?

MRS. PETER WEMEIER
Waconia, Minn.

Hopping Hazel

Dear Sirs:

Re HAZEL by Ted Key in the Jan. 9 *Post:* She's going to need a third leg for the next move if she plays the game

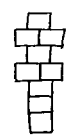
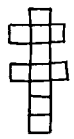


right—and I think her fellow hopscotchers watching her will make sure she does.

JACQUELINE RADIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I don't blame her if she misses.

Hopscotch looks like this:  . . . not like this: 

JOE HERSH
Glendale, Calif.

Charmed

Dear Sirs:

The following is from your Nov. 28 issue:

Words About Women

Between beauty and charm, there's a difference
That's perfectly simple to see. . . .
I notice a beautiful woman,
A charming one notices me.

D. E. Twiggs

As I see it:

My wife then indeed is a charmer,
For whenever I happen to see
A remarkably beautiful woman
My wife sure is noticing me.

CURTIS HEATH
Elkhart, Ind.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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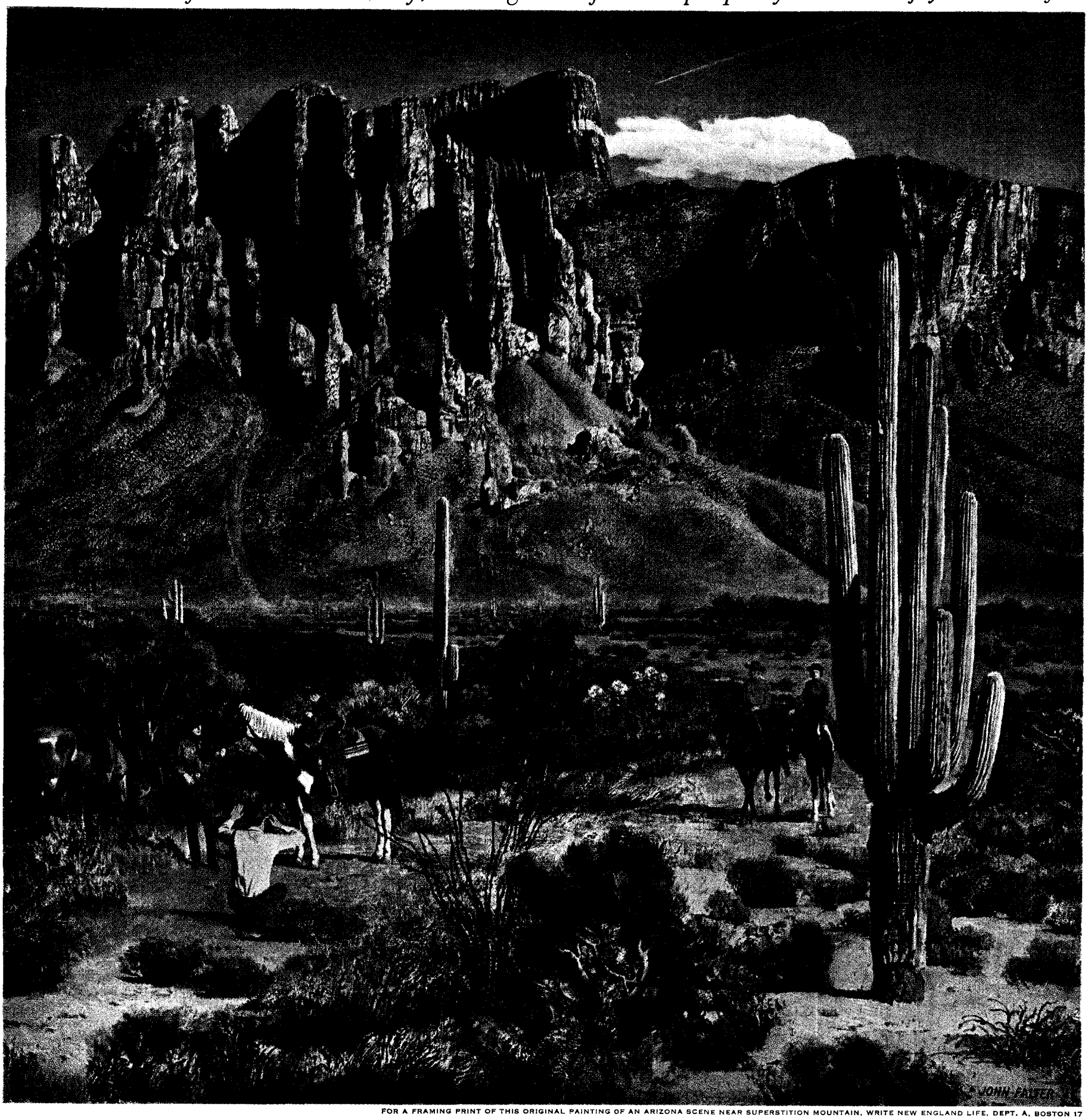
Across the nation for more than a century, New England Life has helped policyholders to enjoy a "better life"



FOR A FRAMING PRINT OF THIS ORIGINAL PAINTING OF AN ARIZONA SCENE NEAR SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. A, BOSTON 17

A better life...how to put your family in the picture

When you're buying life insurance, keep in mind that the future is full of question marks. Your life insurance policy should have the necessary provisions for coping with the unpredictable situations ahead. Insist on a policy with benefits that are generous, flexible and numerous enough to do just that.

On this basis, you'll find that the New England Life contract provides positive advantages. This "Better Life" policy has *the finest combination of guaranteed benefits at any price.*

45 features that safeguard your future: The New England Life agent nearest you has an unusual exhibit which describes the 45 key features of the "Better Life" contract. He will show you graphically how this contract can help to assure *a better life for you and yours.*

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** *Insurance Company*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1835

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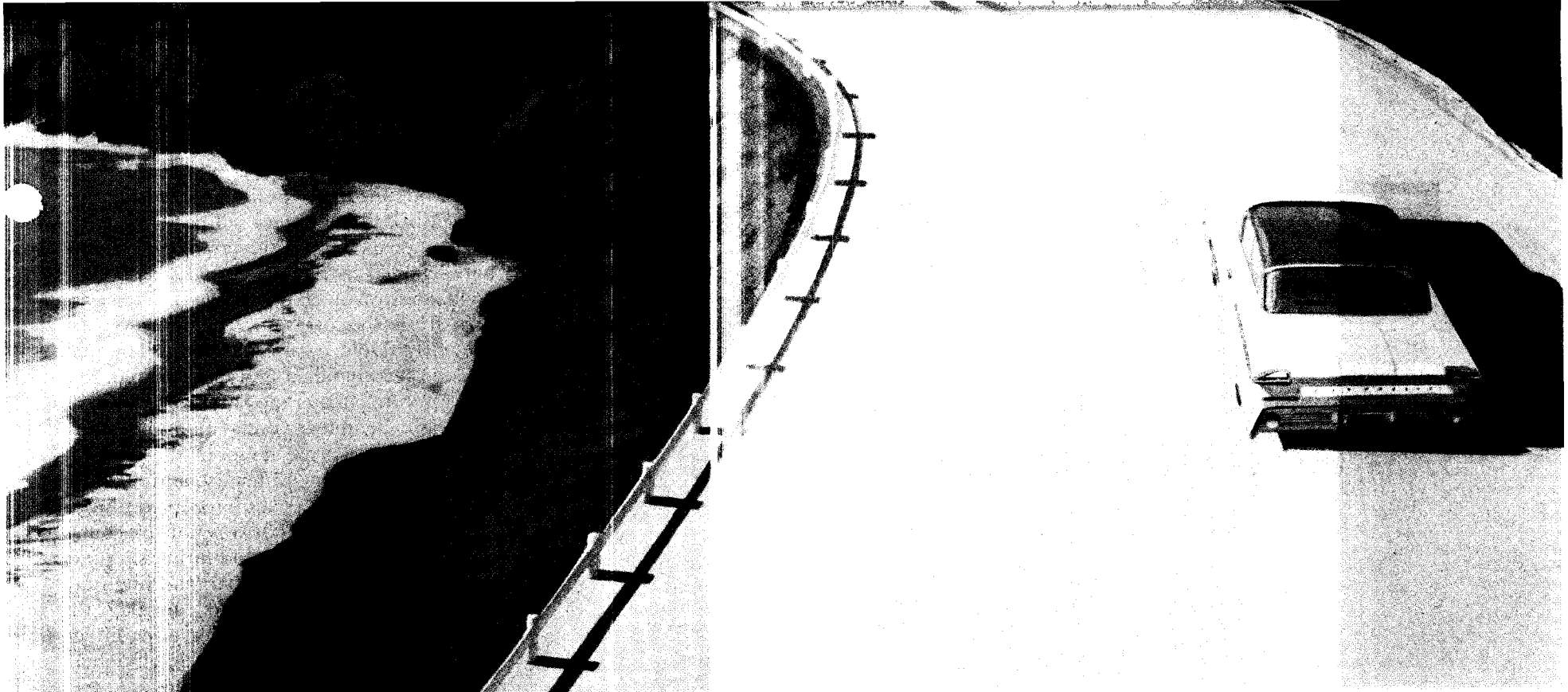

Olds is the car that rockets you out of the ordinary!

When you take the wheel of a '60 Olds, *you've found something great . . . and you know it!*

You've found new beauty, new grace . . . a rocketing new pace that makes you want to get up and go places! And Olds for '60 is just the car to take you there . . . silently, smoothly and securely.

Make your choice from Oldsmobile's three famous series . . . the Dynamic 88, Super 88 and Ninety-Eight . . . names that mean performance, quality and value to everyone!

Let yourself go for an Oldsmobile . . . at your local authorized Quality Dealer's today!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GO OLDS '60!

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Editorials

Lincoln's Lesson for 1960: Honesty Even When it Hurts

About this time every year editors all over America stir themselves to say something new about Abraham Lincoln, born 151 years ago this week. Lincoln makes wonderful material for comment. At one time or another during his lifetime he made ordinary common-sense statements which live on as aphorisms capable of disposing of any argument that may arise. His humanity, his political acumen, his resistance to extremists and cranks, his frequently shocking anecdotes, his instinctive understanding of the uses and limits of force—all these have been praised or sneered at many times.

This year, however, *The Post* exhibits a different close-up of Lincoln, but one which cannot be described as new because it appeared as an editorial in *The Post* for February 12, 1921. We do not ordinarily reprint material which has previously appeared in the magazine, but this year—when so much is being said about the faltering of America's moral standards in so many fields—this 1921 Lincoln editorial seems to have something to say to people in 1960. It was titled, A Man Who Paid His Debts, and follows.

At a time when the commercial press teems with complaints of impaired business morality and cynical indifference to contractual obligations and every trade body is endeavoring to raise the ethical standards of its calling, it is stimulating to reflect upon the behavior of a young man who does not enjoy a high reputation as a successful merchant, but who, none the less, has an unsurpassed name for fair dealing and won unstinted praise in fields far removed from buying and selling.

It appears that this young merchant, handicapped by a drunken partner, bought a village store on credit. It was a losing venture from the first, and the new owners presently resold it, also on credit. The purchaser speedily failed and disappeared, and the dissolute partner died of drink, throwing upon the penniless young man the entire responsibility for the debts of the partnership. Without any difficulty and without much reproach, he could have freed himself by bankruptcy; but that was not the course he chose. Mindful of his old father's injunction, "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter," he determined to pay the partnership debts in full; and after fifteen long years of grinding toil and self-denial, pay them he did, to the last penny.

It is easy to guess that a young man endowed with such untiring energy and such vigorous moral stamina was bound to make his mark in the world. He did not develop into a rich and prosperous merchant, but he did become a great and good man. He died nearly fifty-six years ago. Every year on the twelfth of February millions of persons do honor to his memory, and a mighty republic still holds his name in grateful remembrance and affectionate veneration.

Gun Laws Shouldn't Be Aimed Wildly at All Sportsmen

There have been wild shots in hunting. Occasionally an inexperienced Nimrod will mistake his father-in-law for a moose, with tragic results. These unfortunate episodes echo in legislatures—all too often in the form of bills as misdirected as the shots. On the perennial issue of firearms control, state legislators may be swamped by emotional appeals.

Some of these movements spring from genuine and legitimate concern. Frequently, however, they involve widespread repression of American sportsmen because of a few isolated accidents. In other instances campaigns against firearms have resembled arbitrary total-disarmament programs. One such, in a large Eastern state, was launched by a seemingly hysterical radio commentator. He whipped up more than 10,000 signatures to petitions for a bill which would have very nearly prohibited peashooters. The bill was killed in committee only when thousands of hunters and target shooters reminded their legislators of their constitutional right to possess firearms.

Much of the immediate problem over firearms arises from the overflow of our large cities, East and West, into what have been traditional hunting areas. Some hunters jeopardize the rights of 15,000,000 decent and thoughtful sportsmen by gunning around the fringes of schools, parks and the playpens of small children. Local measures should be sufficient to cope with the persistent few. Hunting-license examinations, similar to driving tests for motorists, could provide an additional means of control.

Any discussion, to be effective, should avoid emotional excesses and statistical misguidance. One figure, widely circulated of late, is that 14,000 Americans were "killed by guns" in a single year. Actually, as Government sources confirm, more than half of those "killed by guns" either committed suicide or were shot down while committing serious crimes. Homicides or deliberate killings by firearms decreased from 6995 in 1930 to 4010 in 1957 despite the great population increase. Nor can the decrease be directly attributed to stricter gun regulations. New York State, with one of the earliest and most rigid firearms laws, still reported proportionately more gun slayings than the New England states, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and a dozen others.

As for accidental deaths, 2369 in 1957 were blamed on guns. The fatality rate from all forms of accidents was fifty-six per 100,000 persons. Motor vehicles caused 22.7 of these deaths, falls accounted for 12.1, fires and explosions for 3.7, and drowning for 3.1. The rate for fatal firearms accidents was only 1.4, scarcely above the 1.2 deaths from suffocating or choking on food.

No one seriously suggests banning automobiles, stairways, water, matches or eating because they sometimes cause deaths. To attempt to place blanket restrictions on firearms would be equally farfetched.

A Global "Rollback" of Socialism Seems to Have Started

Last October Britain's socialistic Labor Party suffered a crushing defeat. The party is currently in a turmoil of indecision as to how much socialism it can do without. In November Germany's Social Democrats dumped most of the Marxist flapdoodle from their party platform. They also dropped their demands for nationalization of industry.

While the socialists are in retreat, common sense is moving ahead. For more than a decade the West German Government of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has been blazing a trail toward economic freedom. It has found it tough to clear away the bureaucratic jungle left behind by Hitlerism. The West Germans inherited from the Nazis some $1,800,000,000 worth of government involvement in such top industries as mining, steel, oil and automobile manufacture.

Dr. Hermann Lindrath, German Minister of Federal Assets, believes that "it cannot and ought not to be a task of the state to compete with private enterprise in business." His colleague, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, is successfully pushing "reprivatization" and "people's capitalism." This had led to issuing public shares in such huge government-owned enterprises as the Preussag industrial combine.

Across the border, the French Government of Gen. Charles de Gaulle is rapidly creating an atmosphere of economic stability, although the dismissal of Finance Minister Pinay has caused some to wonder whether the new policy is to be permanent. Nevertheless France is beginning to experience less government intervention and a gradual whittling away of rules that tend to choke off private initiative.

Latin America's truly heroic figure today is Argentine President Arturo Frondizi, busily whacking away at the economic mess left behind by ex-dictator Juan Perón. In Cuba, the Castro ventures in Socialism are resulting in predictable chaos. Even the granddaddy of South American welfare states, Uruguay, is trimming away socialistic excesses that threatened bankruptcy. Even in the U.S.S.R., all sorts of repressions and propaganda efforts are needed to "reconcile" the populace to the rigors of socialism.

It is good to see that some of the world is beginning to cure itself of the habit—an addiction from which even the United States is not entirely free.

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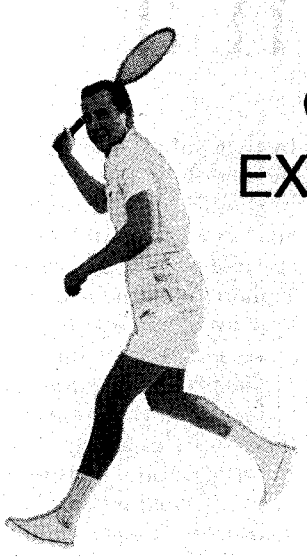
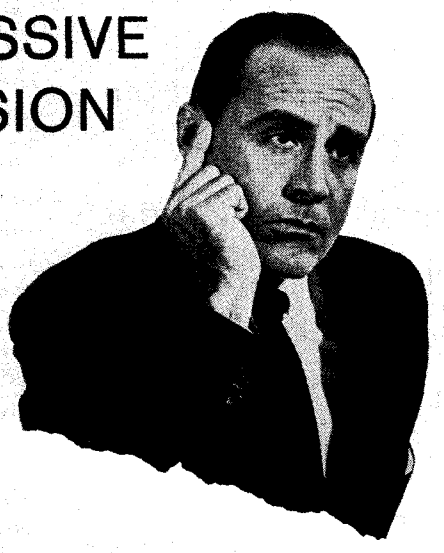
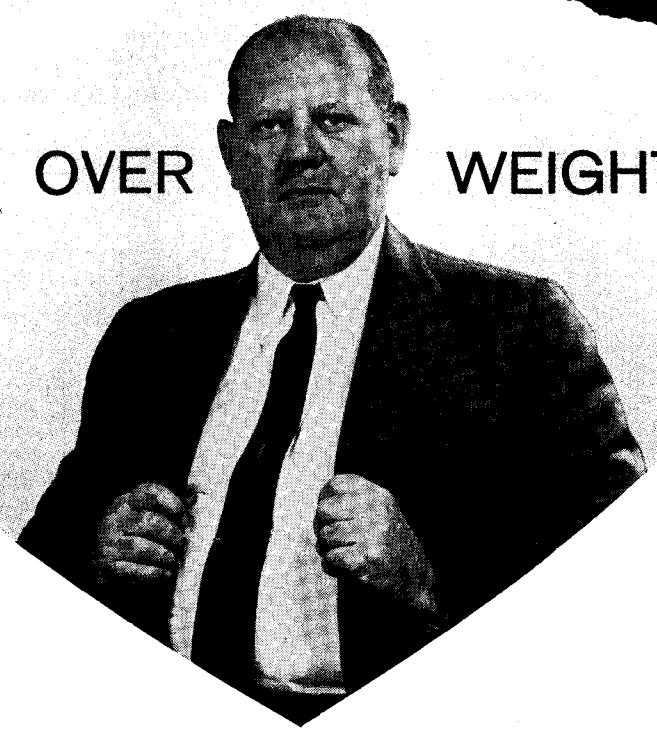


OVER EXERTION

EXCESSIVE TENSION



OVER WEIGHT



ARE YOU BREAKING YOUR OWN HEART?

The normal heart is a remarkably strong and durable organ. But to protect its strength for years to come, you should guard against certain "enemies" of the heart.

Above all, control your weight. Overweight is probably the worst and most insidious enemy of your heart. Excess weight serves no useful purpose. It is simply a burden—and the more overweight you are, the more likely you are to impair your heart's efficiency.

Eat sensibly. If you do put on unnecessary weight, let your physician prescribe a diet that will take it off slowly and safely. And after you've brought your weight down, make every effort to keep it there—*permanently*.

Work off tension. Many people who develop high blood pressure—which puts a strain on the heart—are tense, hard-working individuals. They should learn to work off tension.

When you feel tensed-up, try physical activity —work in the garden, take a long walk or do something that you really enjoy. Any diversion helps relieve tenseness. In fact, anyone who works under constant strain should probably have a definite schedule for daily relaxation.

So, get enough rest and try to learn to take it easy. Every bit of relaxation you get gives your heart a chance to relax, too.

Avoid over-exertion and fatigue. After middle-age, it's wise to avoid sudden or strenuous activities to which you are unaccustomed. But reasonable activities—things that you enjoy and that don't leave you huffing and puffing are usually good and safe for your heart.

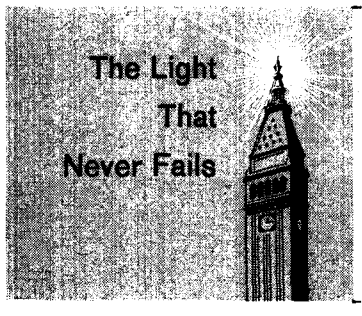
Even when the heart has been damaged, it usually mends itself through rest and skilled medical care. In fact, about four out of every five people recover from their first heart attack —and many of them recover fully enough to enjoy many useful, active years.

If you give your heart the care that it deserves—*including regular health examinations*—it may serve you well for many long years.

Metropolitan Life

INSURANCE COMPANY©

A MUTUAL COMPANY



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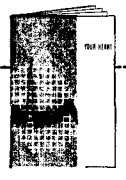

Metropolitan Life (Dept. A)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me the free booklet, "*Your Heart*," 2-60-E.

Name (PLEASE PRINT)

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City & Zone **State**

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United by more than a star

Honolulu is farther from Washington, D. C., than Moscow. But the telephone makes it your next-door neighbor. Here's the story of the *Independent* telephone company that serves the entire 50th State, one of 3,600 that helps you reach *all* America.

It was a telephone, of course, that relayed the long-awaited message, "Congress approves statehood for Hawaii."

But to this Pacific outpost of American democracy, the telephone is far from new. The independently owned and managed Hawaiian Telephone Company was established in 1883, just seven years after Alexander Graham Bell obtained his original patent.

Today, with 135,500 subscribers on the six main islands of the chain, Hawaiian Telephone is the communications hub of the Pacific. It provides direct, immediate contact with the mainland as well as more than 100 foreign countries.

The islands are interconnected by modern radio telephone. They are linked with California by twin submarine cables. And all Hawaii enjoys the telephone conveniences of its 49 sister states.

Hawaii's bright promise for the future is characteristic of an all-American industry, Independent telephones. There are 3,600 companies with a plant investment of more than $3,500,000,000 and annual revenues of $833,000,000. They serve 11,000 growing communities with nearly 11,000,000 telephones. And they are investing $1,000,000 a day to keep their facilities as up-to-the-minute as any in America.

For a graphic picture of this vital, vigorous industry, write for "An American Story." Dept. 22, *United States Independent Telephone Association, Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D. C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

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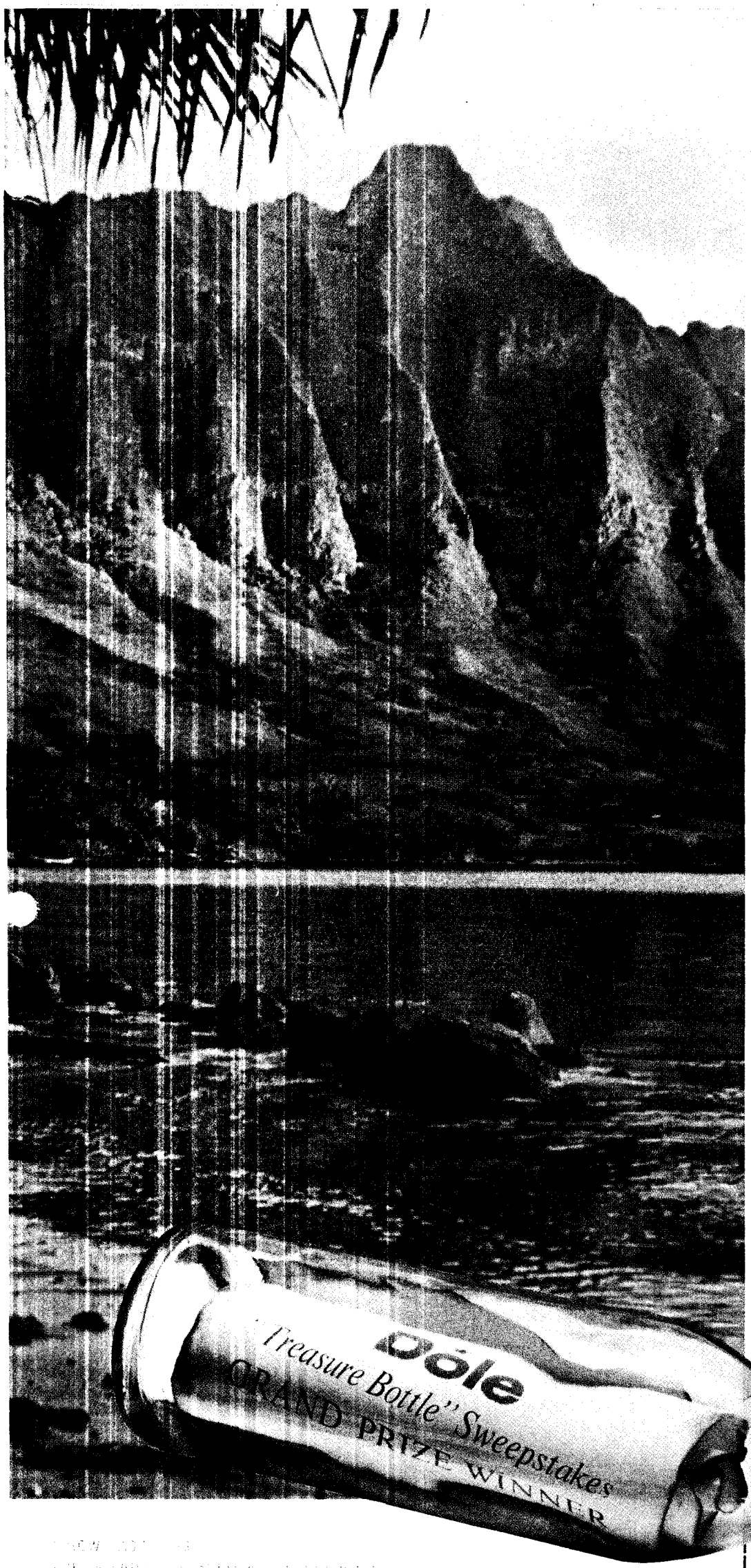


$60,000 IN PRIZES

Dole

"TREASURE BOTTLE" SWEEPSTAKES!

Names in treasure bottles will be floated ashore on romantic Hawaii!

You'll win first prize if your name is in the first bottle ashore!

5,560 CHANCES TO WIN!

"TREASURE BOTTLE" FIRST PRIZE
$10,000 IN CASH

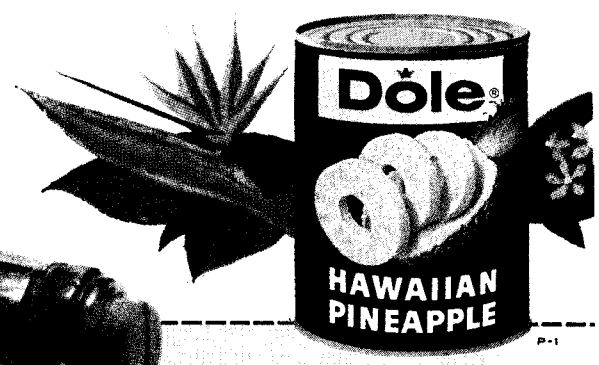
Plus an expense-paid trip for 2 with 2 glamorous weeks in Hawaii! Trip includes round-trip first class air transportation for 2 and accommodations for 2 weeks at a Waikiki Beach luxury hotel, plus $500 spending money. Trip may be taken any time before December 31, 1960.

9 SECOND PRIZES $1,000 IN CASH!

50 THIRD PRIZES $100 IN CASH!

500 FOURTH PRIZES Genuine Hawaiian Ukuleles

5,000 FIFTH PRIZES Decca Records' lush and lovely LP, "The Magic Islands," recorded by Alfred Newman's Orchestra with the Ken Darby Singers.



Dole... from Hawaii, where the world's best pineapple grows!

1. Use the DOLE "TREASURE BOTTLE" entry blank at right—or simply send your name and address on a post card to:
DOLE "TREASURE BOTTLE" SWEEPSTAKES
Box 67, Los Angeles 51, California
.er often! Additional entry blanks at your grocer's.

2. There'll be a drawing of 5,560 names conducted by an independent judging agency.

3. The first 10 names drawn will be placed in sealed bottles and set afloat by our bonded representatives in known currents off the coast of Hawaii. Other bonded representatives will be stationed on the landing beach. If the first bottle washed ashore has your name in it, you'll win First Prize. The names in the remaining 9 treasure bottles will receive $1,000 Second Prizes.

4. The next 50 names drawn receive $100 Third Prizes; next 500 receive Fourth Prizes; next 5,000 receive Fifth Prizes.

5. Eligible entries must be postmarked before midnight April 15, 1960, and received by April 22, 1960. Winners will be notified by mail. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family.

6. Sweepstakes subject to federal, state and local regulations. This offer is not valid in Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey and Wisconsin, or any other jurisdiction where it is prohibited, restricted or licensed. Subject to the foregoing, any resident of the United States, its territories and possessions, and any resident of Canada, may enter the sweepstakes, excepting employees of Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., its advertising agencies, and their immediate families. Submission of an entry is acceptance of these rules.

7. Liability for federal, state or other taxes imposed on prizes awarded in this sweepstakes is the sole responsibility of the prize-winner.

DOLE "TREASURE BOTTLE" SWEEPSTAKES
Box 67, Los Angeles 51, California

My name _____
PLEASE PRINT

My address _____
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ALL NEW JOHNSON V-75

From standing start to full speed in 8 seconds!

NEW—75 hp, 89.5 cu. in. displacement with 4-cylinder economy

NEW—streamlined, faster lower unit

NEW—outboarding's first automatic choke

NEW—more power per pound—weighs less than last year's V-50

NEW—amazing quietness, for all its power

NEW—improved hydraulic shock absorbers

NEW—choice of propellers—no extra cost

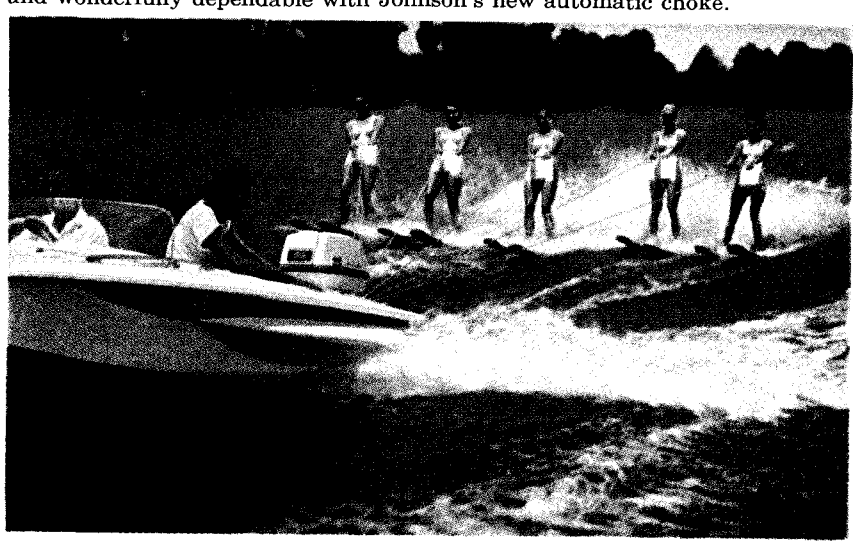
On many boats, speeds over 40 m.p.h. . . . the Sea-Horse V-75, $895, electric starting included

NEW SPEED - NEW POWER - FROM THE WORLD'S MOST DEPENDABLE OUTBOARDS!

Never before have so many people had so much fun with the speed of an outboard motor! Never has so much eager-driving action answered your touch on an outboard throttle. The V-75 means what it says: a *full* 75 hp, O.B.C. certified at a reasonable 4500 r.p.m. And it's as quiet and dependable as only Johnson's *balanced-firing* V-engine design can be! You get runabout "zip" and maneuverability—even on a family-loaded cruiser. You get a new high in efficiency with Johnson's new blade-thin lower unit, hydrodynamically designed to slice through the water, instead of creating drag. In fact, all Johnson's experience gained in building *two million motors*—more than any other manufacturer—has gone into making this new Sea-Horse V-75 give you *more* of everything you want. See it and six other sleek new 1960 Sea-Horses, 3 to 40 hp, now at your Johnson dealer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Outboard Motors." Prices start at $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

FREE 1960 SEA-HORSE CATALOG! See your dealer or write Johnson Motors, 729 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. (In Canada, Peterborough, Ontario) Div., Outboard Marine Corp.

NEW SUPER SEA-HORSE 40 . . . top water skiing speed and power in its class . . . and wonderfully dependable with Johnson's new automatic choke.



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Charting your Independence

When you are translating your plans for the future into present security and peace of mind, there is no substitute for quality of service. You will do well to turn to a man with leadership and experience—a Penn Mutual underwriter like those shown on the following pages.

Your dreams are their business. Combining their outstanding experience and skill with sincere interest in the welfare of your family or business, they are able to plan life insurance programs to fit your own particular requirements: providing education or retirement funds, assuring the continuity of your business, paying your mortgage—or performing any of the many, vitally important tasks which only life insurance can do.

Get in touch with the Penn Mutual underwriter nearest you. His experience, interest and skill will give your life insurance an important new dimension. Join more than 650,000 people like yourself —heads of families and business executives—who have gained nearly five billion dollars' worth of independence through The Penn Mutual.

THE LEADERS ON YOUR COURSE TO INDEPENDENCE ARE SHOWN ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

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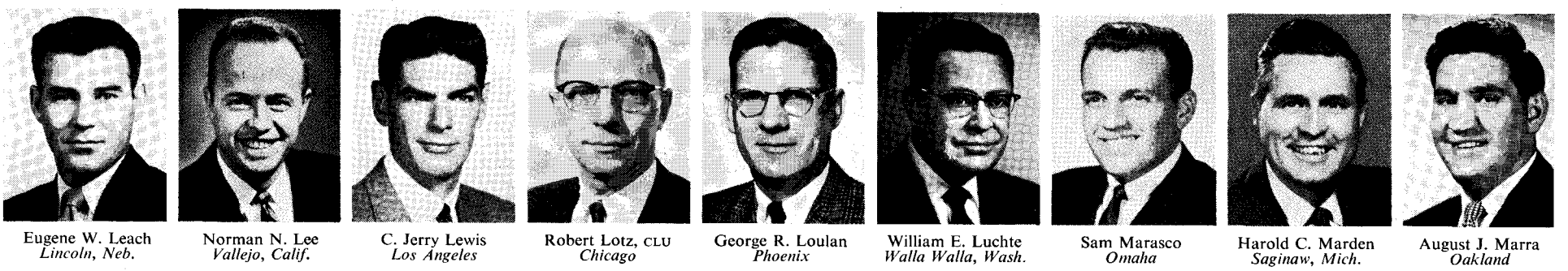

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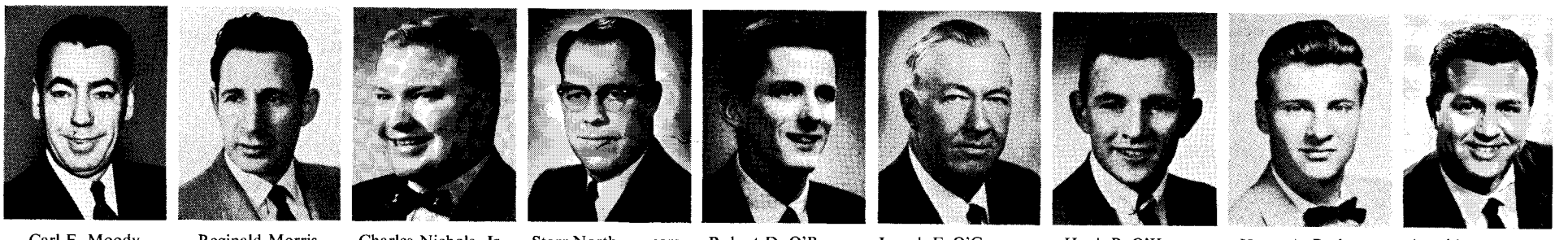

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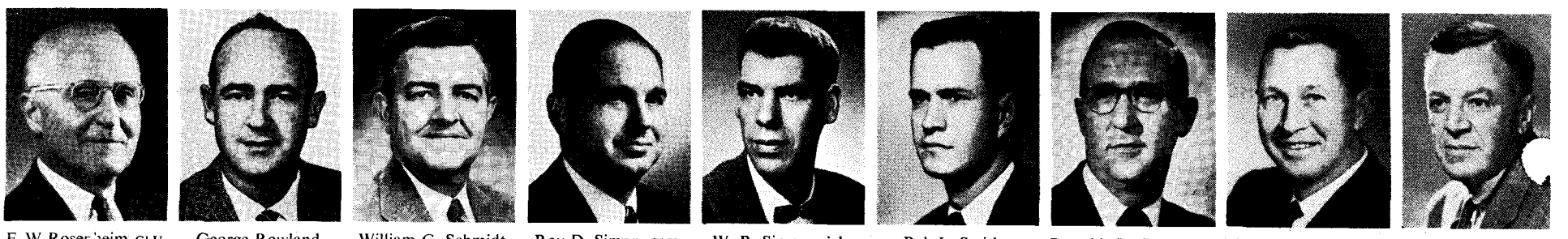

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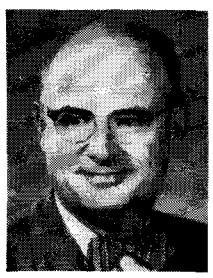
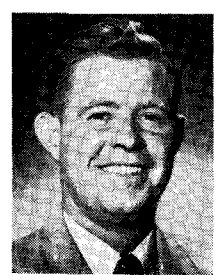


Edwin R. Brock
Des Moines

George W. Burke
Los Angeles

Lloyd E. Canton
Oakland



James S. Cato, Jr.
San Jose, Calif.

Richard T. Christoph
Chicago

Glenn D. Commons
Aurora, Ill.

Jay J. Goldston
Cleveland

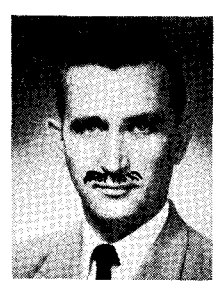
N. H. Greengard
St. Paul

S. B. Gregory, Jr.
Fort Wayne

Charles C. Grimm
Wichita

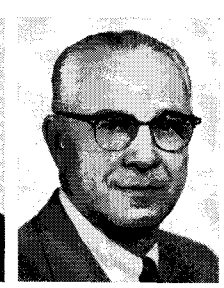
Robert E. Haines
Columbus, Ohio

Joseph M. Hall
Walnut Creek, Calif.



Clarage W. Harris
San Jose, Calif.

Robert J. Herzwurm
St. Louis

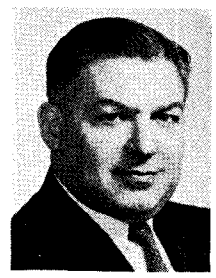


Walter N. Hiller, CLU
Chicago

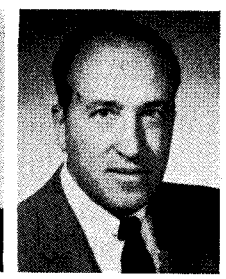
THE MEMBERS of the Penn Mutual Million Club shown here have provided outstanding service in charting plans for peace of mind. During 1959, each of them provided more than a million dollars' worth of future independence to people like you. For that reason, they are honored here. We congratulate them, and remind you that you will feel an added sense of security when your life insurance plans are in such skilled hands as theirs.

The Million Club members shown here are those in your part of the country. Their colleagues in the East are honored in copies of the Post circulated there.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Edward Jacobs
Detroit



Bernard Jaffe
San Francisco

Donald L. Jesse
Topeka, Kansas

Frank H. Kneeland
Napa, Calif.

Jack C. Krause
Lansing

Richard J. Krenek
Chicago

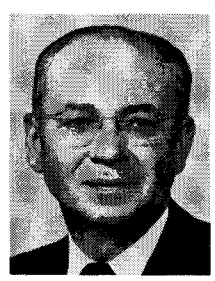
Tony Marrone
Los Angeles

G. C. Maxson, CLU
San Leandro, Calif.

Tom E. McCary, Jr.
St. Louis

W. E. Meckenstock
Hays, Kansas

Robert J. Mehlman
Oshkosh, Wis.



Roland M. Merkel
Fresno

Warren S. Michael
San Francisco

John P. Miksits
Oakland

D. L. Mitchell, CLU
Seattle

W. Henry Pendell
Saginaw, Mich.

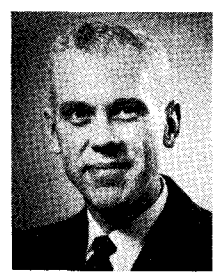
Jack E. Percival, Jr.
San Diego

G. Milford Peterson
Crookston, Minn.

Kenneth E. Peterson
Minneapolis

Max Sloan Potts
Huntington, Ind.

A. F. Priebe, CLU
Rockford, Ill.



Ned Rickett
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Robert Rogerson
Lansing

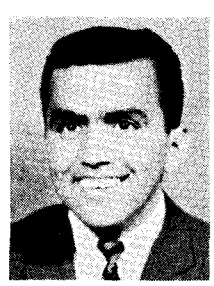
Waverly E. Rose
Kansas City

I. Robert Stradley
Kimberly, Idaho

Kenneth L. Stroupe
Lincoln, Neb.

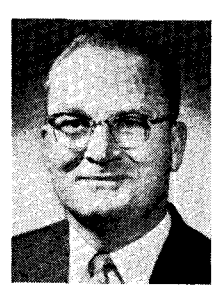
Rod Sutton, CLU
Flint, Mich.

Jack E. Thornton
Denver



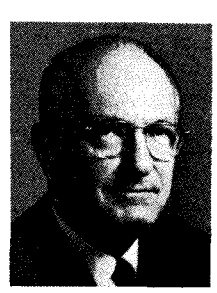
Alfred Villasenor, Jr.
Los Angeles

Louis S. White
Kansas City



Ray C. White, CLU
Warren, Ohio

Donald W. Willsey
Kansas City



H. E. Wuertenbaecher
St. Louis

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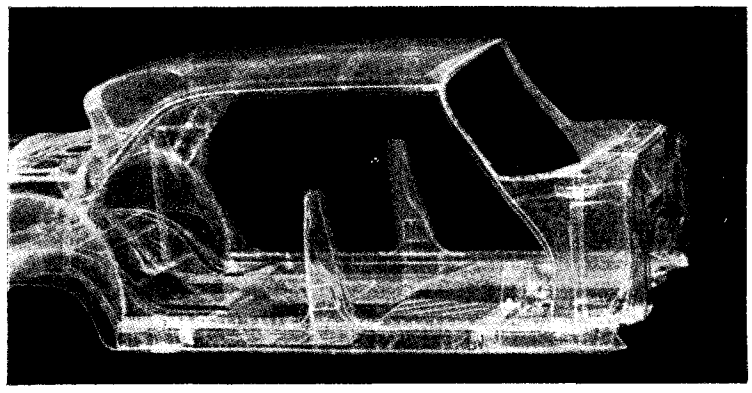

Body and frame are welded as one unit with Dura-Quiet Unibody construction.

THE SOLID PLYMOUTH FOR 1960 HAS BEEN TEST-DRIVEN THE EQUIVALENT OF 20 YEARS OF ROUGH USE. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HANG ONTO ANY STATION WAGON THAT LONG. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.

The point is Plymouth with Dura-Quiet Unibody should cost less to keep up, give more satisfaction and a better deal when you trade. We believe it is the best built, best performing of all the low-price station wagons today.

Chrysler Corporation engineers concluded that their new version of unit construction was *made* for station wagons only after 200,000 test-track miles in a prototype Plymouth.

Close to 5900 steel-tight welds bind body and undersills into one: the strong, quiet, solid Unibody. The conventional body bolts are gone, and so are the rattles that often resulted. Doors, windows, tailgate fit tight. Rust and corrosion yield to new manufacturing processes.

With virtually trouble-free Unibody as its heart, your Plymouth Suburban will *last*. You should spend considerably less for maintenance over the miles.

This is a big, beautiful wagon, too. It is comfortable, thanks to renowned Torsion-Aire Ride. What is more, it offers you many sensible wagon features—features that make your Plymouth wagon more useful, more enjoyable. Drive it today.

A Chrysler-engineered product, built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

See "THE STEVE ALLEN PLYMOUTH SHOW," *Monday nights, NBC-TV. Solid!*

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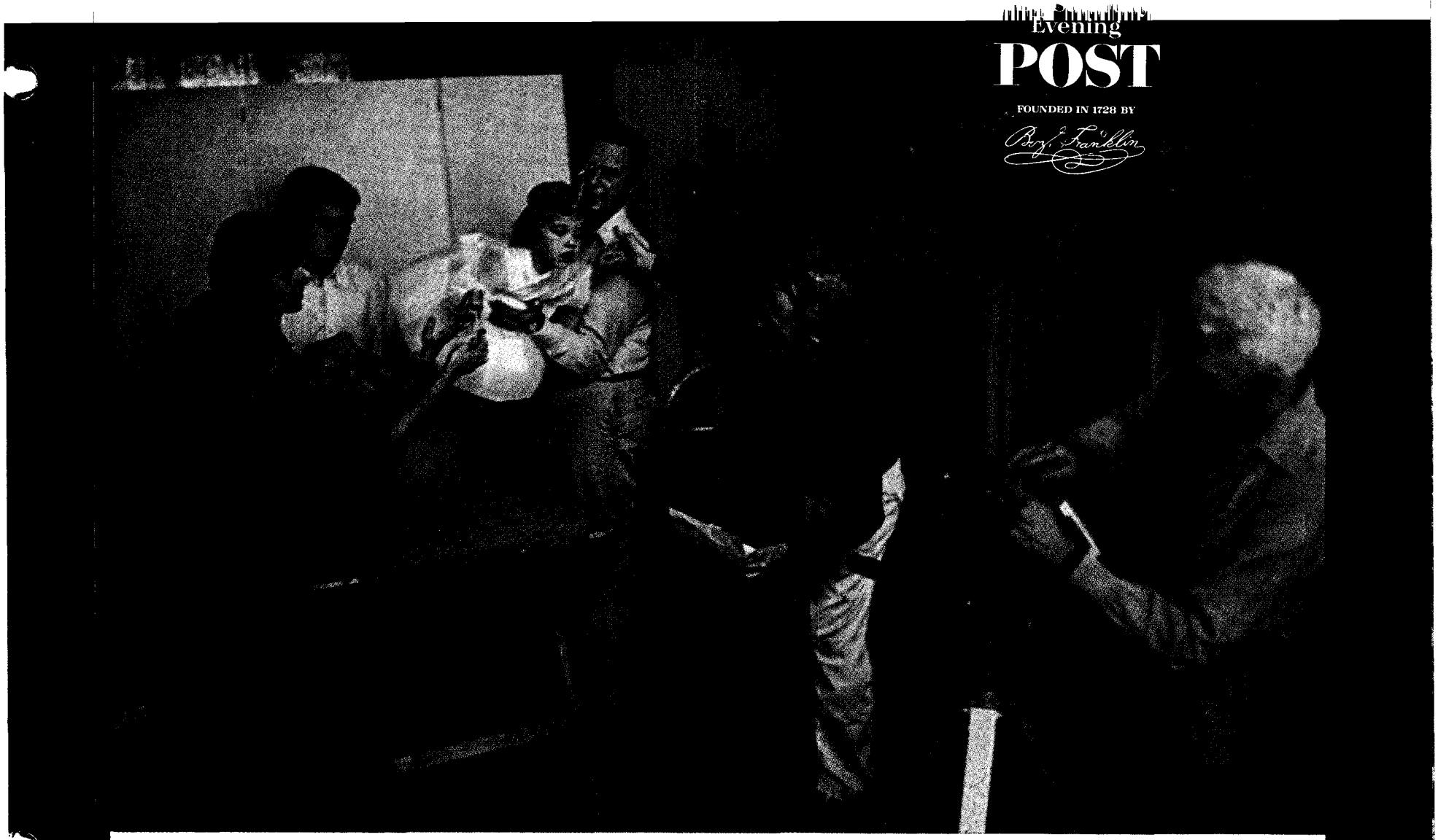
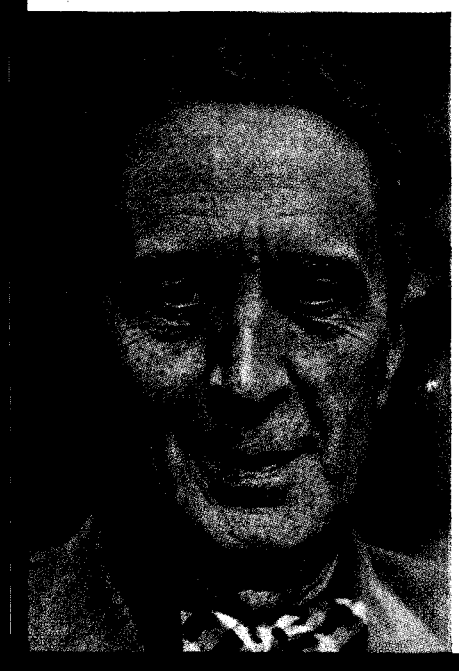
Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



A young model, Robin White, is photographed in the artist's studio for a Savings Bond poster. From left: Robin's mother, the author's daughter-in-law Gail, his son Tom, neighbor Ken Hall, Rockwell himself and photographer Bill Scovill.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

The most famous and best loved of American artists at last tells his own story.



By
NORMAN
ROCKWELL
as told to Thomas Rockwell

"The view of life I paint excludes the sordid and ugly. I paint life as I would like it to be."

When I was ten years old, a skinny kid with a long neck and narrow shoulders, I wanted to be a weight lifter. So I began a program of exercises to strengthen myself. Every morning I would do pushups, deep knee bends, jumping jacks and the like before my bedroom mirror. After a month or so, unable to detect any improvement, I gave up. Instead of becoming a weight lifter, I decided to fall back on what seemed to be my only talent—drawing. And here I am, fifty-six years later, still drawing.

Every so often, usually when I'm having trouble with a picture, I spread on my studio floor reproductions of the 306 *Post* covers I have

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Above: Rockwell at work in his studio—the red building next to his Stockbridge, Massachusetts, house (see picture below). He is shown doing the pen-and-ink chapter headings for his autobiography, being published in book form this week by Doubleday and Co. With him are Tom and Gail.

painted since 1916, walk around them and try to decide whether my work has progressed through all those years. If it hasn't, I say to myself, I'm washed up.

I never seem able to decide whether my work has improved, because my memories keep intruding. Looking at all those covers, I recall their history: the models I used, the trouble I had getting the original idea, how the public reacted. Everything I have ever seen or done has gone into my pictures in one way or another. The story of my life is really the story of my pictures and how I made them.

Photographs by Larry Fried

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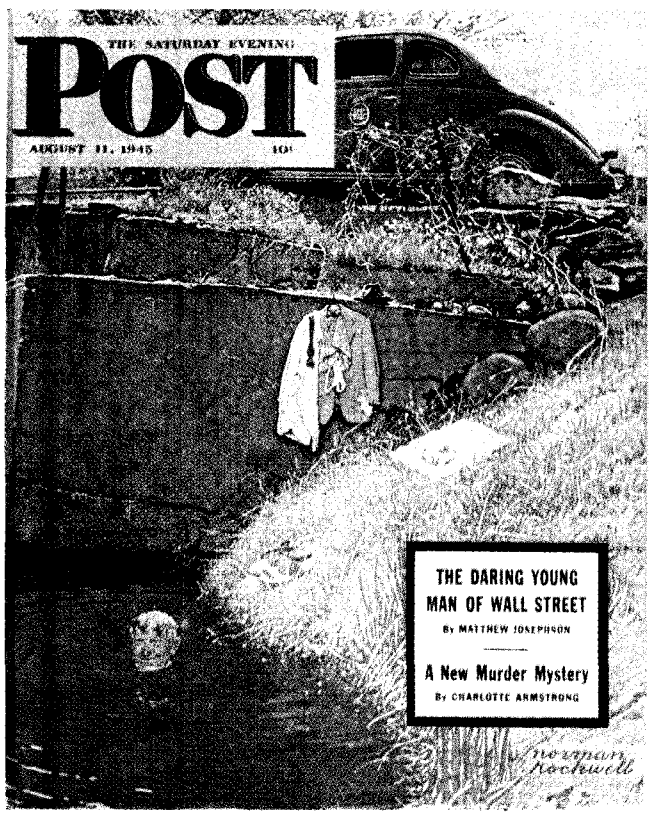
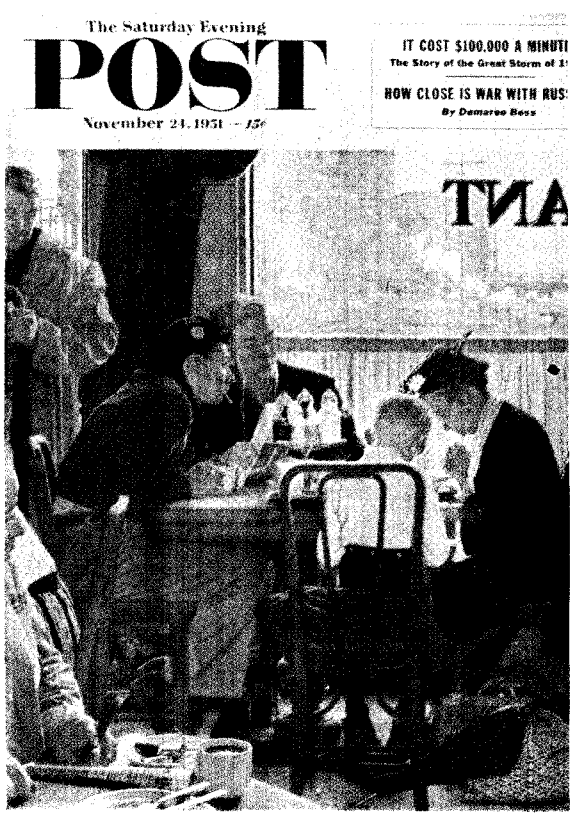
The family pets are two cats and a dog. From left: cat Tibber, dog Pitt, named after the town of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and cat Chrysantha. Rockwell's earliest models were surly dogs, rambunctious children and a cheerful duck.

Two of Rockwell's most celebrated covers. The Thanksgiving painting at right below was suggested to the artist by a *Post* reader who once saw an Amish family saying grace in a restaurant.




The Saturday Evening
POST
November 24, 1951 – 15¢
IT COST $100,000 A MINUTE
The Story of the Great Storm of 1
HOW CLOSE IS WAR WITH RUS
By Demaree Bess
TVA

There was my uncle Gil Waughlum, for example, a well-to-do elderly gentleman, who in his youth had been something of a scientist and inventor. It was always told with pride in my family that Uncle Gil, in the course of one of his experiments, had flown the great Gil Waughlum kite from a tower on Washington Square in New York. I don't know what the experiment proved—something to do with Benjamin Franklin and electricity, I believe—but it was important, for in their day Gil Waughlum and the great Gil Waughlum kite were well known.

When I knew him he had given up science. A stout old gentleman with pink cheeks and a bald head, he was always giggling and nudging my brother Jarvis and me to make sure we were properly merry. Whenever I think of him, I'm reminded of Mister Dick, the kindly, gay simpleton who was Betsey Trotwood's companion in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. I don't mean that Uncle Gil was a simpleton. He wasn't. But he had one eccentricity—he got holidays mixed up.

On Christmas Day, with snow on the ground, Uncle Gil would bring firecrackers to celebrate the Fourth of July. On Easter he would bring us Christmas gifts; on Thanksgiving, chocolate rabbits. The next year we had firecrackers on my birthday and chocolate rabbits for Christmas. We never knew what to expect. I always wondered where he got firecrackers in December or Christmas cards in April. But I guess the merchants in Yonkers, his home town, understood his problem.

He always sneaked into the house and hid our gifts—under pillows, behind the couch in the parlor, in dresser drawers—so that we might have the (Continued on Page 109)

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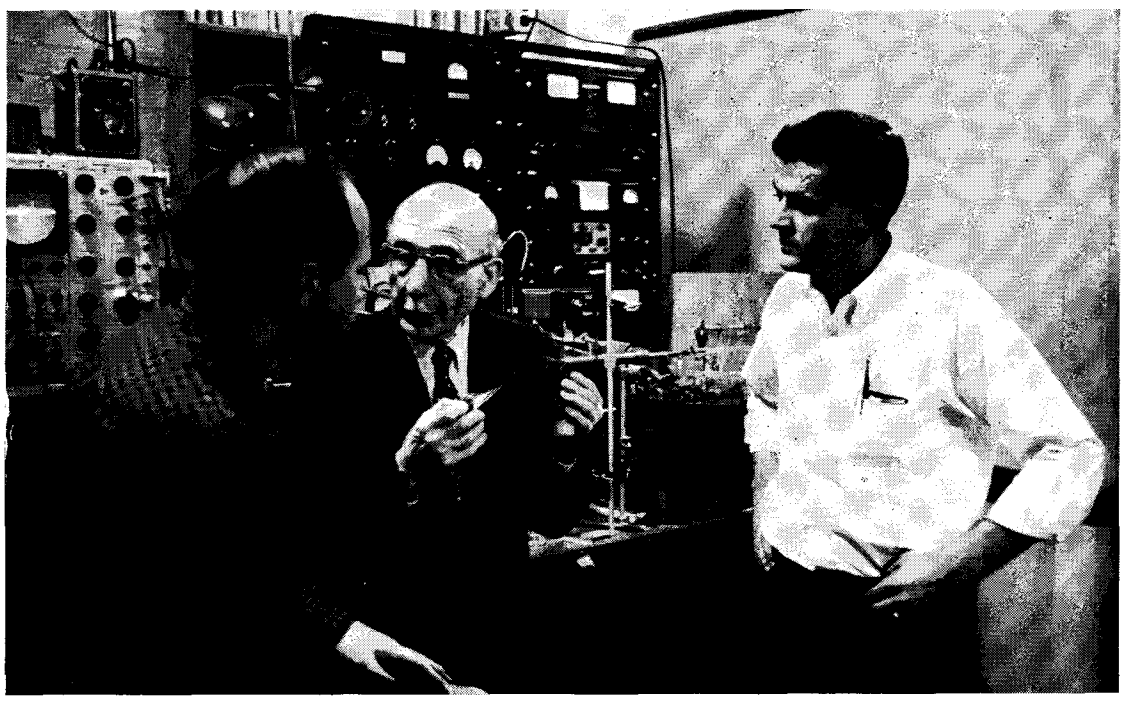
In Defense Of the State University

By PAUL ENGLE

A Big Ten professor tells why our often-maligned state universities are making a unique and vital contribution to our future.



Prof. J. T. Tykociner (center), 82, developed the first combination of sight and sound on film at the University of Illinois, which is also noted for advancements in railroad engineering and agriculture.

"The state university is dedicated to the total life of man." Left: American artist Samuel Adler (in smock and glasses, center) is a visiting professor at the University of Illinois, which has an annual budget of more than $79,000,000.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Engle, an editor, author and poet, has taught English at the State University of Iowa since 1937. He was graduated from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1937 and subsequently studied at Columbia before spending three years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. He won a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1953.

—THE EDITORS

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Shakespeare class at the University of Michigan. Prof. Marvin Felheim (above) analyzes Hamlet, Romeo and Macbeth in terms of campus life.

Oriental students at a weekly "international tea" at Michigan, which claims the largest foreign enrollment on any single campus in the United States.

For the last few years I have read with increasing alarm many gloomy articles about American education and its pitiful condition. In particular, the charges being made against our state colleges and universities are both impressive and depressing. State schools, critics assert, have become too swamped with quantity of students to pay proper attention to quality. Our tax-supported colleges have become playgrounds and marriage mills, more devoted to athletic spectacles, beauty queens, fraternity high jinks and other immature horseplay than to the dedicated pursuit of the scientific knowledge that is vital to our survival—such is the accusation. Or perhaps even more damning to the whole idea of the state university is the allegation that such institutions teeter on the edge of turning themselves into trade schools, not really educating, but offering easily available training in skills which could be acquired in six months of hard work in the world outside the campus.

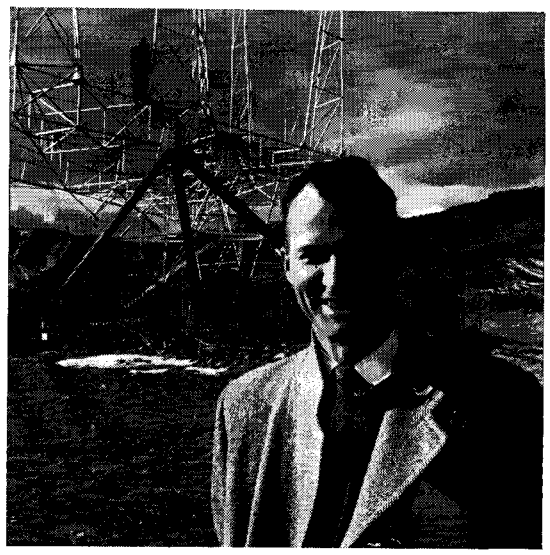
Many of these accusations have some truth in them, and I—a college professor with my whole life invested in education—have shed as many tears as anyone over that portion which is true. But then one day the first American satellite soared into space. When the steady beat of its signals came back to earth, I was excited to read that the first communications this country had received from outer space came from miniature instruments designed and built for the most part in small rooms at the State University of Iowa, rooms which I pass almost every day. The instruments were the work of Dr. James Van Allen and his assistants—many of whom were still students working for degrees. Later the great belts of intense radiation which circle the earth were revealed by his instruments, were interpreted by him and his assistants, and were named the Van Allen belts, in his honor.

Not long after this I read a book on stuttering, edited by Wendell Johnson, a fellow faculty member who had been a next-door neighbor of mine for a year. And I learned that our university was the world's center for study of that shattering handicap in communication endured by more than 1,000,000 people in the United States. At about this time I visited New York and went to see the new play *Sweet Bird of Youth*, written by Tennessee Williams, and I remembered well the poetry Williams had written as a student on our campus, poetry as intense as the plays he later wrote.

It became obvious to me that the university where I teach (Continued on Page 64)

An audience of 13,700 assembled at the University of Minnesota when poet T. S. Eliot spoke there in 1956.

Glenn Seaborg, chancellor of the University of California, with three of his professors who are also Guggenheim fellows. From left: Travis Bogard, Doctor Seaborg, Arturo Torres-Rioseco and Lawrence Harper.



Dr. J. W. Warwick, of the High Altitude Observatory at the University of Colorado, which was one of the first to spot Sputnik I in orbit.

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Before her menfolk could help her, Mary plastered Chief Broken Horn full in the face with the apple pie.

The Shaming of Broken Horn

She couldn't have made a worse mistake: She insulted an Indian chief.

By Bill Gulick

Toward sundown of the second day after the train reached Fort Hall, Harlan Faber, elected wagon captain, called a meeting of the emigrant families, as was the custom when a question affecting them all had to be voted on. Well aware by now that this western land was a man's land in which a woman must keep silent, Mary Bailey told her pa she guessed she'd stay by their wagons and catch up on the mending. But her pa said, "You got a right to be there. I want you to help me make up my mind which way to vote."

"Your mind's already made up, isn't it, pa?"

"I know what I'd like to do, sure. But I want you at that meeting. Since your ma left us, you've taken her place, seems like."

So Mary went along, carrying some mending with her to keep her hands busy, standing at the edge of the crowd with her lanky, gray-haired, slow-spoken pa, Jed, and her younger brother, Mike, who was slim, dark-eyed and, at fourteen, beginning to consider himself an adult. Mary, a pretty, black-haired, grave young lady of eighteen, had put away childish notions years ago.

Facing the crowd stood Harlan Faber. With him were Peter Kent, factor of Fort Hall; Broken Horn, the fierce-eyed Bannock chief whose imperious edict had brought on this present crisis; Tim Ramsey, guide for the wagon train; and a pair of American trappers who had drifted into the trading post the day before. Faber raised his hand for silence.

"You folks all know what this meeting's about. The (Continued on Page 91)

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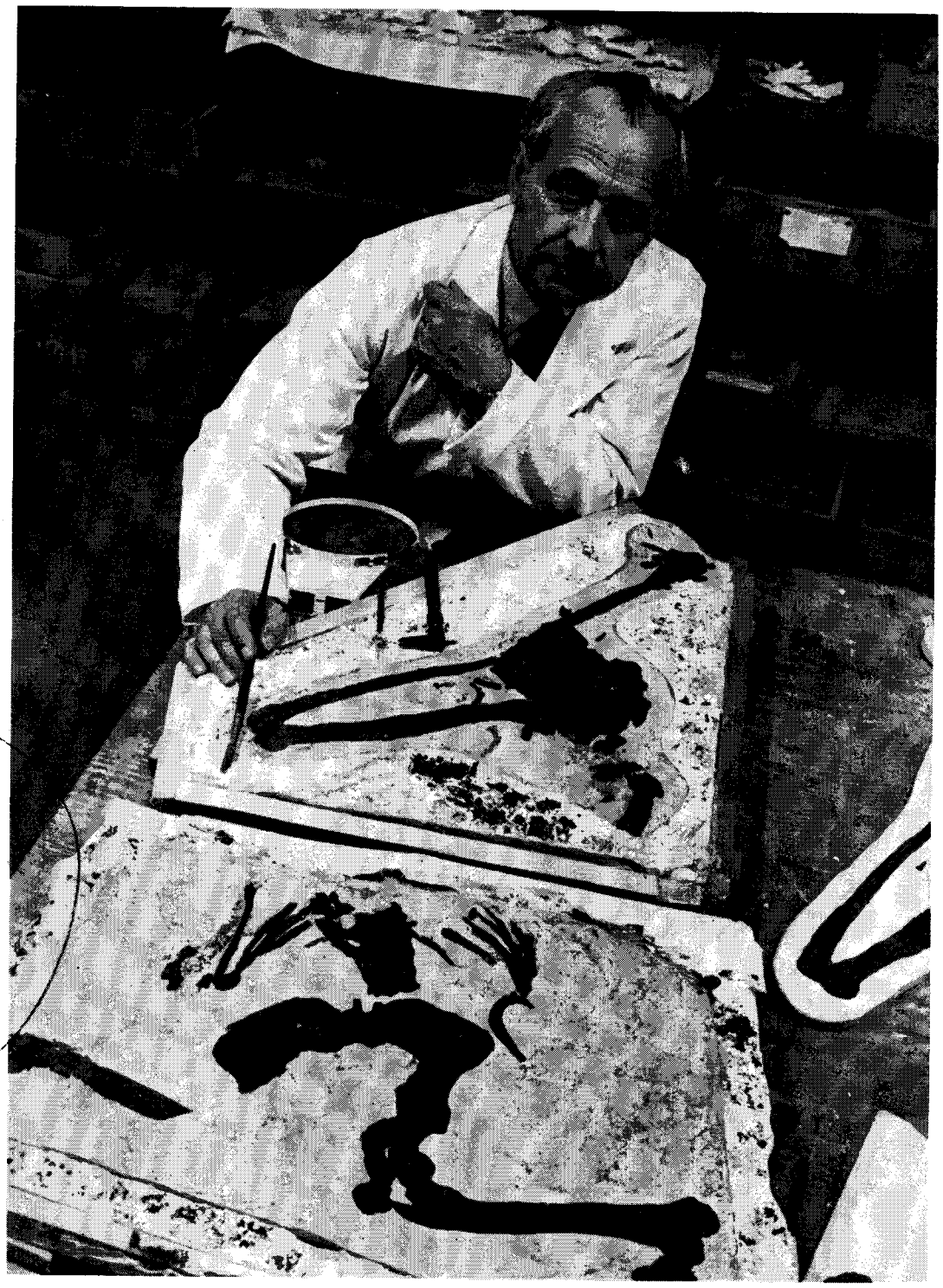
And Now the Abominable Coalman

By GORDON YOUNG

A Swiss scientist searched ten years for the remains of man's oldest animal relative discovered up to now. Here's what the creature is like.



Dr. Johannes Huerzeler with the 10,000,000-year-old skeleton of Oreopithecus, shown above in its special mounting at the Natural History Museum in Basle, Switzerland.

The Italian coal miners who discovered his skeleton nicknamed him "Sandrone," an affectionate diminutive of Alexander. American scientific colleagues called him "The Abominable Coalman." To the Swiss scientist who is now preparing to present him to the outside world, he retains his original scientific label of "Oreopithecus." But whatever name he goes by, this elegantly molded creature about as tall as a twelve-year-old child has now been definitely established as being the oldest animal relative of man yet found. He is at least 10,000,000 years old.

It had been to establish this fact with scientific precision that a shy Swiss scientist, Dr. Johannes Huerzeler, curator of vertebrate paleontology at the Basle Natural History Museum, has been quietly working in a well-guarded laboratory high above the Rhine throughout the whole of the past year. Few reporters, and only a handful of trusted scientific colleagues from the United States, Britain, France, Germany and Sweden have hitherto been allowed to visit him and learn at first hand of the progress which has been made since August, 1958, when the world's press carried the headline news of how the virtually complete skeleton of the Oreopithecus had been discovered in the half-derelict coal mine of Baccinello, in the dreary Tuscan hills south of Siena.

Doctor Huerzeler was made wary of publicity by what he (Continued on Page 106)

Baccinello, Italy: Workman putting protective plaster on the block of coal containing the fossil. It was removed from the roof of a mine tunnel 600 feet below ground.

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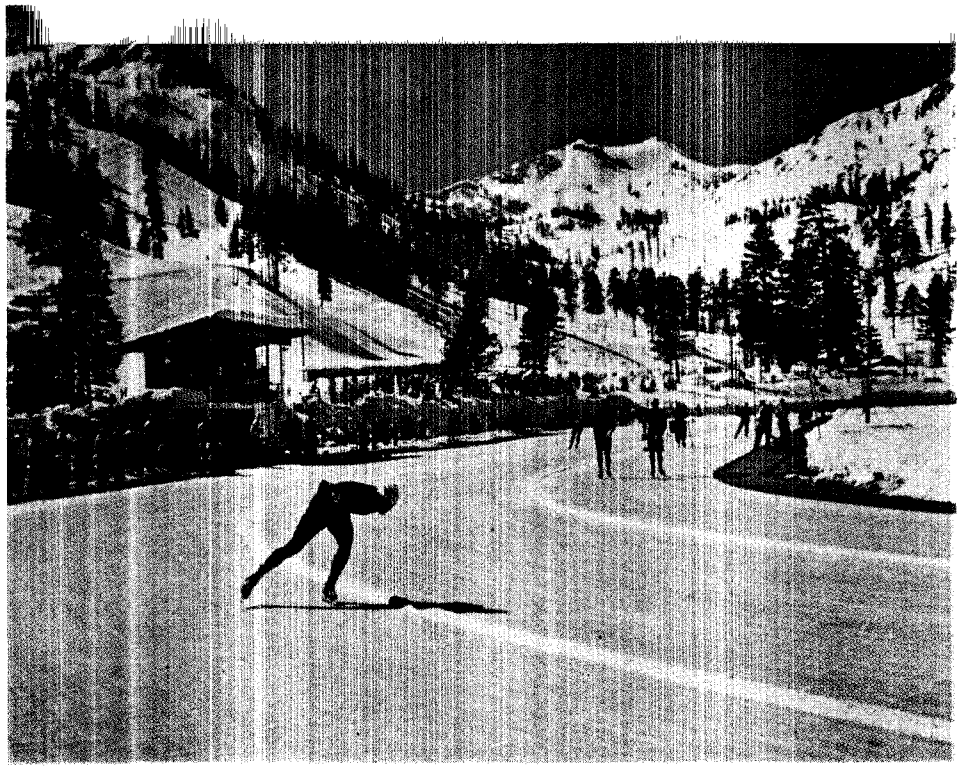
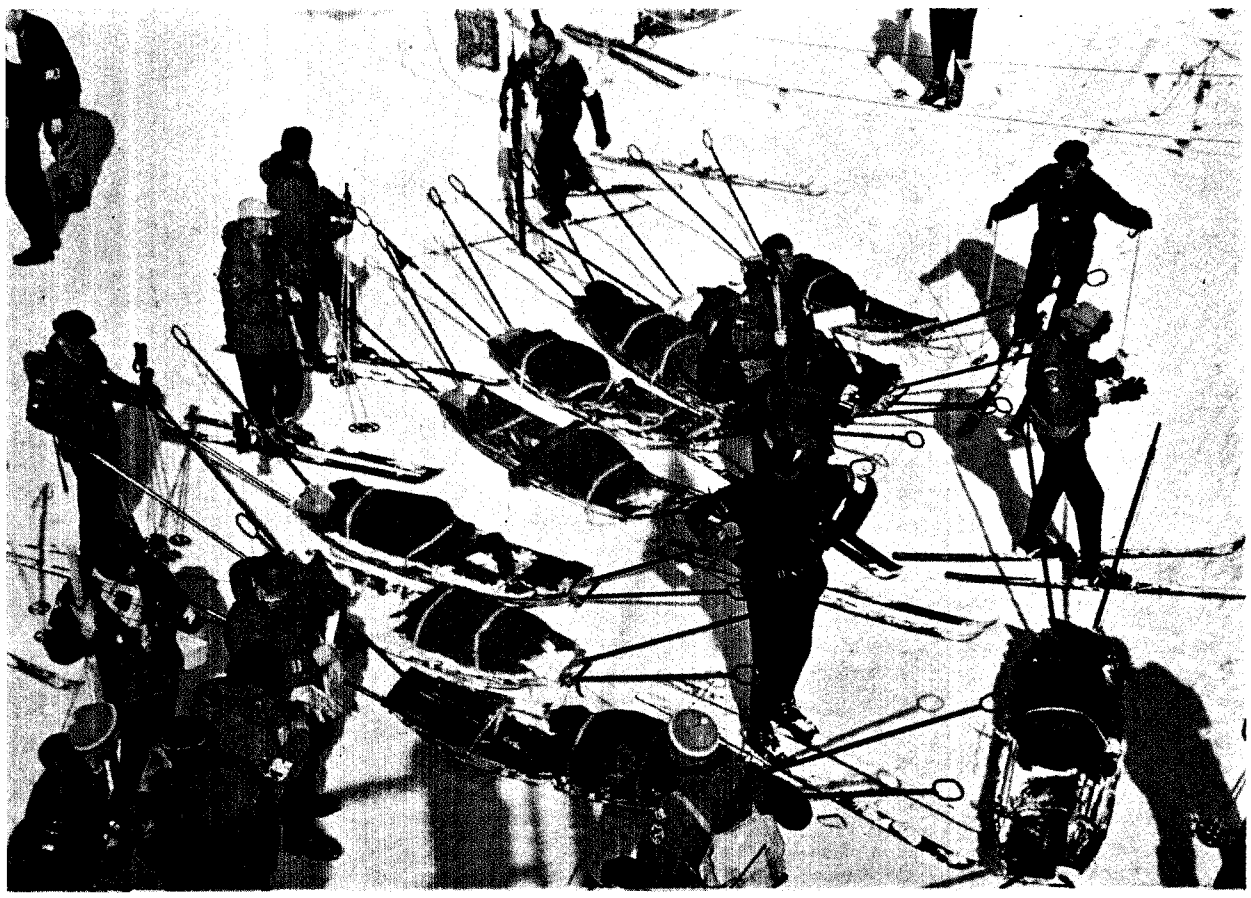


Keith Meyer, of the U.S. speed-skating team, competing in the 5000-meter race during the trials for the Eighth Winter Olympic Games.

California's Olympic Bonanza

Next week 800 athletes from thirty-four nations will compete in spectacular Squaw Valley, where millions of dollars have built a magic oasis in the snowy wilderness.

By
EVAN
HILL



National Ski Patrol members with evacuation sleds they will use for rescue work. For safety the Winter Olympics also have helicopters, tractor-type ambulances, a 28-bed hospital, 60 nurses and ten skiing physicians.

Among the top contenders in the women's ski events will be Russia's Evgenija Sidorova, a 28-year-old housewife and mother of two children.

Physiologist Nikolai Yakovlev is responsible for the physical condition of the Soviet contingent.

Carol Heiss of New York, currently the women's world figure-skating champion, will seek her first Olympic gold medal.

In the great California gold rush of 1849, thousands of men swarmed into mountain valleys and came out with bags of gold. At California's Squaw Valley next week there will be a gold rush in reverse. Thousands of people will pour in for the eleven days of the VIII Winter Olympic Games, and they will leave their gold behind them.

The ebullient city of Reno, Nevada, just forty-six miles away, has estimated that spectators will part with more than $8,000,000 during the Winter Olympics. When you consider that the total value of the gold mined in California in 1849 was only $10,000,000, the Squaw Valley affair is clearly a bonanza of the first magnitude. And the Reno estimate does not include gambling losses.

An authentic gold rush has sundry characters hanging around the periphery—saloonkeepers, dancing girls, merchants, gamblers, lawmen. The 1960 Winter Olympics will have all of these, plus the United States Marines, Walt Disney, the United States Air Force, Art Linkletter, the United States Army, 2000 pigeons and 20,000 gas-filled balloons.

In addition there will be athletes. This grandiose show was originally conceived in poverty. There is some doubt about its parentage. Alexander Cushing, a lanky Easterner and Squaw Valley landowner, is generally credited with fathering it. The idea of petitioning the Olympic authorities to bring their 1960 winter competition to Squaw Valley is supposed to have occurred to Cushing shortly after Christmas in 1954. However, a young San Francisco public-relations man named Dick Skuse, who was then working for Cushing, insists that he put his client up to this as a publicity stunt.

Whoever thought of the plan first, even Skuse gives total credit to Cushing for bulldozing it through. Squaw Valley five years ago was an almost unknown, almost deserted wilderness site which had only beauty, snow and Alex Cushing to recommend it as an Olympic location. Yet Cushing got the state of California to pledge $1,000,000 toward the games—at this point they have cost the state about $8,000,000—and he went on from there

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Alex Cushing, owner of Squaw Valley Lodge. It was largely through his efforts that the controversial site was chosen for the games.

Walt Disney (right), who heads the Olympic pageantry committee, and Mrs. Howland Meyer, international protocol specialist, being briefed about the computers that will score the events automatically.

An avalanche-control team firing a 105-mm. recoilless rifle at a dangerous snowslide area, triggering the slide before it does real harm.

to win out over long-established European winter resorts in the balloting of the International Olympic Committee. A full account of all this was given in *The Post* two years ago—THE GREAT WINTER-OLYMPICS FIGHT, by Melvin Durslag, February 22, 1958.

Ironic though it sounds today, Cushing's sales pitch painted humble Squaw Valley as offering the athletes of the world a chance to compete in a wholesome, unadorned setting, as contrasted with the Roman pomp of Europe's rich winter playgrounds. Now that the Squaw Valley investment from all sources has risen to a total of about $20,000,000, this initial concept has become academic—so has the early opposition of Wayne Poulsen, the area's largest property holder. Poulsen's dreams for Squaw Valley were much more conservative than Cushing's, but he ultimately sold an essential piece of land to the California Olympic Commission for $81,000, leased additional acres (Continued on Page 103)

The ski jumps on 7467-foot Little Papoose Peak. At upper right is the judges' tower. After the games most of the facilities will be turned over to the state of California for a public park.

A U.S. biathlon-team member on the 150-meter range. This event combines cross-country skiing over a 20-km. course with rifle marksmanship.

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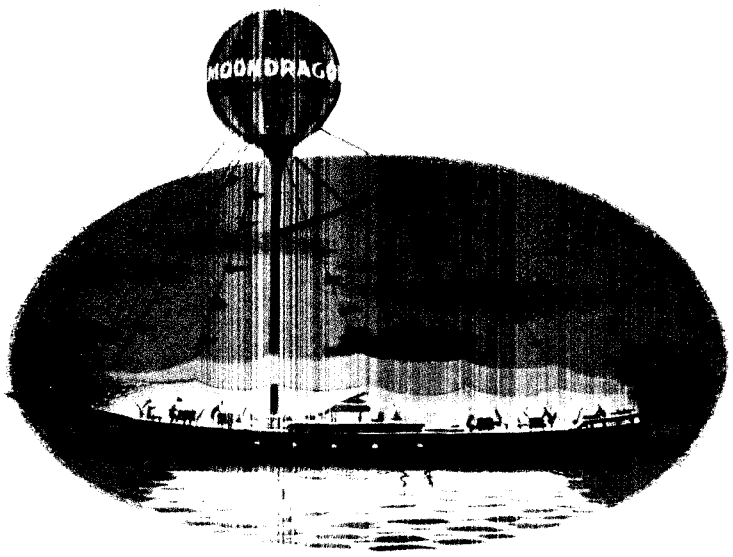


Surprise from the Sky

Sometimes help comes from strange places.

"Ahoy, the ship!"
the balloonist
called to them.

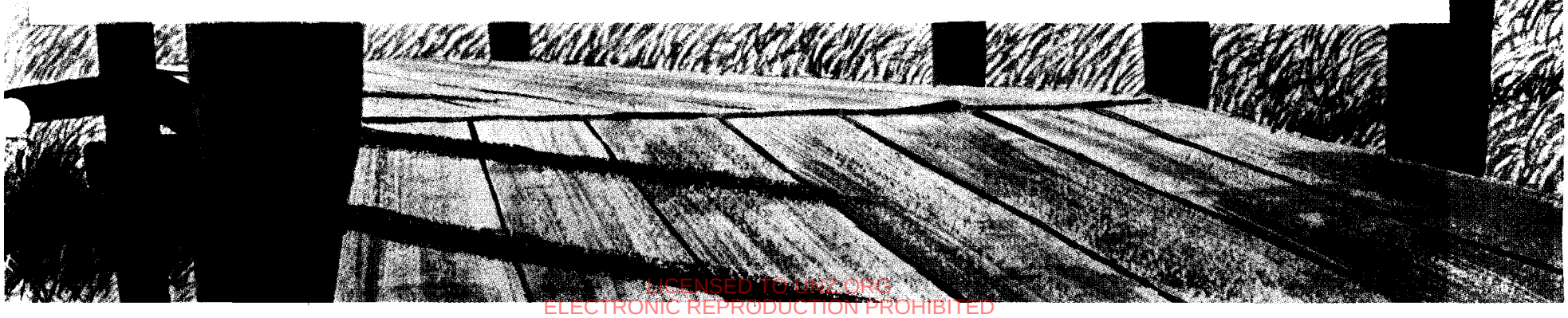
By Paul Darcy Boles

Captain Farfield halted in surprise and indignation. The surprise he couldn't help showing; the indignation he hoped was muffled. At seventy-nine he was a remarkably upright man; strong jaw, white hair and bright blue-green eyes. The Old Sailors' Home back in town knew him as an opinionated man when it came to deciding fine points of checker playing or fine virtues of naval conduct. The fact that the captain had commanded a small tug which plied between river and gulf for fifty-two years didn't shade his opinions or detract from their value.

Right now in the autumn evening he shifted the sack of shrimp from one arm to the other and stared at the girl, the piano and the truck, which stood on the ancient oyster-shell road. The girl had black hair and a rather pretty face with a most attractive mouth, which wasn't smiling. The truck was a sorry affair. The stump it had hit was an old, tough one covered with ivy. The piano, on the other hand, was splendid; rosewood and mahogany and fluted legs. It was a broad piano, a sort of supergrand; Captain Farfield remembered seeing one like it years ago in an upcountry plantation house he'd visited. There were still a few plantations then.

Over on the east, past the inlet grass, the inlet water glittered like gunmetal in the rosy light. The masts and deck of Captain Farfield's ship—he thought of the ship as his; certainly nobody else wanted her—showed where the schooner rode the inlet. "Rode" wasn't the precise truth; she couldn't have moved an inch because her rudder and most of her keel were sunk (Continued on Page 81)

Illustrations by James Bingham



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Don't Hamstring the Talented

By Vice Admiral H. G. RICKOVER, USN

In the arms race with Russia, says the author, we pay a terrible penalty:

Our best brains are subject to arbitrary meddling by often uninformed, sometimes incompetent administrators.

Shortly after Lunik III orbited around the moon, *Newsweek* came out with a sober assessment of where we stand in the race to conquer outer space. "No amount of soft soap," wrote the editor, "can gloss over the dismal fact: The United States is losing the race into space, and thus its predominance in the world."

The courage to face this fact is, I suppose, a gain to be marked for our side. In the last two years we have been wasting a lot of time indulging in an orgy of passionate defense of democracy when we should have been busy searching for the causes of our failure either to note the changes in Russia that were leading up to her scientific triumphs, or to take positive action to improve our own technological efficiency. Like primitive chieftains who chopped off the heads of couriers bringing bad news, we preferred the immediate emotional satisfaction of venting our wrath on the innocent messenger, accusing him of hysteria, of selling his country short and of disloyal admiration for the totalitarian way of life. It is time we stop this childishness, face up to the menace and do what is necessary to keep us from falling still farther behind.

So far Russia has moved ahead only in selected areas, but as her pool of trained professional people grows, she is bound to advance in many other areas. She is laying the foundations for rapid advances all along the line. Keeping ahead of her has become the prime necessity for the survival not only of the United States but of all free nations. Nothing but our own misconception of science and technology prevents us from rapidly closing the gap in the areas where Russia has forged ahead of us. What impresses me is not Russia's achievements but our own failures.

When scientific experts in space travel say that we are now so far behind the Russians in this particular field that it is no longer a question of *when* will we catch up but of whether we will *ever* catch up, my reaction is that only persistence in an outmoded scale of values prevents us from reversing the present disastrous trend. We overvalue managerial and business talent and undervalue the contributions made by men of high intellect and specialized professional knowledge. Yet today professional people are the key men in all efforts to progress up the ladder of technology and civilization.

Anti-intellectualism has long been our besetting sin. With us, hostility to superior intelligence masquerades as belief in the equality of man and puts forth the false claim that it is undemocratic to recognize and nurture superior intelligence.

In the past we could get away with this; today we cannot. On the contrary, what we need are specific measures that will provide this nation with larger numbers of first-rate professional experts and better methods for using the special abilities of these people.

We will not move ahead in the technological race forced upon us by Russia through better sales techniques, improved public relations, additional committees, reshuffling of administrators or prettier packaging of goods. We must outproduce Russia in new developmental projects designed to strengthen the power of the nation as a whole. These include items strengthening our military position—missiles, space vehicles, and the like—as well as items strengthening the foundations of our economy. Chief among the latter are substitutes for the vanishing raw materials on which our machine civilization depends; projects in this area include the development of nuclear, hydrogen and solar energy, and efficient processes to desalt sea water, to name but a few.

To overcome Russia's lead where she has forged ahead of us, and thereafter to remain ahead of her, we must do three things:

First, in order of importance, we must initiate school reforms that will provide appropriate education for talented young people, permitting them to move rapidly through the elementary and secondary phases of schooling so that they will be ready to embark on advanced studies at the earliest possible time.

Next, we must provide higher rewards for professional people so that more of these talented young people will be tempted to undergo the long and grueling process of preparing themselves for professional careers.

Third, we must find radically improved ways of fitting professional people into bureaucratic organizations so that their special competence will not be rendered useless by administrative meddling and red tape. This involves recognition of the fact that an engineer, a physicist, a chemist or any other scientist is as much a professional person as a physician or lawyer. That the latter two are often self-employed and charge fees to individual patients or clients while the former are usually salaried employees of organizations is immaterial. What makes a man a professional person is his mastery of a particular branch of systematized

(Continued on Page 126)

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Dorje laughed. "Already you sound like a wife, little one," he said.

THE GORGE OF DEATH

A strange adventure in Red-occupied Tibet.

By Hal G. Evarts

In our village we have many legends, for Tibet, as you know, is a land of legends. Some go back to the dawn of time, while others, like that of the old man and the tree, happened only yesterday. Doubters may question and scoff, but remember, you seekers of truth, the precept of Buddha: Believe and thou shall be thrice blessed.

Tekan Sorbu, the holy man, was not actually a resident of the village. He dwelt on the cliff above. But his habits were known to all. Every morning he observed the same ritual. After an hour of meditation he breakfasted on a barley cake and emerged from his hut to his shrine overlooking the gorge of Tata Ho. Throughout the day he sat here beneath the tree, regardless of weather. He was a very old man, some said the oldest living creature in the province, older than the great tree itself; yet there was vigor still in his stooped body, vitality in the brown wrinkled face. From under the cowl of his cloak his eyes looked out upon the world with serenity—a man of inward peace.

That was before the invader came.

On this particular day he was sorely troubled. The (Continued on Page 120)

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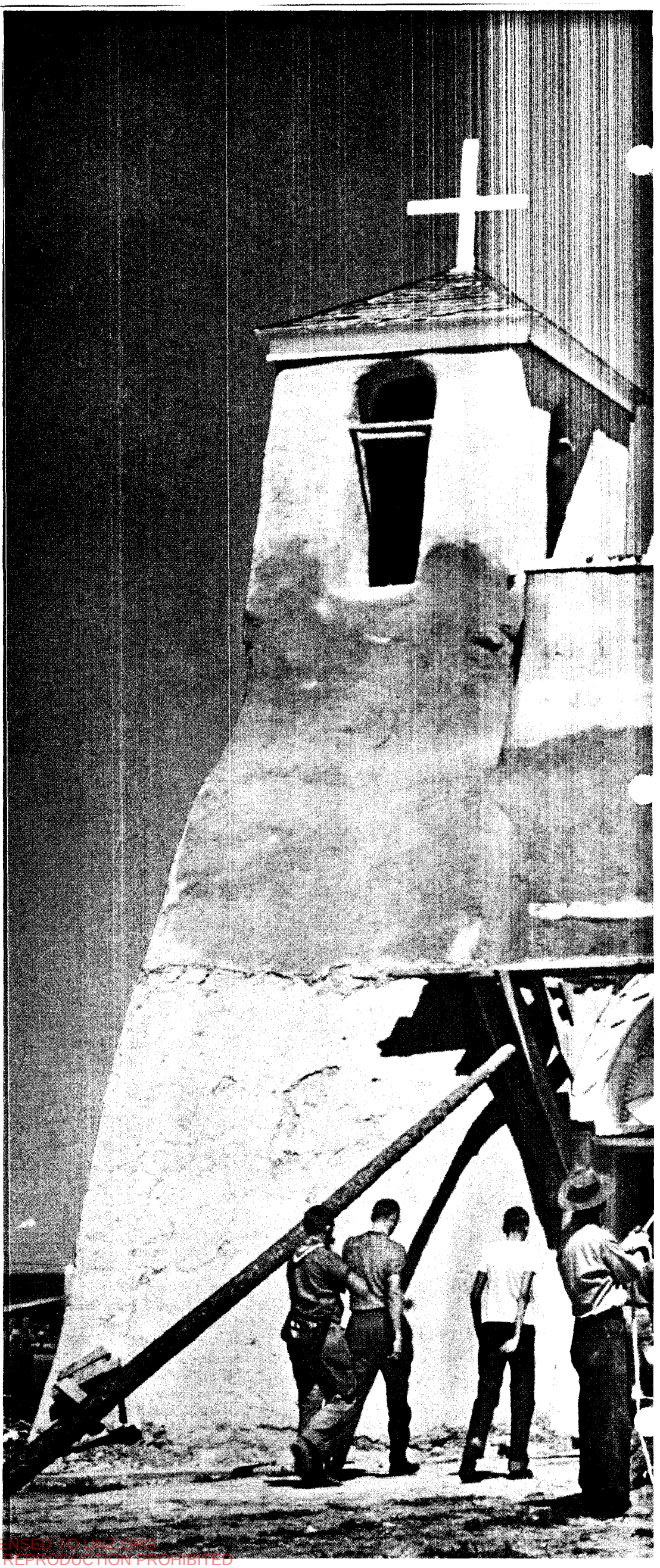
The Face of AMERICA

New Face for an Old Church

Two and a half centuries ago Spanish settlers who had followed the conquistadors from Old Mexico to the highlands of the Southwest laid the first adobe brick of this mission church. Dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, the Old Mission serves the community of Ranchos de Taos, one of three neighboring towns which form modern Taos, New Mexico. Nestled at the foot of the Sangre De Cristo Mountains and overlooking the valley of the Rio Grande, the Old Mission has seen history change the face of Taos. First there was an Indian pueblo, then a Spanish settlement, then the stop on rowdy Sante Fe trail, then a world-famous art colony and, finally, the resort and ranch town. Now Taos watches the sky trails of space rockets from White Sands, to the south, and lies within an atom blast of that splendid menace, Los Alamos. Time has been kind to the Old Mission, but every two years or so, depending upon the rainfall, the adobe plaster coating of its walls begins to flake and crumble. When this occurs, the Spanish-American community of Ranchos de Taos gathers to repair its ancient place of worship. Local adobe mud is used for plaster, with old straw as a binder. The women of the parish who have proved the more expert plasterers knead the adobe and apply it by hand. Men work on the steeples. The entire job takes a week, with a different group working each day.

• Photograph by Don Blair



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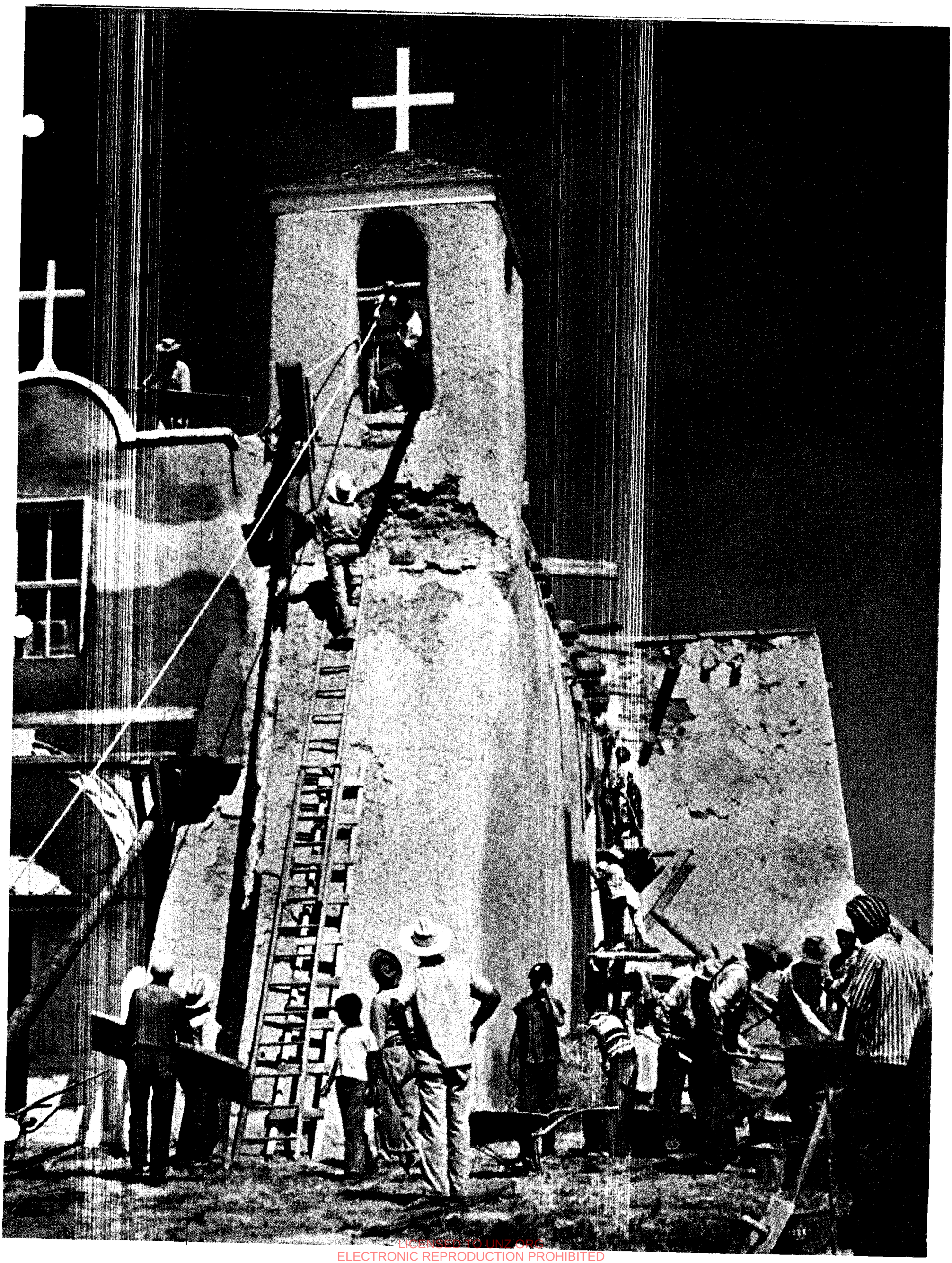

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SCANDAL IN THE FAMILY

She was seventeen, headstrong—and had a date with a married man.

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

By Dorothy Hughes Bowers

The calendar that Friday evening was knee-deep in June. So was Mr. Knowlton. As he went his way to catch the train to Winnetka, his step was as bouncy as if he were dancing across fields of asphodel after having enjoyed a tasty snack of ambrosia and nectar. As the bards used to say, little he wot of things to come. Of things to come in less than a week, including a news photo which would cut the asphodel right out from under him.

Entrained in the approved manner of all seasoned commuters, he scanned the comics as a pick-me-up before dutifully tackling the tough main course of international, national and local news in the final edition of the evening paper. Two stations before his own he folded the paper neatly—as women rarely do—and let his thoughts dwell happily on the boon of suburban homecoming after the bane of a breadwinning day in the city. Visions of his wife, Janet, and his seventeen-year-old daughter, Toby, pinned his thinking to pleasure and anticipation of quiet conversation.

As he detrained, the vision slipped out of focus a bit. Looking toward the station parking lot he spotted his commuting vehicle, known to the family as Old Faithful. But it wasn't recognition of the car that caused Mr. Knowlton's sudden anxiety. It was the sight of Toby lounging against the right front fender.

Toby's presence, as established by the Knowltons' right-to-dodge system, meant trouble brewed. Mrs. Knowlton was a strange, strange woman. She firmly believed her husband had an inalienable right, come eventide, to return to a home which was calm, cheerful, serene and well ordered. Consequently, when unexpected circumstances made this impossible, Mr. Knowlton was given due warning and could exercise his right-to-dodge by proceeding to his club and waiting for his wife to telephone an All Clear. If he didn't choose to avail himself of this privilege, the signal system gave him a chance to smooth his feathers and marshal his forces before joining the issue.

The last time Toby had served as signal corps had been on the occasion of Uncle Hiram's arrival with six Siamese cats and a set of rather explosive ideas about politicians in general and Democrats in particular. Briefed at the station, Mr. Knowlton, that evening, had taken time out for three Scotch-and-sodas at the club before facing Uncle Hiram. It had helped tremendously. Janet and he believed they were still beneficiaries under Uncle Hiram's current will.

With some relief Mr. Knowlton noted Toby's attire—denim pedal pushers, a plaid shirt and beat-up flats. This definitely counted out Cousin Iris or Aunt Ernestine. Cousin Iris (his) and Aunt Ernestine (Janet's) were of the school that believes woman's place is in skirts, and Toby had learned that it is easier to ban bifurcation than to be the butt of homely homilies. It was an acceptance greatly admired by Mr. Knowlton, who had taken considerably longer to learn that passivity can be preferable to peptic ulcers.

Toby's kiss of greeting was sweet on his cheek. "Bad?" he asked.

"For mother, I guess," Toby reported as her father handed her the car keys. "Once more she's been forced into listening to the lament of the lovelorn. My instructions are to pilot you home the long way round and wait until the supplicant's car has been driven away. This will save your having your shoulder wept on. So mother says."

"Who's the supplicant?"

"Wait till I get out of this rat race and then I'll clue you in." (Continued on Page 114)

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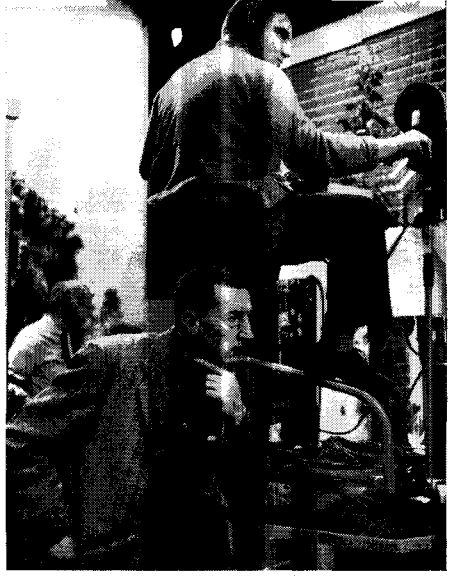
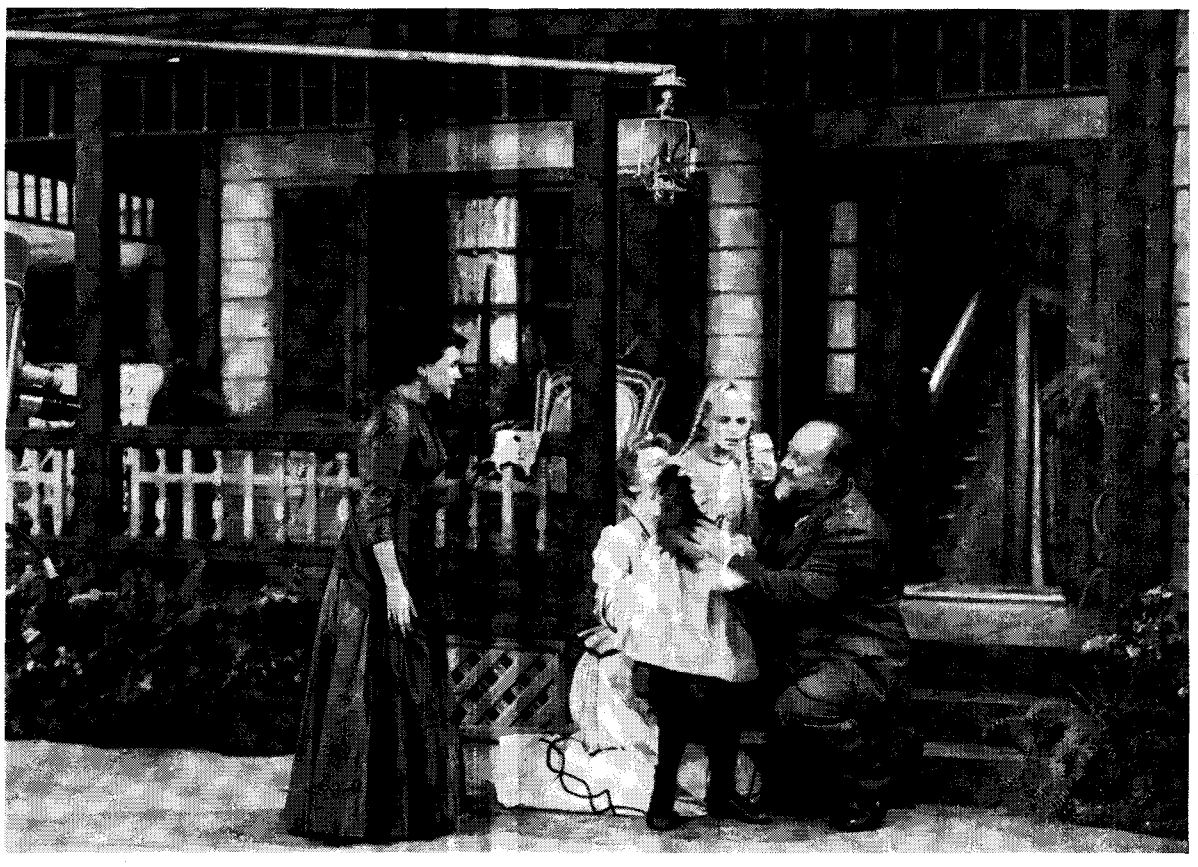


Producer Herbert Brodkin. "The higher you aim," he says of *Playhouse 90*'s artistic endeavors, "the harder you fall on your face when you miss."

Award-winning writer Rod Serling. Among his memorable scripts for *Playhouse 90* are *Requiem for a Heavyweight* and *The Comedian.*

For Whom the Bell Tolls, directed by John Frankenheimer, 30 (right), starring Jason Robards Jr. and Maria Schell, was one of the group's ambitious projects.

Eddie Albert (right) and Henry Jones rehearsing the show's adaptation of the Broadway comedy *The Silver Whistle.*



TV's Most Provocative Show

Left: *The Miracle Worker*, now a Broadway hit, was first seen on *Playhouse 90* in 1957. It starred Teresa Wright, Patty McCormick (as Helen Keller), and Burl Ives.

In Lonely Expectation a production which dealt with the problems of unwed mothers, outraged women viewers.

Eloise, starring comedienne-author Kay Thompson and Evelyn Rudie (right), was one of the hour-and-a-half show's biggest flops.

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No group has fought harder—or more successfully—
than *Playhouse 90* to present intelligent and controversial themes,
regardless of sponsor and network pressures.

By STANLEY FRANK

The Plot to Kill Stalin, a "documentary," starring Melvyn Douglas (seated) as Stalin, provoked an international incident. Russian Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov branded it a "filthy slander."

Last fall, when the curtain rang up on the disgraceful spectacle known as the TV Quiz Scandals, cynical observers of the current scene derived a certain wry amusement from watching the various means by which different individuals and groups within the industry attempted to salvage something of their tarnished reputations. Some rallied behind a banner bravely emblazoned "Who, Me?" Some sought absolution at the public confessional; others simply clammed up. And at one point the Columbia Broadcasting System tried to remind the public that television did have a loftier side by cadging credit for Broadway's newest dramatic hit, *The Miracle Worker*.

There was, in fact, a measure of merit to this claim. The play, depicting the struggle of Annie Sullivan, Helen Keller's teacher, to control the blind, deaf, mute child's wild rages and open her terrible isolation to the world of communication, had first been presented by CBS on *Playhouse 90* in 1957. And the network's publicity department wanted to be sure people realized that this once, at least, television had treated a poignant theme as maturely as the supposedly more sophisticated theater—and, what's more, had done it first. Fred Coe, who produced *The Miracle Worker* on the stage between assignments for CBS, was accordingly asked to deliver a few kind words to the effect that the introduction of so harrowing a subject to the mass audience was a testimonial to TV's courage and artistic integrity. Coe refused to play the company game.

"It was a tribute only to *Playhouse 90*, the one show that had the guts to tackle such a tough, factual story," Coe said. "William Gibson submitted his play to more than a dozen producers, but everybody was afraid of it until he went to *Playhouse 90*, which had just gone on the air. The telecast was so faithful to the original script that we merely expanded a few scenes in the transition to the stage."

One of the things that has set *Playhouse 90* apart from most other television shows has, indeed, been its readiness to use untried plays and to present controversial issues and offbeat character studies. It has explored topics ranging from the moral climate in a town after a lynching to the abuses of intense competition for prizes in a children's summer camp. It has looked into the corrupting influence of power on labor leaders, industrialists and politicians, the neuroses (Continued on Page 56)

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Mrs. Irving was up,
and as she arose
her husband did, too,
and grabbed her arms
from behind.

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METHOD THREE FOR MURDER

By REX STOUT

There wasn't enough evidence for Nero Wolfe to prove who the murderer was. So he took a chance with a guess.

For the first time Archie Goodwin could recall, Nero Wolfe let Inspector Cramer of Homicide take a client to jail without a fight.

Mira Holt, a beautiful model, was held for murder when the police discovered the corpse of Phoebe Arden in a cab she was driving. The dead woman was the girl friend of Mira's estranged husband, Waldo Kearns. Mira claimed she had borrowed the cab from her friend Judy Bram, the owner, and that someone had deposited the body in it.

When Judy refused to confirm Mira's story, Archie went to see both Kearns and Gilbert Irving, the Wall Street executive whom Mira had told about borrowing the cab. Kearns was not home. Neither was Irving. But his wife told Archie she could not believe that her friend Phoebe had been murdered by Mira Holt.

When Archie returned to Wolfe's residence, he found Kearns berating Wolfe for his failure to have his wife released from custody. Suddenly Gilbert Irving burst into the room, took one look at Kearns and sent him staggering with a solid punch.

CONCLUSION

To do him justice, Kearns handled it as well as could be expected, even better. He surprised me. He didn't utter a peep. The desk saved him from going down. He stayed propped against it for three seconds, straightened with his hand on it for support, moved his head backward and forward twice, decided his neck was still together, and moved. His first few steps were wobbly, but by the time he reached the door to the hall they were steadier, and he made the turn O.K. I went to the hall and stood, as he got his hat from the shelf and let himself out, pulling the door shut without banging it, and then I re-entered the office as Irving was saying, "I should beg your pardon. I do. I'm sorry."

"You were provoked," Wolfe told him. He gestured at the red leather chair. "Be seated."

"Hold it." I was there. "I guess I should beg your pardon, Mr. Irving, for not telling you he was here, and now I must beg it again. I have to tell Mr. Wolfe something that can't wait. It won't take long." I went and opened the door to the front room. "If you'll step in here."

He didn't like the idea. "My business is pressing," he said.

"So is mine. If you please?"

"Your name is Archie Goodwin?"

"Yes."

He hesitated a second, and then came and crossed the sill, and I closed the door. Since it and the wall were soundproofed, I didn't have to lower my voice to tell Wolfe, "I want to report. I saw his wife."

"Indeed. Will a summary do?"

"No." I sat. "It will for one detail, that eighty feet from where the cab was parked there is a stoneyard that would be perfect cover—you couldn't ask for better—but you must have my talk with Mrs. Irving verbatim."

"Go ahead."

I did so, starting with a description of her. It had been years since he had first told me that when I described a man he must see him and hear him, and I had learned the trick long ago. I also knew how to report conversations word for word—much longer ones than the little chat I had had with Mrs. Irving.

When I had finished, he asked one question, "Was she lying?"

"I wouldn't bet either way. If so, she is good. If it was a mixture, I'd hate to have to sort it out."

"Very well." He closed his eyes. In a moment they opened. "Bring him."

I went and opened the door to the front room and told Irving to come, and he entered, crossed to the red leather chair, sat and aimed his eyes at Wolfe. "I should explain," he said, "that I am here as a friend of Miss Mira Holt, but she didn't send me."

Wolfe nodded. "She mentioned your name last evening. She said you are an intelligent man."

"I'm afraid she flatters me." Evidently it was normal for him to sit still. "I have come to you for information, but I can't pretend I have any special right to it. I can only tell you why I want it. When I learned on the radio this morning that Miss Holt was in custody, I started downtown to see her, to offer my help, but on the way I decided that it wouldn't be advisable because it might be misconstrued, as I am merely a friend. So I called on my lawyer instead. His name is John H. Darby. I explained the situation and asked him to see Miss Holt, and he arranged to see her and has talked with her, but she won't tell him anything. She even refused to authorize him to arrange bail for her. She says that Archie Goodwin and Nero Wolfe are representing her, and she will say nothing and do nothing without their advice."

I touched my lips with a finger tip, the lips that Mira had kissed. I was blowing the kiss back to her. Not only had she put my name first but also she had improved on my suggestion by combining Method Three and Method One. She was one client in a thousand. She had even turned down two offers to spring her.

"I'm not a lawyer," Wolfe said, "and neither is Mr. Goodwin."

"I'm aware of that. But you seem to have hypnotized Miss Holt. With no offense intended, I must ask, are you acting in her interest or in Waldo Kearns'?"

Wolfe grunted. "Hers. She hired us."

I put in, "You and Kearns agree. He thinks we hypnotized her too. Nuts."

He regarded me. "I prefer to deal with Mr. Wolfe. This is his office."

"You're dealing with both of us," Wolfe told him. "Professionally we are indiscrete. What information do you want?"

"I want to know why you are taking no steps to get her released and what action you intend to take in her interest. I also want you to advise her to accept the services of my lawyer. He is highly qualified."

Wolfe rested his palms on the chair arms. "You should know better, Mr. Irving; you're a man of affairs. Before I gave you an inch, let alone the mile you ask for, I would have to be satisfied that your interest runs with hers."

"But I'm her friend! Didn't she say I am? You said she mentioned me."

"She could be mistaken." Wolfe shook his head. "No. For instance, I don't even know what you have told the police."

"Nothing. They haven't asked me anything. Why should they?"

"Then you haven't told them that Miss Holt told you on the phone Sunday evening that she was going to drive Judith Bram's cab?"

It got him. He stared. He looked at me and back at Wolfe. "No," he said. "Even if she had, would I tell the police?"

"Do you deny that she did?"

"I neither deny it nor affirm it."

Wolfe upturned a palm. "How the devil can you expect candor from me? Do you want me to suspect that Miss Holt lied when she told us of that phone call?"

(Continued on Page 46)

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Author Alsop (at rear) with his traveling companion, Rowland Evans (light sweater), at a collective farm in Poland.

I Saw What Makes Communism Work

CONCLUSION

By STEWART ALSOP

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR THE CAPTIVE NATIONS?

Khrushchev's empire in Europe is fragile, says the author, but it can doubtless be held together by force for a long time to come.

There are all sorts of surprises awaiting the American traveler in the Communist countries of Eastern Europe. In Budapest, for example, where teen-age boys were tossing Molotov cocktails at Russian tanks less than four years ago, all teen-agers are now passionately collecting matchbook covers. In Bulgaria everybody wags his head sideways for "yes," and up and down for "no." Everywhere in Communist Europe the ladies of easy virtue dye their hair precisely the same shade of lemon yellow, as a badge of their profession. In certain "luxury hotels" of Eastern Europe, squads of maids comb out the tassels of the rugs with men's combs every day—the tassels are then covered with newspapers, which spoil the intended effect of luxury. But the biggest surprise for an American is to find out how much he is liked, just because he is an American.

Everyone remembers the wildly enthusiastic reception which the Poles gave Vice President Richard Nixon when he stopped off in Warsaw on his return from the U.S.S.R. last summer. When Rowland Evans, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and I took a recent long automobile tour through Eastern Europe, we had the same pleasing experience on a very much smaller scale in scores of villages, from Poland right around through southern Yugoslavia.

The routine was always the same. We would stop at a village in our rented German car to ask directions or to buy some cheese or wine, or just because the village was especially pretty, or because there was a wedding going on, which was surprisingly often. At first, because of our car, we would be treated with a certain reserve—the Germans are disliked everywhere in Eastern Europe, and in Poland they are hated with a blind hatred. Then someone would notice the American flags pasted on the windshield—the stars were always carefully counted to see if there were fifty—or conversation would establish that we were Americans.

Instantly a crowd would begin to gather, gabbling excitedly. I would take a picture with my one-minute camera—which someone in the crowd almost always dubbed the "Americanski Sputnik"—and a near riot would ensue with everybody excitedly demanding pictures. After a few more pictures, as likely as not someone would bring out a bottle of wine, or a bottle of plum or apricot brandy; there would be toasts all round, and we would depart in a rosy glow of mutual friendship and admiration. On a good many occasions Evans, an ebullient fellow, was carried away to the extent of making a brief political speech, keyed to the slogan "Vote American." The speech, though rarely understood, was always very (Continued on Page 97)

When Vice President Richard Nixon visited Warsaw on his way home from Moscow last August, 100,000 Poles turned out to give him a tumultuous welcome.

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Hungary. This dilapidated villa, the pride of its aristocratic owners under the old regime, now houses several families who have let it go to ruin.

In Communist Yugoslavia, as in the captive nations, rock-'n'-roll music fascinates youth. The students at right are dancing at the Index Bar in Belgrade.

Sofia, Bulgaria: The sign above advertises a little Russian auto as the prize in a lottery to be held for the benefit of the poor.

Right: Record counter at a Belgrade department store. "All over Eastern Europe," says the author, "there is a sort of jazz underground."

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Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long, slow curve:

"Yipes, daddy! You know what this girl at school asked me today? She asked me who that man was that picked me up after rally practice that looked just like Robert Young, only cuter, and when I told her it was my dad, she flipped! I mean, it bugged her!"

"Honestly, daddy, I didn't want to say so in front of mom, but I certainly agree with you—that historical pageant she wanted you to be in wouldn't even attract flies! It's like you said, certain things just shouldn't have been invented, that's all!"

"Gee, daddy, I'm glad you're not away from home a lot, traveling, the way Debby's father is! It's so true, what she says—I mean, there are certain things you can always tell your father that your mother just wouldn't understand at all!"

"Daddy, remember that time in the war you were telling me about? When you lived in the jungle so long and you taught the monkeys to throw you coconuts and everything? I was thinking today about what you said—the most important lessons aren't learned from books!"

And the fast break:

". . . and so I guess I flunked algebra, only Mr. Gruber said if you would sign this and then maybe come in and see him. . . ."

PEG BRACKEN

Many Happy Returns, Mother

HE SAYS: . . . So . . .	SHE SAYS:
"Since when did you start wearing a waste-basket on your head?"	"I'd like to return this hat. It just isn't my type."
"If you think I'm going to wear pajamas with 'Pop's a Good Egg' written all over them, you're out of your mind."	"I wonder if you'd exchange these pajamas. They don't quite fit my husband."
"One hundred and thirty-nine dollars? If you hurry, you can get it back before the store closes."	"I've decided not to keep this dress. It's not exactly what I had in mind, after all."
"Listen—it'll be a snowy day in July before you get *me* to do over the family room!"	"I'd like to cancel that paint and wallpaper I ordered this morning. I think we'll postpone the work until next summer."
"Well, now, that's what I call a *sensible* pair of shoes."	"I'll have to ask you to take back these shoes. I'm afraid I'd never be comfortable wearing them."

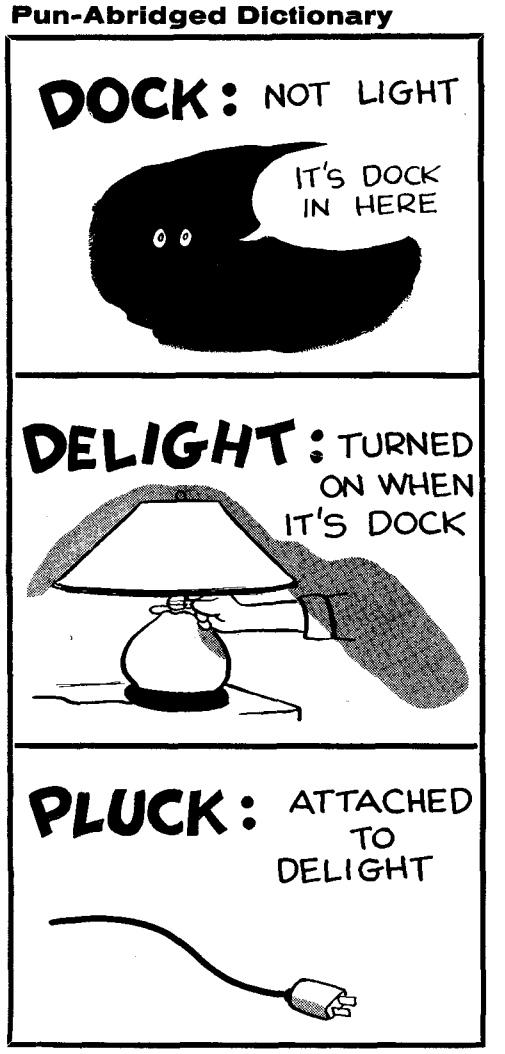
KAY NELSON

Low-Down

I try to read 'em, but
heaven bless me,
Elevating books depress me!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

"She was Vassar '23. That was a good year for women."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, next, in a charming violin solo. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Oh, No?

For unbiased reporting, when all's said and done,
The two statements below are about on a par:
"I'm not saying this just because he's my son."
"I'm not telling you this just to sell you a car."

SUZANNE DOUGLAS

Of Sound and Fury

On chartered train or bus I've found
The riders free from tensions,
Since men who are convention-bound,
Are not bound by conventions.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Lady Alone

It's wonderful to be on your own,
Independent, living alone.
You're not tied down, you're free as the breeze
To come and go as you darn well please.
You can read or play records every night
With nobody grumbling to watch the fight.
You can happily dine on fudge éclairs
And let the cat sleep on the bed. Who cares?
You're unencumbered, a foot-loose elf,
And you wouldn't change—
you keep telling yourself.

ETHEL JACOBSON

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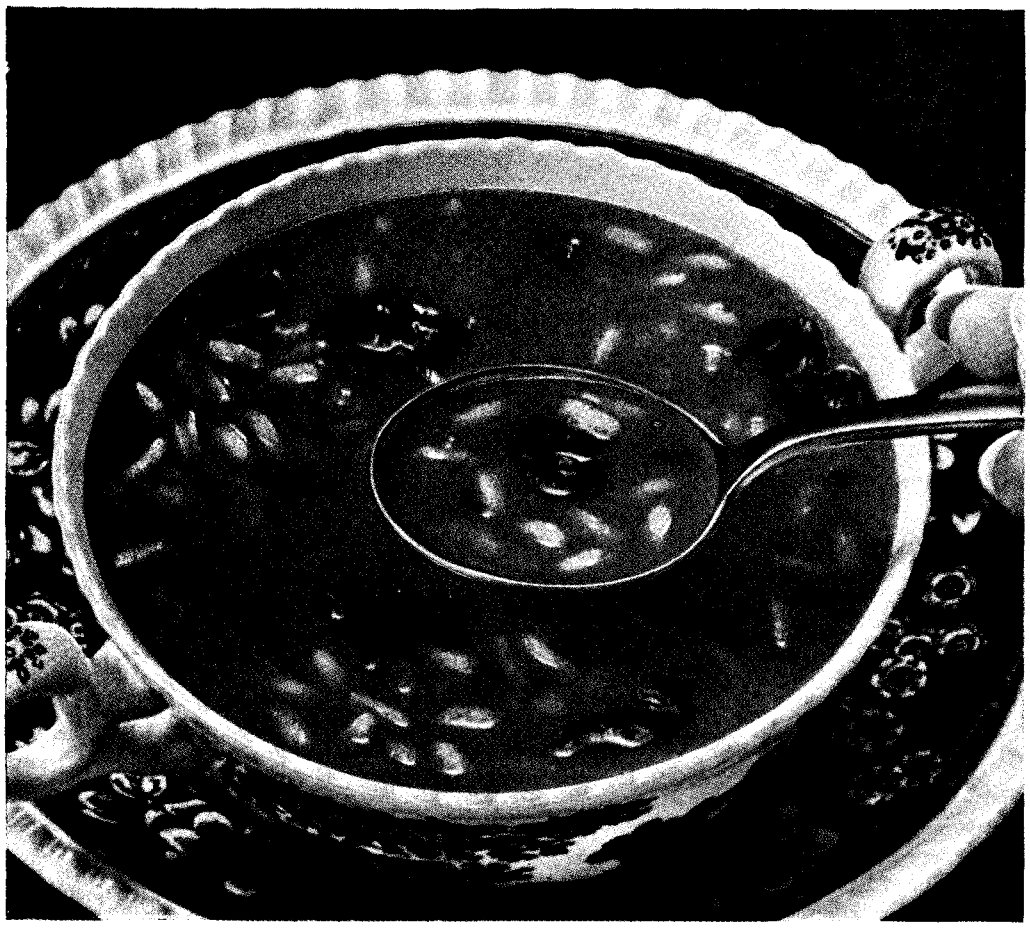
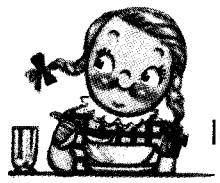
Everybody's coming back for more!

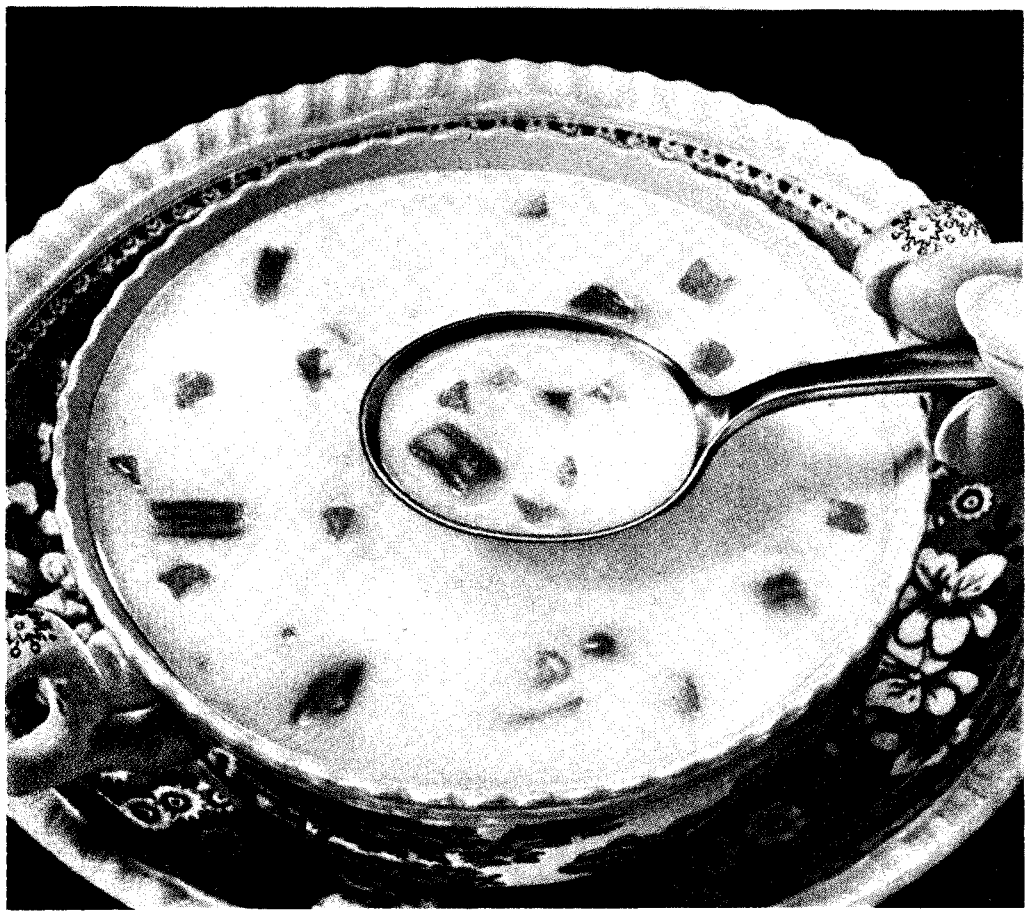
Campbell's 2 NEW SOUPS



Everybody's  loving NEW

Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE

Sun-ripened tomato goodness has made this soup a favorite from the first spoonful. The famous Campbell Tomato (good pieces aplenty!), plus long-grain rice and other garden vegetables, are blended in a hearty broth seasoned just right. Have you treated your family to Campbell's Old-fashioned Tomato Rice? They'll love *you* for it.



Everybody's loving NEW

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

Seven favorite vegetables are in this soup—gently simmered, delicately seasoned and creamed with milk. It's a wholesome country-garden soup — fragrant with fresh-vegetable goodness. Maybe that's why Cream of Vegetable has become such a favorite so fast. Have plenty heated and ready . . . all the folks are bound to ask for seconds!

Good things begin to happen when you have *Campbell's* 2 new soups!

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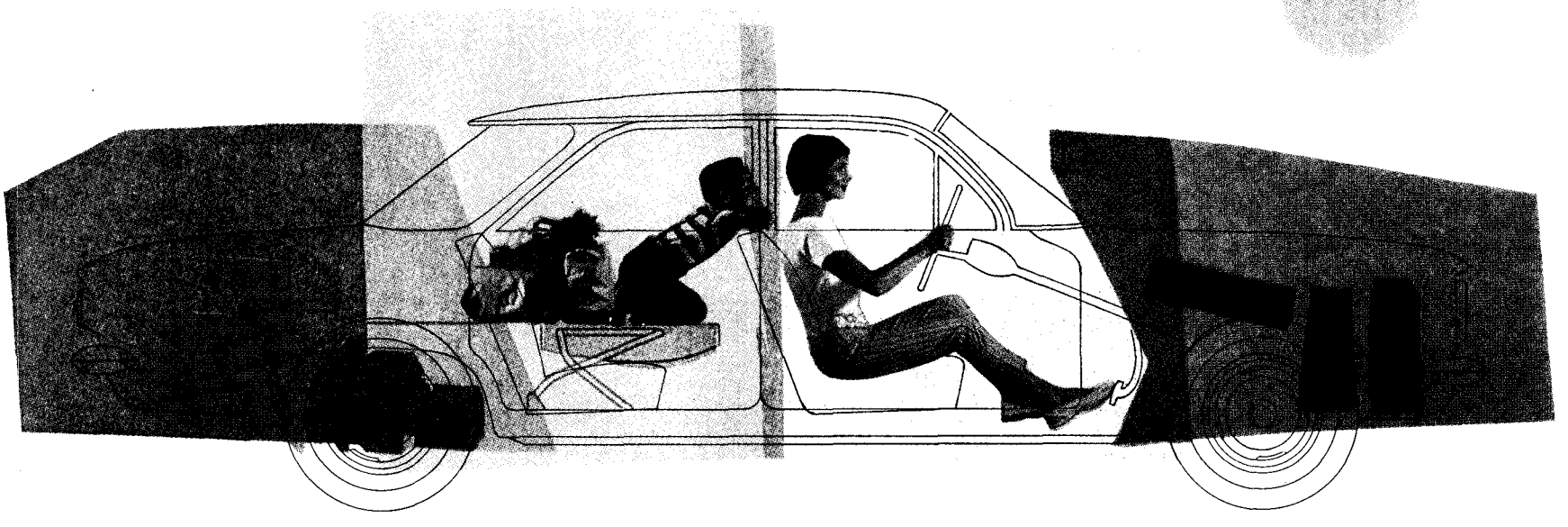


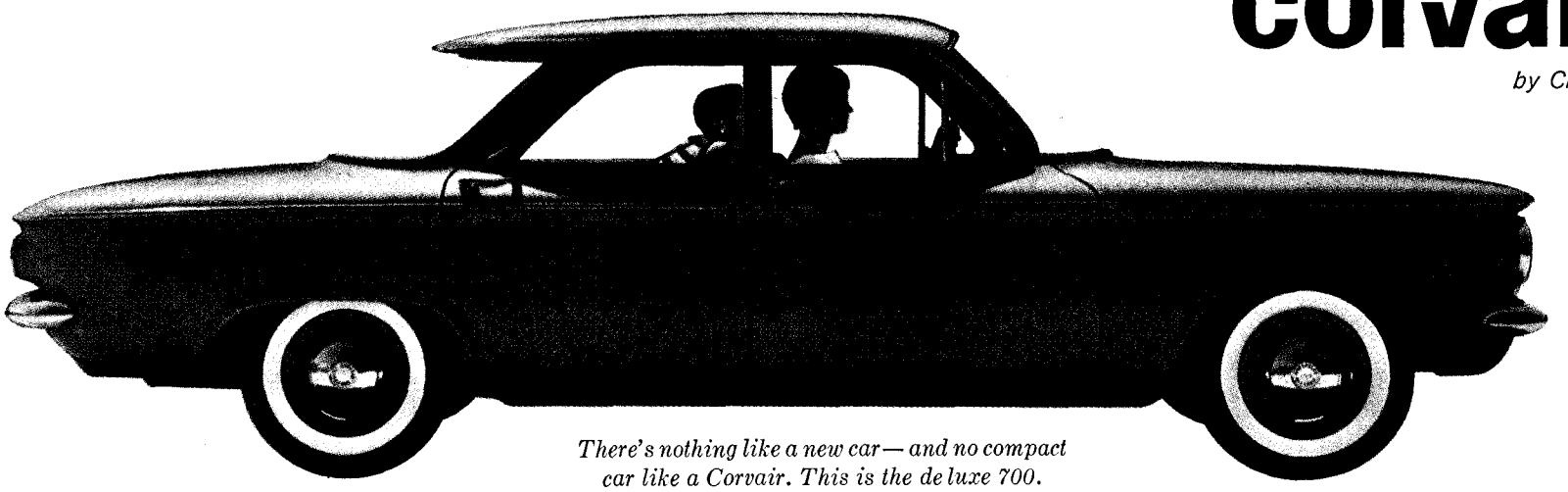
Here's the compact car that threw the book away!

The key to this small miracle is America's first and only rear-mounted aluminum engine—a lightweight 6 that's so revolutionary it can be packaged with the transmission and drive gears as a single unit. With power components tucked away in the rear, the Corvair's floor is practically flat. There's plenty of room for everyone, front and rear, including the passengers in the middle. That means you get the kind of 6-passenger comfort you'll find on no other American compact car. Shifting the engine weight to the rear also makes for smoother, easier compact car handling and gives glued-to-the-road traction for cornering and driving on ice, mud or snow. And with independent suspension at all four wheels—an advance as significant as the front wheel independent suspension on full-sized cars years ago—you enjoy a poised, unruffled ride that rivals even the most expensive makes. These are all things no front-engine compact car can give you. And with them you get economy and practicality that would never have been possible if Chevrolet engineers had been content to make the Corvair merely a sawed-off version of a big car. Your dealer's the man to see for all the short and sweet details. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

the happiest driving compact car ★

corvair

by Chevrolet



There's nothing like a new car—and no compact car like a Corvair. This is the de luxe 700.

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The Monitor Affair

In the heart of a Yankee city, the enemy prowled.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Magnificent!" cried David Bushnell. "This invention of yours, Ericsson, will make the North masters of the ocean."

But the praise contained an irony. The brilliant Swede's invention—a revolutionary, iron-hulled warship called the *Monitor*—would make a devastating weapon only if short-sighted Union officials would ever consent to having it built. Bushnell, an inventor in his own right, had gone to Washington to plead its case but failed to win action. So Ericsson himself set out for the Capital.

The Confederates, however, quickly recognized the *Monitor* as a threat. Already rebel spies and sympathizers in New York—Carlotta Ouverard and Capt. Hugo Tempest among them—were plotting against Ericsson. At present their best avenue of attack was through Eric Nelson, the inventor's young assistant, for Eric was in love with Madame Ouverard's niece, Yvonne.

IV

Eric Nelson, during the absence of his employer in Washington, had been entrusted with the supervision of the work of installing the engine in the ship tied to the piling in the shipyard of the Continental Iron Works in Greenpoint, Long Island. Bushnell, ever optimistic, had insisted to Ericsson that his presence in the Capital would assure the adoption of his plans by the opinionated committee. So, reluctantly, morosely, the inventor had made the unpleasant rail journey to the Potomac.

"Gideon Welles," Bushnell said with unjustified enthusiasm, "is completely sold on the *Monitor*. He even induced Mr. Lincoln to come into the room and examine your model. The President took it in his hands and studied it for a long time." Bushnell smiled at the recollection. "Then, with a comical expression on his long face he said, 'Gentlemen, as the girl said when she pulled on her stocking, "I think there's something in it."'"

So the young Swede was living aboard the ship on Long Island, sleeping in the captain's cabin and reading through the long evenings by the light of a spluttering lantern.

The yard was a lonely spot after the workmen had gone home. Seldom did a vessel show running lights as it sailed down the East River toward the ocean or northward toward Hell Gate. Across the dark water was the glow of New York City, half obscured by mists so friendly to the depredations of piratical river gangs who vexed the city's water front.

That morning a sleek brig had been towed to a point off the yards and moored there. She was a trim craft with beautiful lines, built for speed. When the breeze blew from her to shore it brought an odor which caused Eric to wrinkle his fastidious nose.

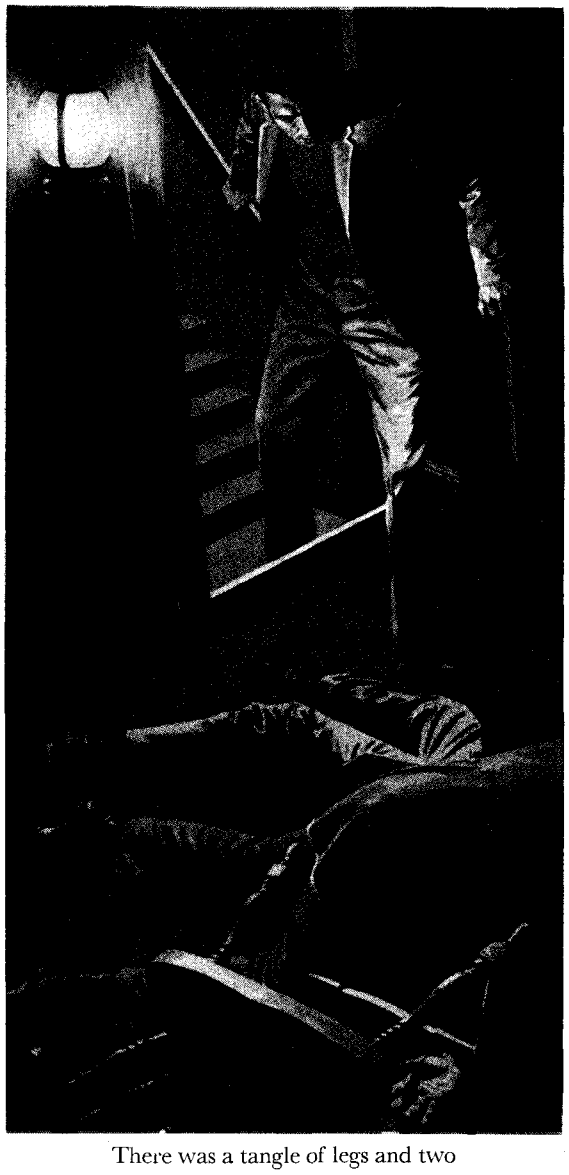
The foreman of the yard, standing with Eric on the dock, gazed out at this new neighbor and made a gesture of distaste.

"We can remodel her insides, Mr. Nelson," he said, "but never can we remove the stink of her."

"Why does she offend the nose?" Eric asked.

"A slaver she was," said Hodges, the foreman. "But I hear say that trade's ruined by the war. Her owners are turning her into some sort of cargo ship."

Eric prepared a sketchy evening meal in the galley and then went out to stand on deck, staring across at *Curlew*, which was the name painted on the stern of the brig. He wondered who were her owners. His vivid imagination was able to picture the horrors suffered by her passengers—those chained cargoes huddled in filth, unable to stand erect in that hold, unable to do more than move except when, for reasons of health, they were led under guard, to stand on deck and breathe pure air for a few minutes each day.



There was a tangle of legs and two bodies. One lay across the other.

Those who owned her, who had devoted her maritime beauty to that dreadful traffic, what future now attracted them? Would they content themselves with the modest profits of regular commerce, or was she destined, after alterations, to ply the sea in some other field of equal lawlessness?

There were no lights on the moored vessel, not even riding lights, for she was moored so close to the shore as to be out of the way of river traffic. There seemed to be no watchman aboard or skeleton crew.

As Eric continued to peer and to speculate, he became aware of a light moving behind him. It was a lantern, dancing as it lighted the way for someone who threaded his way through the shipyard to the water. Although it was shadowy on the deck where Eric stood, he instinctively concealed himself and watched the approach of the night visitor.

The lantern drew near the slip. It halted a dozen feet away and was rested atop of a pile while its bearer untied a painter. As he reached up for the lantern, its light shone directly into his face.

Eric's lips parted in surprise. It was a face he would not forget—arrogant, handsome. He had seen it in Madame Ouverard's mansion; again he had seen it in the doorway of that house in Thirty-second Street. It was the face of Capt. Hugo Tempest, ex-slaver, present member of that stealthy junto whose password was the name of the President of the Confederate States of America!

Eric remained motionless as Tempest pushed his skiff away from the piling and sculled it toward the ex-slaving ship. He could follow its progress by the glow of the lantern. It reached the side of the brig, and man and lantern climbed a ladder to the deck, disappeared below—and darkness reigned once more.

Eric continued to watch *Curlew*. He almost gave up his vigil as midnight arrived. But then, when he was on the point of taking to his berth, a sail appeared from upriver. It was cutting diagonally across the water from some point far up the Manhattan side. As she drew nearer, Eric could see that she was a sloop—a cargo craft of the sort which might engage in coastwise traffic or ply the Hudson as far as Albany.

Opposite the shipyard she came about, tacking inshore toward the *Curlew*. She ran alongside the larger vessel; her patched sail fell with a rush, and Eric could hear hailing voices. Even then no lights showed. The two boats made one irregular dark blot. In a moment came the faint creak of tackle, the hoisting of heavy cases from sloop to brig. *Curlew* was taking on cargo (Continued on Page 71)

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Method Three For Murder (Continued from Page 39)

"When did she tell you?"

"Last evening, here. Not under hypnosis."

He considered. "All right, she told me that."

"And whom did you tell?"

"No one."

"You're certain?"

"Of course I'm certain."

"Then it won't be easy to satisfy me. Assuming that Miss Holt fulfilled her intention and took the cab and arrived with it at Mr. Kearns' address at eight o'clock, and combining that assumption with the fact that at twenty minutes past nine the cab was standing in front of my house with a dead body in it, where are you? Miss Bram states that she told no one of the arrangement. Miss Holt states that she told no one but you. Is it any wonder that I ask where you are? And specificially where you were last evening from eight o'clock on?"

"I see." Irving took a breath, and another. "It's utterly preposterous. You actually suspect me of being involved in the murder of Phoebe Arden."

"I do indeed."

"But it's preposterous! I had no concern whatever with Miss Arden. She meant nothing to me. Not only that, apparently whoever killed her managed to get Miss Holt involved—either managed it or permitted it. Would I do that?" He made fists and shook them. "Damn it, I have to know what happened! You know. Miss Holt told you. I have to know."

"There are things I have to know," Wolfe said dryly. "I mentioned one—your movements last evening. We have it from your wife, but I prefer it from you. That's the rule, and a good one—get the best available evidence."

Irving was staring again. "My wife? You have seen my wife?"

"Mr. Goodwin has. He called at your home this morning to see you, and you had gone. Your wife wished to be helpful. You know, of course, what she told him."

"Did she tell him ——" He stopped and started over. "Did she tell him about a phone call she made yesterday afternoon?"

Wolfe nodded. "And one she received. She received one from you and made one to Miss Arden."

Irving inclined his head forward to look at his right hand. Its fingers bent, slowly, to make a fist. Apparently something about the operation was unsatisfactory, for he repeated it several times, gazing at it. At length his head came up. "My lawyer wouldn't like this," he said, "but I'm going to tell you something. I have to if I expect you to tell me anything. If I told you what I told my wife, you would check it, and it won't check. I know Miss Holt drove Judy Bram's cab there last evening. I know she got there at five minutes to eight and left at ten minutes to nine. I saw her."

"Indeed. Where were you?"

"I was in a cab parked on Carmine Street, around the corner from Ferrell Street. I suppose you know what her purpose was in driving Judy's cab?"

"Yes. To talk with her husband."

"I had tried to persuade her not to. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes."

"I didn't like it. There isn't much that Kearns isn't capable of. I don't mean violence; just some trick like getting her out of the cab and going off with it. I decided to be there, and I phoned my wife that I would have to spend the evening with a business associate. I was afraid if I took my car Miss Holt might recognize it, so I got a taxi with a driver I know. Carmine Street is one way, and we parked where we would be ready to follow when she came out of Ferrell Street. We were there when she arrived, at five minutes to eight. When she came back, nearly an hour later, she was alone. There was no one in the cab. I supposed Kearns had refused to let her drive him, and I was glad of it."

"What then?"

"I went to my club. If you want to check I'll give you the cab driver's name and address. I rang Judy Bram's number, and I rang Miss Holt's number three or four times, but there was no answer. I supposed they were out somewhere together. And this morning I heard the radio and saw the paper." He breathed. "I hope to heaven I won't have to regret telling you this. If it contradicts anything she told you, she's right and I'm wrong. I could be lying, you know, for my own protection."

I was thinking, *If so, you're an expert.*

Wolfe's eyes, at him, were half closed. "It was (*Continued on Page 48*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE FAMILY YOU LOVE,

THE THINGS YOU OWN,

&

THE FUTURE YOU WANT,

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...You can protect them all under The Travelers umbrella!

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ONE SOURCE. Unlike most insurance companies, The Travelers writes all kinds of insurance for you, your family or your business.

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THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies Hartford 15, Connecticut

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(*Continued from Page 46*) dark," he said. "How could you know there was no one in the cab?"

"There's a light at that corner. I have good eyes and so has the driver. She was going slow, for the turn."

"You didn't follow her?"

"No. There was no point in following her if Kearns wasn't with her."

"What would you say if I told you that Miss Holt saw you in your parked taxi as she drove by?"

"I wouldn't believe it. When she drove by, arriving, I was flat on the seat. It was dark, but I didn't risk her seeing me. When she left she didn't drive by. Carmine Street is one way."

Wolfe leaned back and shut his eyes, and his lips began to work. Irving started to say something, and I snapped at him, "Hold it." Wolfe pushed his lips out and pulled them in, out and in, out and in. He was earning the twenty-five bucks I had paid him. I had no idea how, but when he starts that lip operation the sparks are flying inside his skull.

Irving tried again. "But I want ——"

"Hold it."

"But I don't ——"

"Shut up!"

He sat regarding me, not warmly.

Wolfe opened his eyes and straightened. "Mr. Irving"—he was curt—"you will get what you came here for, but not forthwith. Possibly within the hour, probably somewhat later. Tell me where I can reach you, or you may ——"

"Damn it, no! I want ——"

"If you please. Confound it, I've been yelped at enough today. Or you may wait here. That room has comfortable chairs—or one, at least. Mr. Goodwin and I have work to do."

"I don't intend ——"

"Your intentions have no interest or point. Where can we reach you?"

Irving looked at me and saw nothing hopeful. He arose. "I'll wait here," he said and headed for the front room.

Having turned my head to see that Irving shut the door, I turned it back again. "Fine," I said. "We're going to work."

"I'm a dunce," he said. "So are you."

"It's possible," I conceded. "Can you prove it?"

"It's manifest. Why did that policeman stop his car to look inside that cab?"

"Cops do. That's what a prowl car is for. They saw it parked with the hackie gone and, while that's nothing strange, they thought it was worth a look. Also it was parked in front of your house. He knew it was your house. He said so."

"Nevertheless, we are dunces not to have questioned it. I want to know if that policeman had been prompted. At once."

"It's a point," I admitted. "The papers haven't mentioned it. I doubt if Cramer would ——"

"No."

"I could try Lon Cohen."

"Do so."

I swiveled, dialed the Gazette number and got Lon. Wolfe lifted his receiver to listen in. I told Lon I wanted something for nothing. He said I always did and usually got it, but if what I was after this time was an ad under Situations Wanted, I would have to pay.

"That was just a dirty rumor," I said. "I am permanently in Mr. Wolfe's employ—permanently, that is, in the sense that I may still be here tomorrow. On our present job we're shy a detail. If you'll supply it, I'll give you something for the front page if and when. We don't know whether the cop who stopped to uncover Phoebe Arden's body in the taxi had been steered or was just nosy. Do you?"

"Yes, but I'm not supposed to. The D.A. is saving it. He may release it this afternoon. If he does, I'll call you."

"We need it now. Not for publication, and we wouldn't dream of quoting you. We're just curious."

"I'll bet you are. I wish I got paid as much for being curious as Wolfe does. O.K. It was a dialed phone call to Canal six, two thousand. Probably a man, but it could have been a woman trying to sound like a man or the reverse. It said there was a taxi standing in front of Nine-eighteen West Thirty-fifth Street with a dead woman in it. As you know, that address has been heard from before. The sergeant radioed a prowl car."

"Has the call been traced?"

"How? Modern improvements. But you'd better ask the D.A."

"A good idea. I will. Many thanks and I won't forget the front page." I hung up and swiveled. "I'll be damned. Where can we buy dunce caps? For a passer-by to see it he would have had to open the door and lift the canvas."

Wolfe's lips were tight. "We should have done that hours ago."

"Lon may not have known hours ago."

"True. Even so, get Mr. Cramer."

I swiveled and dialed. It wasn't as simple as getting Lon Cohen had been. Cramer was in conference and couldn't be disturbed. I was hacking away at it when Wolfe took his phone and said, "This is Nero Wolfe. I have something that will not wait. Ask Mr. Cramer if he prefers that I deal with the district attorney."

In two minutes there was a bark, "What do you want?"

"Mr. Cramer?" He knew darned well it was.

"Yes. I'm busy."

"So am I. Is it true that Miss Holt refuses to talk without advice from Mr. Goodwin or me?"

"Yes, it is, and I was just telling Stebbins to get Goodwin down here. Then I'm going ——"

"If you please. Mr. Goodwin and I have decided that it is now desirable for Miss Holt to answer any questions you care to ask—or that it will be after we have had a brief talk with her. Since I must be present, and I transact business only in my own office, it will be pointless for you to send for him. If you want her to talk, bring her here."

"You're too late, Wolfe. I don't need her to tell me that she drove that cab to your address. I already know it. Her prints are on the steering wheel and the door and other places. You're too late."

"Has she admitted it?"

"No, but she will."

"I doubt it. She's rather inflexible. I regret having called you to the phone to no purpose. May I make a request? Don't keep Mr. Goodwin longer than necessary. I am about to conclude a matter in which he has an interest and would like him present. I wanted Miss Holt here, too, but since I'm too late I'll have to manage without her."

Silence—prolonged.

"Are you there, Mr. Cramer?"

"Yes. So you're going to conclude a matter."

"I am. Soon afterward Miss Holt and Mr. Goodwin and I will talk not by your sufferance but at our will."

"Are you saying that you know who killed Phoebe Arden?"

"'Know' implies certitude. I have formed a conclusion and intend to verify it. It shouldn't take long. But I'm keeping you. Could you do without Mr. Goodwin until, say, four o'clock? It's half-past twelve. By then we should have finished."

Another silence, not quite so long. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes," Cramer said.

"With Miss Holt?"

"Yes."

"Satisfactory. But not in fifteen minutes. I must get Judith Bram and Waldo Kearns. Do you know where they are?"

"Kearns is at his home. He said he would be if we wanted him again. Judith Bram is here. I'll bring her along, and I'll send for Kearns. Now."

"No. People have to eat. Will you lunch with us? And Miss Holt?"

"I will not. Did you ever skip a meal in your life?"

"Many times when I was younger, by necessity. Then I suggest that you arrive with Miss Holt at two o'clock, and arrange for Miss Bram and Mr. Kearns to come at two-thirty. Will that be convenient?"

"By heaven! Convenient!"

A click. He was off. We hung up. I said, "Probably Irving eats too."

"Yes; bring him."

I went and got him. He marched to Wolfe's desk and demanded, "Well?"

Wolfe's head slanted back. "I forgot, sir, when I said possibly within the hour, that lunch would interfere. It will be a little longer. I have spoken with Inspector Cramer, and he will arrive with Miss Holt at two o'clock. We shall expect you and your wife to join us at two-thirty."

His jaw was working. "Miss Holt will be here?"

"Yes."

"Why my wife?"

"Because she has something to contribute. As you know, she had an appointment with Miss Arden which Miss Arden did not keep. That will be germane."

"Germane to what?"

"To our discussion."

"I don't want a discussion. I certainly don't want one with a police inspector. I told you what I want."

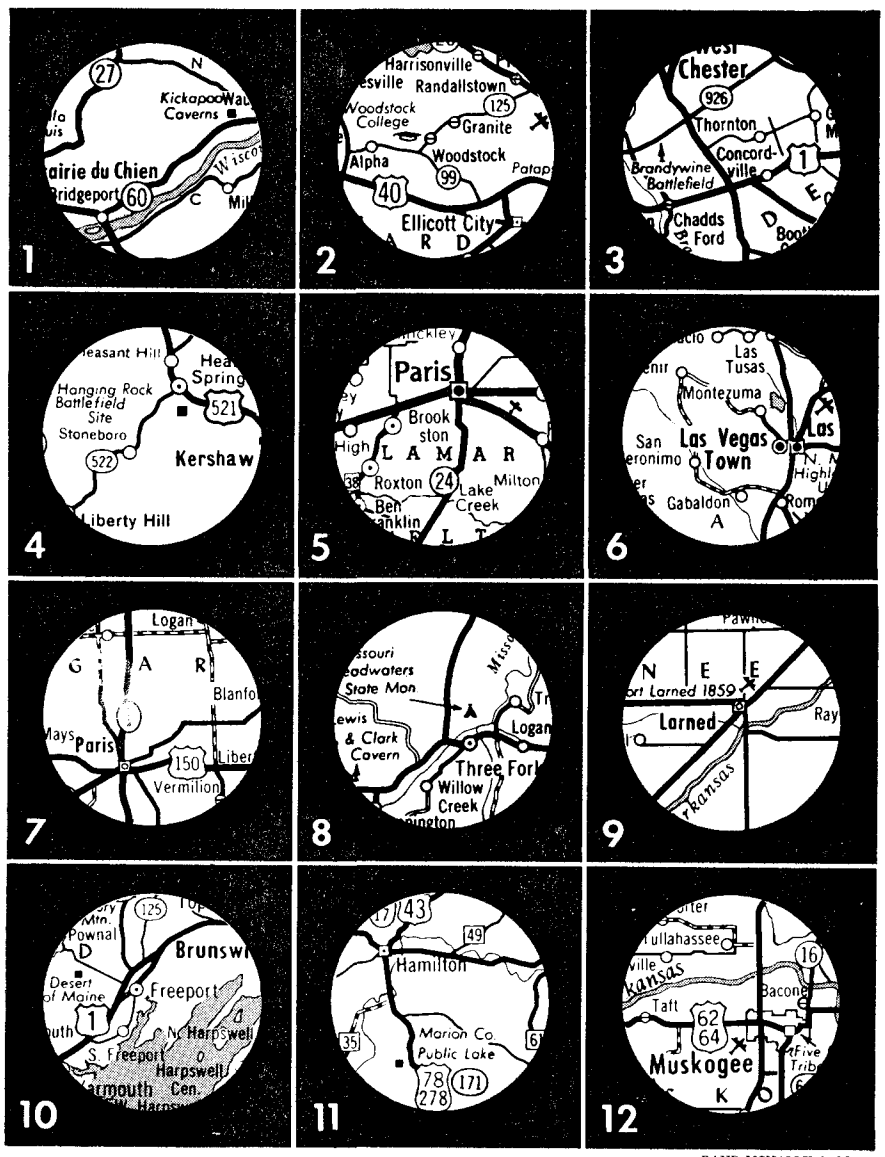
"And you'll get it, sir, but the method and manner are in my discretion. I give you my assurance without qualification that I am acting solely in the interest of Miss Holt, that I expect to free her of any suspicion of complicity in the murder of Phoebe Arden, and that I shall not disclose what you have told me of your movements last evening without your prior permission. Confound it, do I owe you anything?"

"No." His jaw was still working. "I'd rather not bring my wife."

"We'll need her. If you prefer, I'll arrange for Inspector Cramer to send for her."

"No." He sighed. He looked at me and back at Wolfe. "All right. We'll be here." He wheeled and went.

Five of the yellow chairs were in place facing Wolfe's desk, three in front and two behind (*Continued on Page 50*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 53*)

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BARBECUES & BROILS WITHOUT SMOKE OR ODOR...

BAKES & ROASTS AUTOMATICALLY!

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(*Continued from Page 48*) those, and Mira was in the one nearest to Cramer. I had intended the one at my end for her, but Cramer had vetoed it, and since she was his prisoner I hadn't insisted. Of course, he was in the red leather chair, and the uninvited guest he had brought along, Sgt. Purley Stebbins, was seated at his right, with his broad burly shoulders touching the wall.

Mira looked fine, considering. Her eyes were a little heavy and the lids were swollen, and her jacket could have stood washing and ironing, and the corners of her mouth pointed down, but I thought she looked fine. Wolfe, seated behind his desk, was glowering at her, but the glower wasn't meant for her. It was merely that he had had to tell Fritz to advance the lunch hour fifteen minutes, and then had had to hurry through the corn fritters and sausage cakes and wild-thyme honey from Greece and cheese and blackberry pie, with not enough time to enjoy it properly.

"Was it bad?" he asked her.

"Not too bad," she said. "I didn't get too much sleep. The worst was when the morning passed and I didn't hear from you." Her head turned. . . . "Or you, Mr. Goodwin."

I nodded. "I was busy earning my fee. I wasn't worried about you because you had promised you wouldn't forget Method Three."

"I kept my promise."

"I know you did. I'll buy you a drink any time you're thirsty."

"Get on," Cramer growled.

"Have you been told," Wolfe asked her, "that others will join us shortly?"

"No," she said. "Here? Who?"

"Miss Bram, Mr. Kearns, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Irving."

Her eyes widened. "Why Mr. and Mrs. Irving?"

"That will appear after they arrive. I thought you should know that they're coming. They'll soon be here, and we have two points to cover. First, I need a question answered. When you drove away from Ferrell Street last evening, and meandered in search of a place to dispose of the corpse—don't interrupt me—and finally drove here, did you at any time suspect that you were being followed by another car?"

Her mouth was hanging open. "But you — you ——" she stammered. Her head jerked to me. "Did you know he was— what good did it do to keep my promise?"

"A lot," I told her. "Yes, I knew he was. Everything is under control. Believe me, I would rather lose an arm than lose the right to ask you to promise me something. We know what we're doing. Shall I repeat the question?"

"But ——"

"No buts. Leave it to us. Shall I repeat the question?"

"Yes."

I did so, omitting the "don't interrupt me."

"No," she said.

"Proceed," Wolfe told me.

I knew it would have been better to have her closer. She was six yards away.

"This one is more complicated and more important. During that drive, from Ferrell Street to here, are you certain that another car was not following you? There are various ways of making sure of that. Did you use any of them?"

"No. I never thought of that. I was looking for a place ——"

"I know you were. All we want is this—if I told you that a car was following you all the way, what would you say?"

"I would want to know who it was."

I wanted to go and pat her on the head, but it might have been misconstrued. "O.K.," I said. "That's one point. The other one is simple. Tell Inspector Cramer what you told us last night, including the phone call to Gilbert Irving to tell him that you were going to drive Judy's cab." I looked at my wrist. "You only have fifteen minutes, so reel it off."

"I won't," she said. "Not until you tell me why you're doing this."

"Then I'll tell him. You'll know why after the others get here. I'll tell you this; someone tried to frame you for murder and this is payday. Anyway there's not much left, now that he knows you drove the cab here with the corpse in it. Would we have spilled that if we didn't have a good hold? Go ahead."

Wolfe put in, "Don't interrupt with questions, Mr. Cramer. They can wait. . . . Yes, Miss Holt?"

She still didn't like it, not a bit, but she delivered, starting with Sunday evening. She left gaps. She didn't say that Judy had given her permission to take the cab, merely that she had taken it, and she didn't mention the phone call to Irving; since I had already mentioned it, that didn't matter. The main thing was what had happened after she got to Ferrell Street with the cab, and she covered that completely; and when she got to where she and I had sat on the stoop and talked, Cramer began cutting in with questions. I will not say that he was more interested in tagging me for obstructing justice than he was in solving a murder case, as I don't like to brag, but it sounded like it. He was firing away at her, and Sergeant Stebbins was scrawling in his notebook, when the doorbell rang and I went to answer it. It was Waldo Kearns. When I took him to the office, he went to Mira without so much as a glance for the three men, and put out a hand.

"My dear wife," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous," Mira said.

I can't report whether he handled that as well as he had handled the right cross by Irving because the bell rang again, and I had to leave them to admit Judy Bram. She had an escort, a Homicide dick I only knew by sight, and he thought he was going to enter with her, and I didn't, and while we were discussing it she slipped in and left it to us. We were still chatting when a taxi stopped out front and Mr. and Mrs. Irving got out and headed for the steps. The dick had to give them room to pass, and I was able to shut the door on him without flattening his nose. Since it was quite possible that Irving's appearance would start something, I entered the office on their heels.

Nothing happened. Mira merely shot him a glance and he returned it. Kearns didn't even glance at him. The newcomers stood while Wolfe pronounced their names for Cramer and Stebbins and told them who Cramer and Stebbins were, and then went to the two chairs still vacant, the two nearest my desk. Mrs. Irving took the one in front, with Judy between her and Mira, and her husband took the one back of her, which put him only a long arm's length from Waldo Kearns.

As Wolfe's eyes moved from right to left, stopping at Mira, and back again, Cramer spoke. "You understand that this is not an official inquiry. Sergeant Stebbins and I are looking on. You also understand that Mira Holt is under arrest as a material witness. If she had been charged with murder, she wouldn't be here."

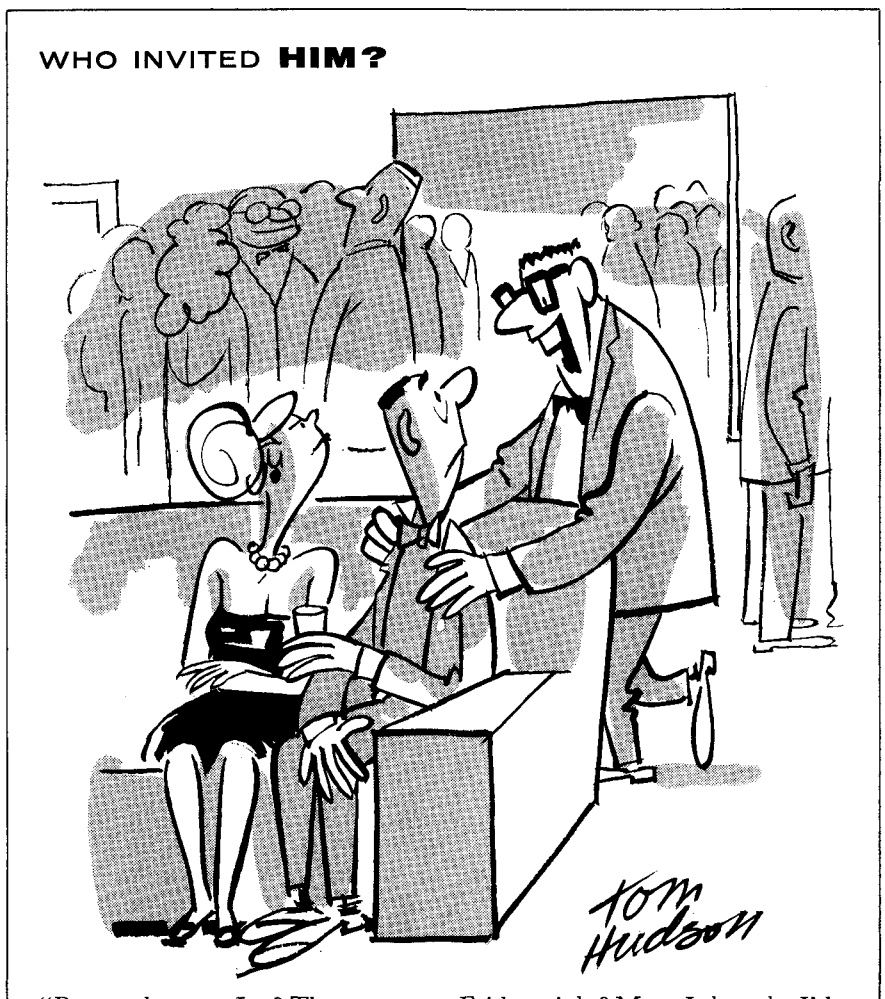
"Why isn't she out on bail?" Judy Bram demanded. "I want to know why ——"

"That will do," Wolfe snapped. "You're here to listen, Miss Bram, and if you don't hold your tongue, Mr. Goodwin will drag you out. If necessary, Mr. Stebbins will help."

"But why ——"

"No! One more word and out you go."

She set her teeth on her lip and glared at him. He glared back, decided she was squelched and left her.



"Remember me, Les? The stag party Friday night? Man, I thought I'd die when you told that redhead—ah, is this the little woman, Les?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I am acting," he said, "jointly with Mr. Goodwin, on behalf of Miss Holt. At our persuasion she has just told Mr. Cramer of her movements last evening. I'll sketch them briefly. Shortly after seven-thirty she took Miss Bram's cab and drove it to Ferrell Street and parked at the mouth of the alley leading to Mr. Kearns' house. She expected him to appear, but he didn't. At eight-thirty she left the cab, went through the alley to the house, knocked several times and looked in windows. Getting no response, she returned to the cab, having been gone about ten minutes. There was a dead body in the cab, a woman, and she recognized her. It was Phoebe Arden. I will not ——"

"You fat fool!" Judy blurted. "You're a fine ——"

"Archie!" he commanded.

I stood up. She clamped her teeth on her lip. I sat down.

"I will not," Wolfe said, "go into her thought processes, but will confine myself to her actions. She covered the body with a piece of canvas and drove away. Her intention was to dispose of her cargo in some likely spot, and she drove around in search of one, but found none. I omit details—for instance, that she rang the number of Miss Bram from a phone booth and got no answer. She decided she must have counsel, drove to my house, met Mr. Goodwin on the stoop and gave him a rigmarole about a bet she had made. Since he is vulnerable to the attractions of personable young women, he swallowed it."

I swallowed that. I had to, with Cramer sitting there.

"Now," Wolfe said, "a crucial fact. I learned it myself less than three hours ago. Only a few minutes after Miss Holt and Mr. Goodwin met on the stoop, someone phoned police headquarters to say that a taxi in front of this address had a dead woman in it. That is ——"

"Where did you get that?" Cramer demanded.

Wolfe snorted. "Pfui. Not from you or Mr. Stebbins. . . . That is proof, to me conclusive, that the murderer of Phoebe Arden had no wish or need for her to die. Phoebe Arden was killed only because her corpse was needed as a tool for the destruction of another person—a design so cold-blooded and malign that even I am impressed. Whether she was killed in the cab, or at a nearby spot and the body taken to the cab, is immaterial. The former is more likely, and I assume it. What did the murderer do? He or she—we lack a common pronoun—he entered the cab with Phoebe Arden the moment Miss Holt disappeared in the alley, coming from their hiding place in the stoneyard across the street. Having stabbed his victim—or rather his tool—he walked up Ferrell Street and around the corner to where his car was parked on Carmine Street. Before going to his car he stood near the corner to see if Miss Holt, on returning to the cab, removed the body before driving away. If she had, he would have found a booth and phoned police headquarters immediately."

Cramer growled, "What if Kearns had come out with Miss Holt?"

"He knew he wouldn't. I'll come to that. You are assuming that Kearns was not the murderer."

"I am assuming nothing."

"That's prudent. . . . When Miss Holt turned the cab into Carmine Street and drove on, he followed her. He followed her throughout her search for a place to get rid of the corpse and on to her final destination, this house. Some of my particulars are assumption or conjecture, but not this one. He must have done so, for when she stopped here he drove on by, found a phone booth and made the call to (*Continued on Page 52*)

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(*Continued from Page 50*) the police. The only other possible source of the call was a passer-by who had seen the corpse in the cab as it stood at the curb, and a passer-by couldn't have seen it without opening the door and lifting the canvas." His eyes went to Cramer. "Of course, that hadn't escaped you."

Cramer grunted.

Wolfe turned a hand over. "If his objective was the death of Phoebe Arden, why didn't he kill her in the stoneyard—they must have been there, as there is no other concealment near—and leave her there? Or if he did kill her there, which is highly unlikely, why did he carry or drag the body to the cab? And why, his objective reached, did he follow the cab in its wanderings and at the first opportunity call the police? I concede the possibility that he had a double objective—to destroy both Miss Arden and Miss Holt—but if so, Miss Holt must have been his main target. To kill Miss Arden, once he had her in the stoneyard with a weapon at hand, was simple and involved little risk; to use her body as a tool for the destruction of Miss Holt was a complicated and daring operation, and the risks were great. I am convinced that he had a single objective—to destroy Miss Holt."

"Then why?" Cramer demanded. "Why didn't he kill her?"

"I can only conjecture, but it is based on logic. Because it was known that he had reason to wish Miss Holt dead, and no matter how ingenious his plan and adroit its execution, he would have been suspected and probably brought to account. I have misstated it. That's what he did. He devised a plan so ingenious that he thought he would be safe."

Purley Stebbins got up, circled around the red leather chair, and stood at Waldo Kearns' elbow.

"No, Mr. Stebbins," Wolfe said. "Our poor substitute for a common pronoun is misleading. I'll abandon it. If you want to guard a murderer, stand by Mrs. Irving."

Knowing that was coming any second, I had my eye on her. She was only four feet from me. She didn't move a muscle, but her husband did. He put a hand to his forehead and squeezed. I could see his knuckles go white. Mira's eyes stayed fixed on Wolfe, but Judy and Kearns turned to look at Mrs. Irving. Stebbins did, too, but he didn't move.

Cramer spoke, "Who is Mrs. Irving?"

"She is present, sir."

"I know she is. Who is she?"

"She is the wife of the man whom Miss Holt called on the phone Sunday to tell him she was going to take Miss Bram's cab, and why. Mr. Irving has stated that he told no one of that call. Either he lied or his wife eavesdropped. . . . Mr. Irving, might your wife have overheard that conversation on an extension?"

Irving's hand left his forehead. He lowered it slowly until it touched his knee. I had him in profile. A muscle at the side of his neck was twitching. "To say that she might," he said slowly and precisely, as if he had only so many words and didn't want to waste any, "isn't saying that she did. You have made a shocking accusation. I hope ——" He stopped, leaving it to anybody's guess what he hoped. He blurted, "Ask her!"

"I shall. . . . Did you, madam?"

"No." Her deep, strong voice needed more breath behind it. "Your accusation is not only shocking, it's absurd. I told Mr. Goodwin what I did last evening. Hasn't he told you?"

"He has. You told him that your husband had been prevented by a business emergency from keeping a dinner-and-theater engagement with you, and you had phoned Phoebe Arden to go in his stead, and she agreed. When she didn't appear at the restaurant, you rang her number and got no answer, and then went to another restaurant to eat alone, presumably one where you are not known and plausibly would not be remembered. After waiting for her at the theater until after nine o'clock, you left a ticket for her at the box office and went in to your seat. That sounds impressive, but actually it leaves you free for the period that counts, from half-past seven until well after nine o'clock. Incidentally, it was a mistake to volunteer that account of your movements, so detailed and precise. When Mr. Goodwin reported it to me, I marked you down as worthy of attention."

"I wasn't free at all," she said. "I told Mr. Goodwin I wanted to help and ——"

"Don't talk," her husband commanded the back of her head. "Let him talk." To Wolfe, "Unless you're through?"

"By no means. . . . I'll put it directly to you, madam. This is how you really spent those hours. You did phone Phoebe Arden yesterday afternoon, but not to ask her to join you at dinner and the theater. You told her of Miss Holt's plan to drive Miss Bram's cab in an effort to have a talk with her husband, and you proposed a prank. Miss Arden would arrange that Mr. Kearns would fail to appear and, if he didn't, Miss Holt would certainly leave the cab to go to his house to inquire. Whereupon you and Miss Arden, from your concealment in the neighboring stoneyard, would go and enter the cab, and when Miss Holt returned she would find you there, to her discomfiture and even consternation."

"You can't prove any of this," Cramer growled.

"No one ever can, since Miss Arden is dead." Wolfe's eyes didn't leave Mrs.

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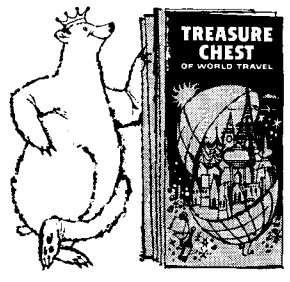

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Irving. He went on, "I didn't know Miss Arden, so I can't say whether she agreed to your proposal from mere caprice or from an animus for Miss Holt, but she did agree and went to her doom. The program went as planned without a hitch. No doubt Miss Arden herself devised the stratagem by which Mr. Kearns was removed from the scene. But at this point I must confess that my case is not flawless. Certainly you would not have been so witless as to let anyone have a hand in your deadly prank—either a cab driver or your private chauffeur. Do you drive a car?"

"Don't answer," Irving commanded.

"Yes, she does," Judy Bram said, louder than necessary.

"Thank you, Miss Bram. Apparently you can speak to the point. . . . Then you and Miss Arden went in your car and parked it on Carmine Street—away from the corner and in the direction Miss Holt would take when, leaving, she made the turn from Ferrell Street. You walked to the stoneyard and chose your hiding spot, and when Miss Holt left the cab, you went and entered it. It is noteworthy that at that point you were committed to nothing but a prank. If Miss Holt had suddenly returned, or if anyone had come close enough to observe, you would merely have abandoned your true objective—a disappointment, but no disaster. As it was, you struck. I am not a moralizer, but I permit myself the comment that in my experience your performance is without parallel for ruthlessness and savagery. It appears that Miss Arden was not merely no enemy of yours; she was your friend. She must have been, to join with you in your impish prank; but you needed her corpse for a tool to gratify your mortal hatred for Miss Holt. That was ——"

"Her hatred for Miss Holt," Cramer said. "You assume that too?"

"No, indeed. That is established. . . . Miss Bram. Speaking of Gilbert Irving, you said that when he looks at Miss Holt or hears her voice he has to lean against something to keep from trembling. You didn't specify the emotion that so affects him. Is it repugnance?"

"No. It's love. He wants her."

"Was his wife aware of it?"

"Yes. Lots of people were. You only had to see him look at her."

"That is not true," Irving said. "I am merely Miss Holt's friend, that's all, and I hope she is mine."

Judy's eyes darted at him and returned to Wolfe. "He's only being a husband because he thinks he has to. He's being a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't betray his wife. I was wrong about you. I shouldn't have called you a fat fool. I didn't know ——"

Cramer cut in, to Wolfe, "All right, if that isn't established, it can be. But it's about all that's established. There's damn little you can prove. Do you expect me to charge a woman with murder on your guess?"

You don't often hear a sergeant disagree with an inspector in public, but Purley Stebbins—no, I used the wrong word. Not "hear," "see." Purley didn't say a word. All he did was leave his post at Kearns' elbow and circle around Irving to stand beside Mrs. Irving, between her and Judy Bram. Probably it didn't occur to him that he was disagreeing with hi superior; he merely didn't like the possibility of Mrs. Irving's getting a knife from her handbag and sticking it in Judy's ribs.

"There's nothing at all I can prove," Wolfe said. "I have merely exposed the naked truth; it is for you, not me, to drape it and arm it with the evidence the law requires. For that you are well equipped; surely you need no suggestions from me; but, item: Did Mrs. Irving get her car from the garage yesterday evening? What for? If to drive to a restaurant and then to a theater, in itself unlikely, where did she park it? Item: The knife. If she conceived her prank only after her husband phoned to cancel their engagement, which is highly probable, she hadn't time to contrive an elaborate and prudent plan for getting a weapon. She either bought one at a convenient shop, or she took one from her own kitchen; and, if the latter, her cook or maid will have missed it and can identify it. Her biggest mistake, of course, was leaving the knife in the body, even with the handle wiped clean; but she was in a hurry to leave, she was afraid blood would spurt on her, and she was confident that she would never be suspected of killing her good friend, Phoebe Arden. Other items ——"

Mrs. Irving was up, and as she arose her husband did, too, and grabbed her arms from behind. He wasn't seizing a murderer; he was being a gentleman and stopping his wife from betraying herself. She jerked loose, but then Purley Stebbins had her other arm in his big paw.

"Take it easy," Purley said. "Just take it easy."

Mira's head dropped and her hands came up to cover her face, and she started to shake. Judy Bram put a hand on her shoulder and said, "Go right ahead, Mi, don't mind us. You've got it coming." Waldo Kearns was sitting still, perfectly still. I got up and went to the kitchen, to the telephone extension, and dialed the Gazette number. I thought I ought to be as good at keeping a promise as Mira had been.

Yesterday I drove Mira and Judy to Idlewild, where Mira was to board a plane for Reno. Judy and I had tossed a coin to decide whether the trip would be made in the Heron sedan which Wolfe owns and I drive, or in Judy's cab, and I had won. On the way back I remarked that I supposed Kearns had agreed to accept service for a Reno divorce because now it wouldn't leave him free to marry Phoebe Arden.

"No," Judy said. "It's because his wife was a witness in a murder trial, and that wouldn't do."

A little later I remarked that I supposed she had stopped dreaming about a lion standing on a rock about to spring at her.

"No," she said. "Only now I'm not sure who it is. It could even be you."

A little later I remarked that if the state of New York carried out its program for Mrs. Irving, who was in the death house at Sing Sing, I supposed Mira would get back from Reno just in time for a wedding.

"No," Judy said. "They'll wait at least a year. Gil Irving will always be a gentleman."

Three supposes and all wrong. And still men keep on marrying women.

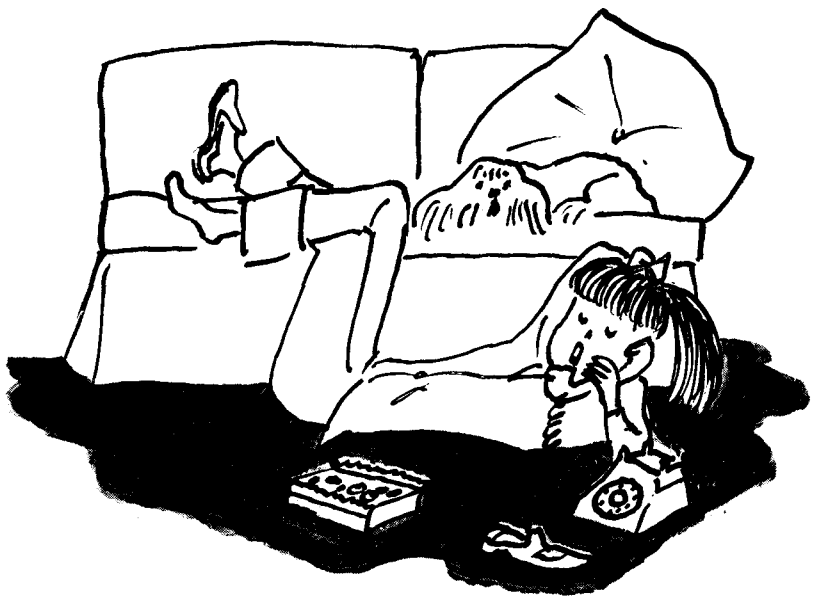
THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 48

1. Wis.	2. Md.	3. Pa.
4. S.C.	5. Texas	6. N.M.
7. Ill.	8. Mont.	9. Kan.
10. Maine	11. Ala.	12. Okla.



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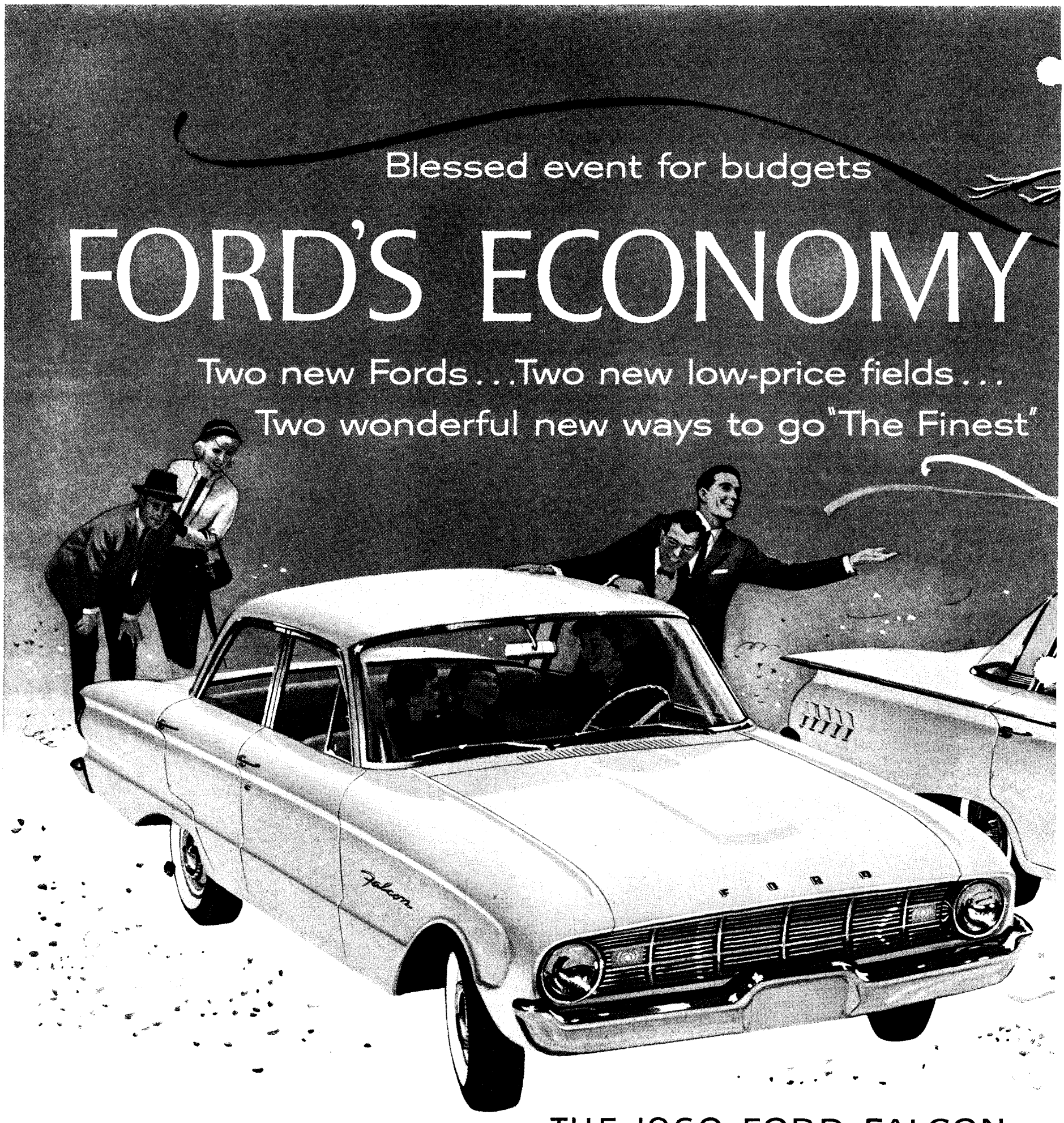

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Your very proud Ford Dealer is holding visiting hours right now. Come in, pick the twin that saves and serves you best. Falcon or Fairlane 500!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

OF FORDS

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime*

FALCON—*The New-Size Ford*

THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted Car*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV's Most Provocative Show

(Continued from Page 37)

stemming from poverty and the compulsive behavior of an alcoholic mother.

Paradoxically, *Playhouse 90*'s record supports not only all the arguments in favor of programs on a higher intellectual level than Westerns and private-eye thrillers but also all those raised against such thoughtful programs. Since the show was launched in October, 1956, it has won every award for the best dramatic series (hour or more) on the air; at the same time the ratings by which advertisers judge the size of their audience have frequently fallen below the 17 now generally considered the lowest economically acceptable score. Only once, indeed, has *Playhouse 90* been listed among a week's top ten shows; this was for its telecast of the Mike Todd party in 1957, a piece of claptrap CBS would prefer to forget.

Although *Playhouse 90* draws an average audience of 20,000,000, the industry marks off a major evening show with fewer than 30,000,000 viewers as a disappointment. Advertising and TV executives cite the figures as proof that there are not enough eggheads to justify one of the most expensive operations in the medium. Sponsors pay $355,000 for each hour-and-a-half program—$228,000 for air time and $127,000 for production costs; but that is only part of the total. CBS foots the bill when the production budget is exceeded, an occurrence on more than half the shows. The two installments of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* last March ran $210,000 over the budget. The network also absorbed a heavy loss during the 1958–59 season when one third of the show remained unsponsored. CBS's subsidy of *Playhouse 90* came to $3,000,000 last year.

It is an old, melancholy story that culture is an expendable luxury when accountants begin to cast a fishy eye at the cost of supporting it. Rumors popped up about a year ago that sponsors and CBS were ditching *Playhouse 90* for a more "popular" format that would fetch a higher rating. Then something with very few precedents happened. Each season some 200 TV programs are canceled without a murmur of protest from the millions of people who watch them, but reports of *Playhouse 90*'s imminent departure brought howls from the public. CBS stations were bombarded with letters that were variations on the same theme: The show was one palatable morsel in a mess of tripe.

"*Playhouse 90* is a national asset like the *Comédie Française*," John Crosby declared in his syndicated column. "To me, it's shocking that the fate of *Playhouse 90* should be at the whim of a sponsor, as shocking as if the repertoire of the *Comédie Française* were determined by the guy who owns the popcorn concession." Jack Gould, *The New York Times*' critic, observed: "The fabulously resourceful TV industry has found no difficulty putting pap on a paying basis. But for any program dedicated to the pursuit of creativity and quality, TV still poses a dishearteningly uphill fight."

Motivation experts decided, however, that ratings do not reflect the purchasing power of a loyal, selective audience, and the network announced that *Playhouse 90* would be retained—but on a biweekly instead of weekly schedule.

"The economics of television are all against a weekly hour-and-a-half dramatic show," said Mike Dann, vice president of CBS programing in New York, "but we never had any intention of dropping *Playhouse 90*. We just wanted to cut our loss on air time. Revlon was looking for a show to replace the *Sixty-Four Thousand Dollar Question*—if you'll pardon the expression—and was willing to take *The Big Party* on alternate Thursday nights. *Playhouse 90* became our best program buy as soon as the stiff overhead was reduced. It's fully sponsored this season for the first time.

"The blunt truth is we had to keep the *Playhouse* alive. Nothing in our line-up brings us more prestige. We know there are viewers who don't watch any other show. Except for a few monthly spectaculars, it's the only program reviewed by newspapers throughout the country on every turn at bat because it always tries to say something provocative."

Then, just last month, another schedule shift seemed to indicate once again that *Playhouse 90* was nearing the end of the line. The program was taken out of its regular slot on alternate Thursday nights, and is now to be telecast at irregular intervals as a special feature. CBS insists, however, that the move was designed not to ease *Playhouse* off the air but to bolster its impact on the public, and points out that the budget has been increased approximately $40,000 per show to allow the use of more stars.

"The change was made to give the series a more glamorous publicity build-up" John Cowdin, the network's public-relations chief, explains. "When the *Playhouse* was introduced it made a big splash as the only ninety-minute program on the air, but this season there are about two hundred and fifty specials competing for top billing. We believe the best way to insure the future of the *Playhouse* is to put on the same number of shows, but spot them so that each one will be an event rather than just another program viewers take for granted after a while."

The close attention the trade gives to *Playhouse 90* makes it both the most praised and the most criticized program on the air. TV columnists generally watch second-rate dramatic series only once or twice a season because the stupefying repetition of plots defies comment. Their unfavorable reviews, consequently, are scattered pot shots. But when *Playhouse 90* puts on a flop—and it has had clinkers—every critic sees and lambastes after the fashion of a disappointed parent who expects better things of a precocious child.

Everyone associated with *Playhouse 90* cultivates an attitude of tolerant agreement with the blasts. As a rule, the staffs of shows are (*Continued on Page 59*)

It's fun, convenient, thrifty...
GO CUSHMAN®

With a smart, low-cost Cushman Scooter in the family, everyone enjoys more fun, greater convenience. For the young man of the household, a Cushman provides great sport and good training for his future responsibilities. For Dad, it offers a time-saving, money-saving way to get to work. And there are fewer demands, lower expenses on the family car.

A Cushman Scooter is truly distinctive ... for styling and engineering, for dynamic performance, safe roadability, and unequalled economy. The dependable Cushman Husky 4-cycle engine delivers up to 100 miles per gallon.

CUSHMAN 780 TRUCKSTER®
It's all muscle! Carries 800 lb. payload for less than a penny per mile.

CUSHMAN ELECTRIC GOLFER®
Choice of the Pros for safe, comfortable, economical operation.

Sold and serviced nationally

Ask your dealer for a FREE demonstration or write for colorful booklet

CUSHMAN MOTORS
1015 No. 21st, Lincoln, Nebraska
A subsidiary of Outboard Marine Corporation, maker of Johnson and Evinrude outboard motors

Please send information
☐ Scooters ☐ Trucksters ☐ Golfer.

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Address _____
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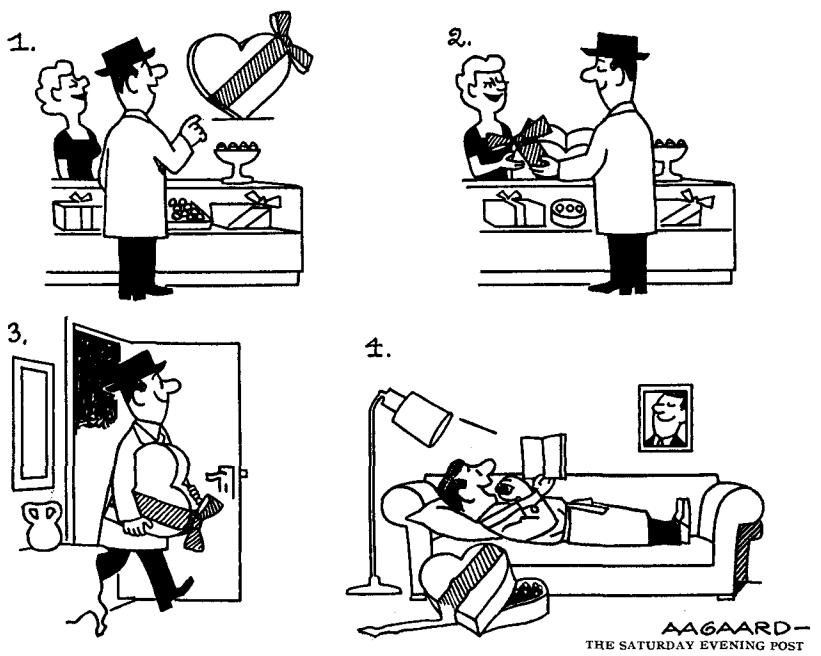

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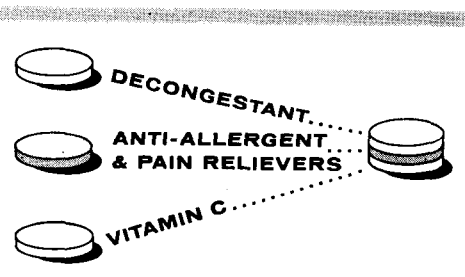
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of

COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION

HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of colds infection)

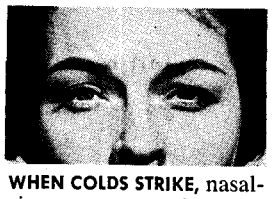


REVOLUTIONARY 3-LAYER TABLET

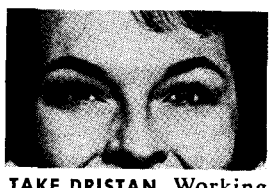
DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet! The exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated.

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN...amazing medical achievement...contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes...shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes ... promotes drainage ... restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is ... the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!



WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus ... responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.



TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

There's Nothing like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

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ORIGINAL

The Original Pabst Blue Ribbon is here!

No longer a memory, but here today—the Original Pabst Blue Ribbon, brewed just like the beer acclaimed the nation's best at the World's Fair in 1893. Such a beer hasn't been enjoyed in America for over 50 years. Try it today. We think you'll like that good old-time flavor.

Pabst Blue Ribbon BEER ®

Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Peoria Heights, Newark, Los Angeles

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(*Continued from Page 56*) as sensitive to bad notices as aging sopranos are, but the *Playhouse* people constantly refer to their failures as though they feel obliged to prove they are not above the imperfections of ordinary folks. The twenty producers, directors, writers and actors I interviewed were like so many reformed sinners racing to admit their past indiscretions.

"If a booby prize were given to the director of the worst dog ever put on the air I'd be a leading contender with both *Eloise* and *Manolete*," says John Frankenheimer, one of TV's bright young men. "*Eloise* was a satire on café society seen through the eyes of a little girl living at the Hotel Plaza in New York. I had no faith in the story, so I loused it up with music and a mob of celebrities who fell over each other. I misinterpreted completely the motivation of Manolete, the famous bullfighter. I played it as a death wish instead of a struggle with himself."

Having made his confession, Frankenheimer waits confidently for you to mention, in all fairness, the gems he directed—among them *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *The Comedian*, *Old Man* and *The Days of Wine and Roses*.

The men who have worked on *Playhouse 90* strike no phony poses, though, in taking bows for the show's chief distinction. This is its resistance to the pressures—by sponsors, the network and propagandists—which are responsible for so much banal programming. No group has fought more strenuously or more successfully to present the controversial themes that pump vitality into the electronic gadget sometimes called the "idiot box."

Objections to about thirty of the first 125 plays on the schedule were raised by sponsors on the grounds that the material had limited appeal for the mass audience, or, more importantly, might offend racial, religious or social groups among consumers. Denouncing advertisers who censor ideas that stimulate intelligent discussion of current problems is a popular and worthy pastime. However, a company that spends several million dollars on a program to promote its product may understandably have reservations about arousing prejudices that can result in damaging retaliation at retail counters.

When there is a conflict between commercial expediency and artistic values in TV, the creative boys generally have as much chance of winning as a taxpayer has of disputing a ruling by the Internal Revenue Service. By contrast, the box score of the arguments over *Playhouse 90*'s selections tells a different story. It reveals that the opinions of the sponsors and CBS prevailed in just two of the thirty hassles. One script was indeed changed so drastically that the writer felt its significance was destroyed, but the other case involved only two words.

The one seriously distorted play was Rod Serling's *A Town Has Turned to Dust*, shown in June, 1958. The story originally was based on the murder of Emmett Till, a fourteen-year-old Negro boy who was killed in Greenwood, Mississippi, in 1955 after he whistled at a white woman. An all-white jury acquitted the woman's husband and his half-brother of the crime, although a witness identified them as two of the three men who had abducted the boy. Martin Manulis, the producer of *Playhouse 90*, suggested that Serling write a play examining the conscience of a town after it condoned a lynching.

"I told Manulis I had tried to do the identical story for the *United States Steel Hour* two years earlier, with a play titled *Noon on Doomsday*, and I didn't want to be put through the wringer again," Serling recalls. "*Noon on Doomsday* was unrecognizable after the sponsor butchered it. The locale was changed from the South to New England, the lynching was eliminated and the characters mouthed nothing but platitudes." U.S. Steel, on the other hand, contends that *Noon on Doomsday* was never intended—even by Serling himself—to be a dramatization of the Till case, and that the changes they requested were merely to improve the quality of what was "a pretty superficial story."

When it came to *A Town Has Turned to Dust*, Serling says, "Manulis promised he would buck my play through the opposition that could be expected from the six sponsors *Playhouse 90* had at the time, but they ganged up on him. We never had a chance to carry out the original concept."

Three revisions were demanded in *A Town Has Turned to Dust* to make it irrelevant to the Till case. The setting was moved to the Southwest in the 1870's, and the victim was changed from a Negro to a Mexican boy. Serling underscored the moral that bigotry leads to self-destruction by having a guilt-ridden sheriff, who made only a token effort to stop the lynching, commit suicide. One sponsor, the Allstate Insurance Company, vetoed that ending—suicide often leads to complications in settling policy claims—so the sheriff was dispatched in a gun fight. Although the play was widely lauded, Serling still is resentful that his script was robbed of its pertinence to the headlines.

Measured in decibels per word, the loudest rumpus ever kicked up in television was triggered by two words which were not heard on *Playhouse 90*'s *Judgment at Nuremberg* last April. The program was based on the postwar trials of Nazis accused by the Allies of genocide. Claude Rains portrayed an American judge presiding at the trial of German jurists charged with enacting legislation discriminatory to Jews and political dissenters.

As the presiding judge, Rains struggled to keep his contempt for the defendants from intruding on his unbiased appraisal of the evidence until a visiting Congressman intimated that it would be advisable to treat the Nazis leniently and curry their support for an eventual showdown with the Russians. Then the judge exploded in a denunciation of men who had sanctioned the extermination of innocent people in gas ovens. But the audience had to guess the fate of the victims.

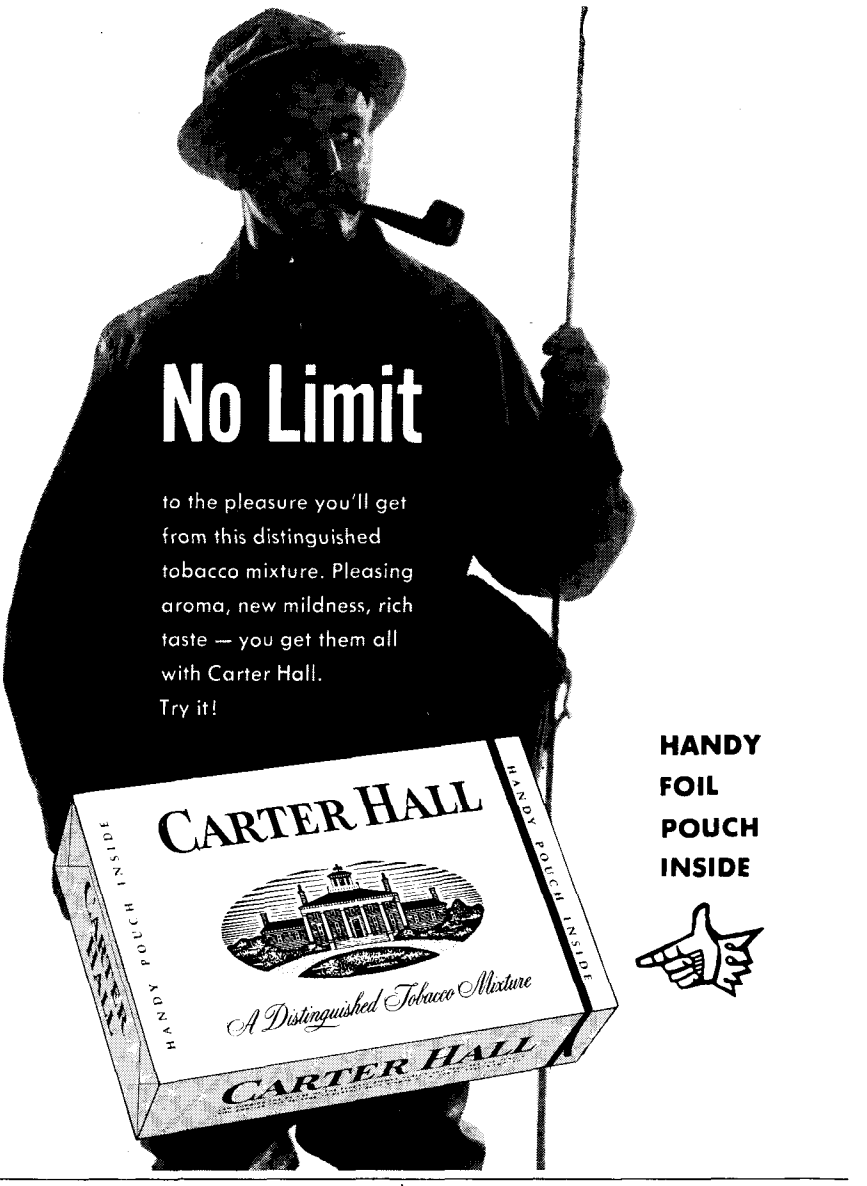
At the climax of the speech the sound track was silent for two seconds while Rains' lips moved. An engineer in Hollywood pulled a switch, cutting the phrase "gas ovens" off the air. The order came from a higher-up who never has been identified. One of *Playhouse 90*'s three sponsors is the American Gas Association.

Herbert Carlborg, editor—a TV euphemism for censor—of scripts for the CBS network, had approved the reference to gas ovens. "I was watching the show at home and for a moment I thought there had been a flicker in my set," he says. "Then I realized what had happened. It was utterly stupid, unnecessary censorship."

Only Fools Are Handy With Tools

I lead a happy, carefree
life ——
A bit of luck that comes
From having proven to my wife
I have ten thumbs.

Hal Chadwick


No Limit
to the pleasure you'll get from this distinguished tobacco mixture. Pleasing aroma, new mildness, rich taste — you get them all with Carter Hall. Try it!
CARTER HALL
A Distinguished Tobacco Mixture
HANDY POUCH INSIDE
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"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $10.00 a week in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
981 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

BRUSH MEATS Before Cooking with GRAVY MASTER
DOES THINGS FOR THE MEAT and YOUR APPETITE, TOO

fast relief! COLD SORES LIP-EZE®
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS
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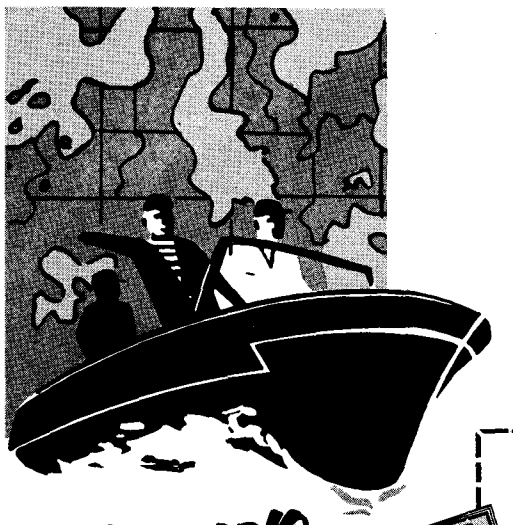

ONTARIO
Canada's Variety Vacation Land

Match Your Vacation Mood among 250,000 lakes

Choose a restful or zestful time at a lake to "Match your mood"—this coupon is your key to holiday adventure in Ontario. Your free copy of "Royal Welcome" will help you plan the high points of a 1960 Ontario lakeland vacation.

Province of Ontario, Department of Travel and Publicity, Room 1054 Parliament Buildings, Toronto 2.
Please send me your new, full-colour book of vacation ideas, "Royal Welcome".
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ADDRESS.....
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Is your home protected against power blackouts?

KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANTS

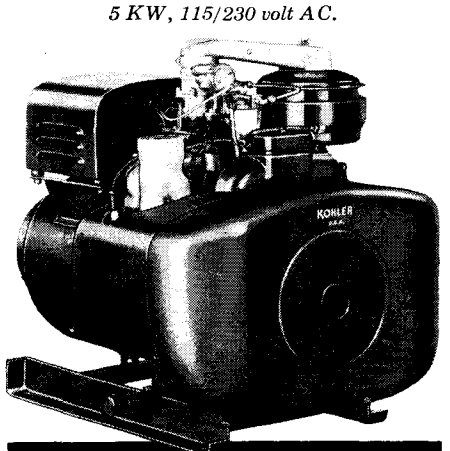
insure use of lights, automatic heat, freezer, refrigerator, appliances

Power failure in New York City last summer stressed the urgent need for your own electricity when regular service is cut off. Kohler electric plants take over essential power loads immediately, reliably—safeguarding health, property, comfort, convenience.

As sole source, Kohler plants serve camps, trailers, trucks, boats, construction—wherever regular service doesn't reach. Sizes to 100 KW, gasoline and diesel. Write for folder G-31.

KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* KOHLER, WIS.

MODEL 5RM61,
5 KW, 115/230 volt AC.



KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Iron and Vitreous China Plumbing Fixtures • Brass Fittings • Electric Plants • Air-cooled Engines • Precision Controls

The next day some newspapers upbraided the American Gas Association for throwing its weight behind the switch. "It was a false accusation," insists Nick Keesely, the company's liaison man with the program. "We never objected to the mention of gas ovens for fear that the public would connect our product with the Nazis' crimes. We merely asked the director to specify that they used cyanide gas, just to be correct technically. He refused to insert that one word, 'cyanide,' in the speech, but that was as far as we pressed the point."

Television people asserted the incident was exaggerated out of all proportion by newspapers seizing upon an excuse to smear a competitor for advertising. The press retorted that the principle involved warranted the uproar. The affair probably will be rehashed if Congress decides, as an aftermath of the quiz scandal, to investigate allegations that the networks' catering to sponsors exerts an influence on programing and policies that is detrimental to the public interest.

When the furor subsided, the dramatic department evidently realized that its resistance to pressures had been carried to an absurd extreme in rejecting the valid request on the cyanide gas. It since has co-operated readily on two suggestions from the front office—as a concession to international amity.

One of these concerned the première of the present season. Last July CBS announced *Playhouse 90* would open the season on October first with an adaptation of *Alas, Babylon*, Pat Frank's novel of a Florida town isolated after a hydrogen-bomb attack on the United States. Three weeks later, following news of Premier Khrushchev's forthcoming visit, the show was postponed. CBS had good reason to be chary of muddying our relations with the Soviet Union. In September, 1958, *Playhouse 90* had presented *The Plot to Kill Stalin*, a fictitious story done in documentary style in which Khrushchev hastened Stalin's death by withholding a medicine that could have saved his life when he suffered a stroke. Mikhail Menshikov, the Russian ambassador to Washington, branded the play "a filthy slander," and the U.S.S.R. expelled Paul Niven, the CBS correspondent in Moscow.

"It was a mistake to do the play as a documentary," Herbert Carlborg concedes. "Our consultant on the script was Harrison Salisbury, *The New York Times*' Moscow correspondent, but we should have had positive proof of a conspiracy to murder Stalin and Khrushchev's complicity in it."

A wary regard for international relations also prompted the other front-office suggestion heeded by *Playhouse 90*. David Davidson's *Target for Three*, the season's substitute première, told of a revolutionist in an unidentified Latin-American country who became more oppressive than the dictator he deposed. To forestall yelps from Fidel Castro, only one character was permitted to wear a beard.

On many occasions the production staff—and the audience—would have been much happier if sponsors' objections had been heeded. Another violent reaction was provoked in January, 1959, by *A Quiet Game of Cards*, put on by Herbert Brodkin despite the misgivings of everyone else who read Reginald Rose's script.

The story dealt with six successful men who had been meeting in a sociable weekly poker game for years. One player, a merchant bored with prosaic middle age and obsessed by the idea that dangerous gambles are essential to man's fulfillment, hatched a monstrous scheme. Arguing that a crime was justified if it served a useful purpose, he proposed that the group arouse the town to action against a gang of juvenile delinquents by murdering an elderly high-school principal under circumstances which would make it appear that he had caught the young hoodlums ransacking the school and been killed by them.

The merchant's friends were horrified at first, but finally they confessed that the scheme held a morbid fascination for them and agreed to collaborate on it. At the crucial moment, however, the merchant and an accomplice could not bring themselves to strike the fatal blows. The appalling realization of their moral deterioration hit them a minute later when the principal was killed trying to restrain hoodlums who had broken into the school.

"We knew there was a big hole in the basic premise of the plot after the first rehearsal," says Barry Sullivan, who played the leading role. "We tried to find a more plausible motive and get around that cornball coincidence at the end, but we couldn't come up with a tenable twist. That's the hazard of doing live TV. There isn't time to whip up a new cast and rehearse another play when you're stuck with a turkey. We just hoped the audience would accept *A Quiet Game of Cards* as a thriller and forget it as soon as the late movie went on."

Sponsors took a double beating on the show. Never before did so many people miss the closing commercial. CBS executives admit that the switchboards in broadcasting stations throughout the network were swamped with protests immediately after the final curtain. Viewers were indignant that they had been asked to believe men with a sense of community responsibility would resort to the murder of an innocent bystander to solve a social problem. The play also was assailed for spouting an amoral philosophy.

"I won't defend the show as a dog," Brodkin says, "but I do deny the thesis was amoral. Actually, it tried to make the highly moral point that no man can play God. The message didn't come through, but we were handling a pretty abstruse idea, and the higher you aim the harder you fall on your face when you miss.

"The show even was attacked for taking an underhanded poke at the hypocrisy of American businessmen. That was the one laugh I got from the mess. I'm a hidebound Republican, the farthest guy from a liberal or an agitator you ever saw. I go for controversy because it's good drama. Any show with integrity is bound to offend someone. A play on narcotics addiction will antagonize dope peddlers. I'd rather irritate people with an honest, provocative story, though, than play it safe and bore them. When viewers are mad enough to holler, you've kept them awake, at least."

Actually, however, *Playhouse 90's* staff is constantly surprised by the public's acceptance of hard-boiled realism. This is all the more startling when the subject treated can be expected to arouse protests from organized groups, as was the case last year in two plays which the trade jocularly described as giving equal time to the abuses of labor and those of big business.

The Rank and File, a thinly disguised account of Jimmy Hoffa's career, told how a union was exploited by a labor leader's lust for power. The network braced for blasts from organized labor, particularly Hoffa's Teamsters Union, but only one complaint was received. The most admirable character in the play was a labor official, a graduate of New York's City College, who refused to abandon his principles and go along with the boss. A student at the college groused that the fellow was portrayed as an idealistic jerk.

The Raider showed the unethical tactics employed by both sides in a proxy fight for control of a corporation. Only two of the several hundred organizations representing industrial managements protested with mild rebukes that the methods depicted in the fight were unnecessarily vicious.

Although *Playhouse 90's* audience is well above the average in sophistication, it bridles at overt references to sex, no matter how delicately the subject is treated. In *The Ninth Day*, eight people believed they were the sole survivors of the human race seventeen years after an atomic cataclysm. Since the six adults in the group were too old to have children, a boy and a girl just reaching maturity were the only possible progenitors of civilization. The young couple dutifully married and conceived a child, then gradually discovered the romantic as well as the physical aspect of love. The awareness of their (*Continued on Page 62*)

"You will not invite my brother out just so you can short-sheet his bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last! A paper cup that doesn't spoil the taste of good coffee!

Now Dixie® invents a new cup with the miracle Mira-Glaze® lining. And look! There's no cardboard taste. No plastic odor. No glue. Coffee cannot soak in. Good news? Try one! Dixie Mira-Glaze Cups are products of American Can Co.

© Dixie Cup Division of American Can Co.

LOOK FOR THE "MIRA-GLAZE MARK"
AT LUNCHEONETTES
WHERE GOOD COFFEE IS SERVED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) spiritual attachment was the dominant theme, yet many viewers criticized the play for implying that the basis of marriage was no different from the prearranged mating of animals.

Special care was taken last spring to avert squeamish protests to *In Lonely Expectation* a psychological study set in a home for unwed mothers. Attention was focused entirely on girls whose misguided search for affection had led to their unfortunate predicaments. Social-welfare agencies were consulted to give a typical cross section of parents' attitudes, to spell out the girls' anguish when their babies were put out for adoption, and to project the bleak atmosphere of such an institution.

Men reacted much more sympathetically to the program than women, who were outraged that their families had been exposed to a discussion of illegitimacy. A heavy percentage of the mail from women berated the show for encouraging promiscuity by making the institutions too cozy or excusing the girls' disgrace by saddling the blame on their parents.

During its comparatively brief run *Playhouse 90* has stumbled repeatedly over the mass audience's curbs on sex, but the show has made a sizable dent in another TV taboo—against the downbeat, or unhappy, ending. In the never-never land of escape entertainment, all brides are beautiful, malefactors go to their dooms and the virtuous live happily ever after. On *Playhouse 90*, however, villains do not always get their comeuppance, characters inspired by noble motives sometimes wind up with the short end of the stick, and the final curtain frequently falls on a situation holding no promise of relief from despair.

Downbeat endings have featured so many of its award-winning shows that the device is a trade-mark of *Playhouse 90*. Two notable examples last year were *Old Man* and *The Days of Wine and Roses*. The latter play concerned a young couple who were chronic dipsomaniacs. With the help of Alcoholics Anonymous, the husband finally managed to straighten himself out, but when he tried to reform his wife, she refused to give up her glass crutch. The last scene showed her walking out on him and their child, murmuring, "Everything looks so small and shabby in the daylight."

In *Old Man*, adapted from a story by William Faulkner, a convict sentenced to fifteen years on a Louisiana chain gang was assigned temporarily to rescue work during the great Mississippi flood of 1927. After saving a pregnant woman at the risk of his life the convict could have escaped, but his peculiar sense of obligation to society impelled him to surrender. The warden, who had reported the man's death by drowning, covered up his mistake by listing him as a captured fugitive, an offense that added ten years to his sentence. The convict accepted the penalty stoically: "If that's what the law says, I reckon you got to abide by it."

For a while reviewers were inclined to go overboard for *Playhouse 90's* downbeat endings as a welcome change of pace from the happy hokum cloying the air. During the last year, however, they have remarked on numerous occasions that the program's emphasis on taut realism smacks of arty pretension. Rod Serling, who has contributed his share of grim scripts, was asked what he thought of the comment.

"It's perfectly true," Serling said. "When you work on the *Playhouse* you have a tendency to climb on a soapbox and yell, 'Look how adult I am, ma!' I've been guilty of it myself, so I know a deliberate pitch is made for the snob appeal of downbeat endings. Everyone who has a hand in the show is impressed by its prestige. That's what makes it unique."

Editor Herbert Carlborg confirmed Serling's analysis. "More leniency is permitted *Playhouse 90* than any program on the network because its high quality tempers complaints. We know some material will offend parts of the audience, but no apology is necessary when it is treated with dignity."

A possibly more realistic explanation for *Playhouse 90's* relative freedom from pressures was given by Guy Della-Cioppa, vice president of CBS programming in Hollywood. "The three sponsors cancel out each other's objections," he said. "This is one case where the heavy expense of a show is an advantage. If one sponsor were footing the bill, he would want to use innocuous stories, but with two other companies in the picture he doesn't have absolute control of the show. *Playhouse 90* is closer to the editorial independence of newspapers and magazines than any other dramatic show. A publication has so many advertisers that one cannot dictate its policy and, to a limited degree, this applies to the *Playhouse*. The sponsors' respect for the show also is a big factor in their hands-off attitude."

One test of the latitude that sponsors grant shows is their willingness to pay extra for quality, and *Playhouse 90* always has held a favored position in this area. It was the first program to give creative people—writers and directors—the same fees as performers. At the time, in 1956, the top price in the business for scripts was $3500. *Playhouse 90* set a minimum of $7500 and offered up to $10,000, the maximum then paid to an actor. And until the recent budget increase, the director of a show generally received the same fee—$10,000—as the star.

Another thing that sets *Playhouse 90* apart—and leads to all sorts of complications—is the production staff's insistence on doing the plays as live performances. With few exceptions, most dramatic programs are presented on film or electronic tape, a procedure that enables the director to reshoot a scene when an actor muffs a line or something goes haywire on the set. But the *Playhouse 90* people maintain that the technical and artistic quality of a play suffers when it is filmed in advance of the actual showing.

"That's an argument heard only in New York, where the boys want to get a monopoly on big dramatic shows," says Hubbell Robinson Jr., who originated *Playhouse 90* and is now an independent producer. "It was valid a few years ago, but electronic tape has been improved so much that an expert can't tell the difference between a live and a taped show today."

John Frankenheimer disputes his former boss. "When a play is taped in short, interrupted sequences, actors lose the spontaneity and continuity of a live performance. They don't give their best efforts because they know a scene can be done again if it isn't right the first time. A cast is hopped up psychologically when there's no margin for error."

Spontaneity can, of course, also entail headaches, especially when a cast is creating characterizations in an original play. Someone invariably is afflicted with opening-night shakes that threaten to make a shambles of the show. The worst nightmare was Diane Varsi's attack of the jitters in February, 1959, in *The Dingaling Girl*, her TV debut. Miss Varsi missed a week of rehearsal, recovering from a nasty facial injury suffered while making a movie. And when she did report to *Playhouse 90* she was disturbed by the emotional problems which caused her to quit Hollywood three weeks later. On a taped show there would have been ample time to replace Miss Varsi in the leading role, but *Playhouse 90* had to stick with her and sweat out her strained performance.

The telecast of *In Lonely Expectation* almost ended tragically when Susan Harrison, a young actress getting her first big chance, was so carried away by her emoting that she fell down a flight of stairs. Fortunately she was not hurt, and few viewers realized that the fall had not been written into the script, but for an agonized moment everyone's heart seemed to freeze.

Comedians have in some respects been the worst offenders. They frequently reduce directors to quivering wrecks by overacting in the heavy dramatic roles that funnymen traditionally yearn to play. Jack Carson put so much undisciplined intensity into one show that the network had to assure many viewers he had not been drunk during the performance. Art Carney, impersonating a writer who sacrificed everything for success, changed the interpretation of *The Velvet Alley* by going into his emotional breakdown five minutes too soon.

Nor are comedians the only actors who occasionally get the bit in their teeth. "Rod Steiger had a field day in *A Town Has Turned to Dust*," Serling recalls. "He stretched a juicy death scene at the climax right into the closing commercial."

At that the most costly flights of runaway enthusiasm have not been those of the actors at all. The $440,000 expense tab for the two installments of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* last March contained an item that could have been designated as: "Gratifying staff's whim—$150,000."

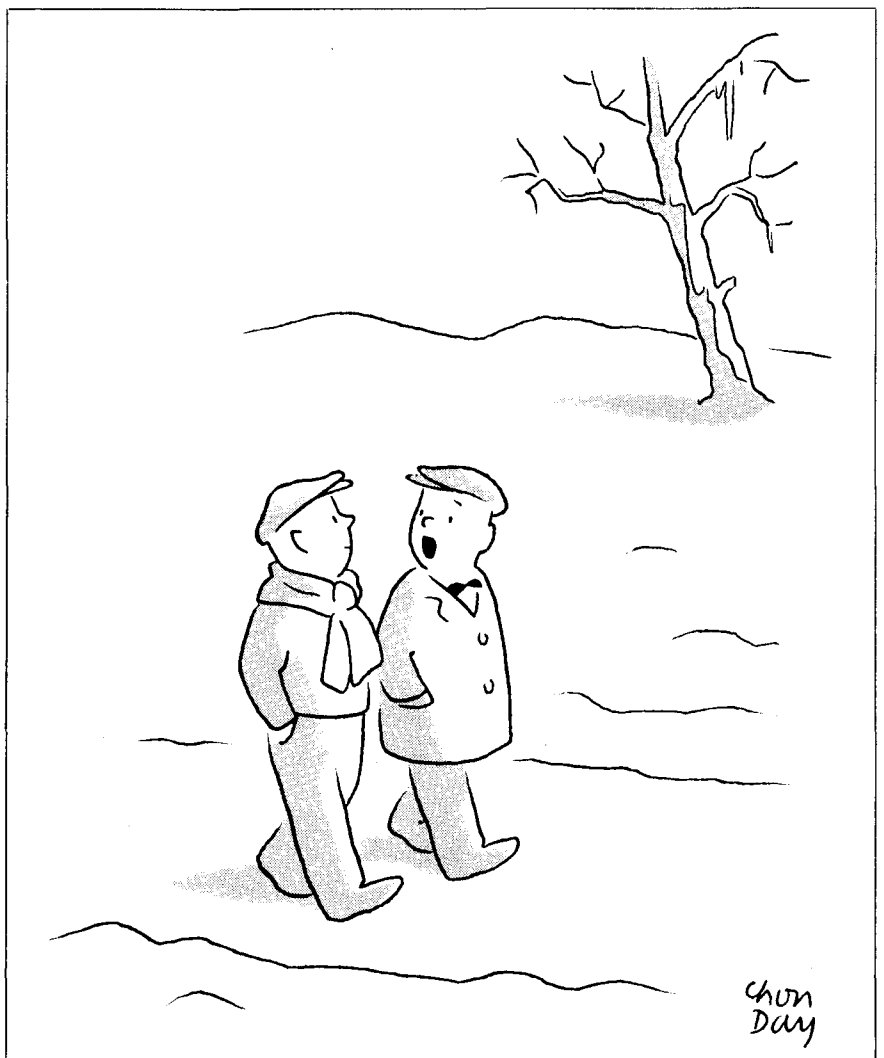
"We were hooked when Fred Coe, the producer, and John Frankenheimer, the director, got hipped on an idea," says Bill Dozier, a program supervisor at the time. "They were convinced that Jason Robards Junior, was the only living actor who could play the lead. That meant the show had to be done in New York because Robards was appearing on Broadway in *The Disenchanted*. I tried to tell them Hollywood was full of competent actors as good as Robards and that we had much better facilities here for the outdoor scenes, but they wouldn't listen. On any other show Coe and Frankenheimer would have been ordered to fit an actor to the budget, but you're not supposed to annoy *Playhouse 90*'s creative artists with mundane problems about money. They got Robards."

The chief supporting roles went to Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, costars of another Broadway play, *The Cold Wind and the Warm*. Since three principals were tied up with stage commitments, most of the rehearsals could not begin until midnight, a factor that necessitated four weeks of overtime pay for technicians. Among other things, 10,000 square feet of earth, 1000 pounds of snow and thirty horses had to be hauled to a studio on New York's lower East Side. For all that, the ambitious project left the critics cold. The majority panned it as a sprawling, contrived show.

"They were right," Coe says. "The play wasn't suitable for TV, but I don't regret taking a shot at it. I like to think it was a distinguished disappointment that was good publicity for the industry."

The funny part of the whole thing is that the sponsors felt the same way about it. The three participating companies squelched rumors of *Playhouse 90*'s finish by renewing their options for this season.

"We bought the show again for the touch of class it gives us," says adman Mickey Johnson, who represents the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. "We sponsor eight other shows, but none of them has the *Playhouse*'s prestige. We like to stand on the side lines and let it splash on us." THE END



"Well, I know all the facts of life,
but I don't know if they're true."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In Defense of the State University

(Continued from Page 23)

simply was not a hall of horrors, proving the decay of state education. I began to look around me. Over the next year or so I visited many state universities, talked with scores of faculty members and students. I collected and read about 800,000 words of reports. And from all this emerged an exciting composite of the state university, like American society itself, fumbling its way toward new greatness in an organized but sometimes loose-jointed way.

In brief, the amazing contributions of our universities in the arts, in science and in social thinking are so vital that it seems likely that our country's future security, as well as its future greatness, is bound up with them. In the ideological jungle of the twentieth century we have an absolute dependence on that unique combination of practicality and vision—and yes, even some of the supposed foolishness—which the state university has brought together in a single institution. This country will survive its passage through this perilous century because of its brains, and the state university is our most important mechanism by which that essential intelligence—scattered everywhere among our people—is given a chance to develop in every corner of the United States.

The campus of a typical state university sprawls over a lot of land in a curious collection of buildings from Victorian vile to modern capsules of aluminum and glass. Some are small cities to themselves—the University of Minnesota counts 26,500, for example. Money in astonishing amounts is needed to keep such institutions running—the University of Illinois' budget runs more than $79,000,000, of which two thirds comes from tax revenues. Thus has grown one of the extraordinary ideas invented by the American people, the notion that they should tax themselves in every state to provide the facilities for giving their children a look at the total knowledge of the world. This is in exact opposition to the view expressed in so charmingly an unpleasant way by the Oxford man who believed in education for only the so-called elite:

We are the chosen few ——
All others will be damn'd.
There is no room in Heaven for you;
We can't have Heaven crammed.

The view of the state university is: expand Heaven. Bring the people into a larger room. These institutions as we know them in their astonishing range today are largely the result of their growth and development over the last seventy-five years. A few can claim that they began life in the eighteenth century—Rutgers of New Jersey dates from 1766; the University of Georgia goes back to 1785; the University of North Carolina to 1789. But in the beginning these were schools with primitive facilities, not fully developed universities. The concept of tax-supported state schools was given its most powerful impetus by the Morrill Act, which set aside Federal lands for school development. Timid President Buchanan vetoed the measure when it was first proposed; but in 1862 Congress passed it and Pres. Abraham Lincoln put his name on it—one of our country's great acts of courage and vision in a year when the Civil War had powerfully shaken the unity and security of the nation. Thus from the start of their major growth our universities had their roots quite literally in native American soil—in 17,430,000 acres of public lands that were given to various states for a state educational system.

The state university is a powerful cement in American society. Proportionately ten times as many boys and girls go to college in the United States as do in the United Kingdom. The appalling catastrophes of European nations in this century surely have been due in part to the wide separation between the "elite"—a tiny educated group—and society at large. Such a sharp break does not occur in our country because of that additional nine tenths who go to college—and a large number of them go only because the state schools offer them the opportunity, close at hand.

The state university is the most massive attempt in the world's history to make higher education available to any qualified young person who wants it. As a result some shocking things happen. In a single year Ohio State University flunks out 2000 students, many of whom never should have been allowed to enter. Yet look at the progress there. When Dr. T. C. Mendenhall lectured on physics at Ohio State in 1873, his only laboratory apparatus was his own lunch pail suspended by a rope from the ceiling—the pail presumably swung in an arc which varied according to whether or not the professor had eaten his lunch. Today Ohio State's radiotelescope records the collison of galaxies of stars 200,000,000 light-years away.

Almost the only thing the average father gets to talk about over the telephone is last month's phone bill.

REX MOBLEY

One of the best defenses of the state university has come, properly enough, from the Ivy League with its largely private schools. When he was president of Harvard, James B. Conant, speaking at the inauguration of a new president of Ohio State, said that the state university had been added to the medieval and Renaissance universities as "the new comprehensive American type." He felt that the tax-supported universities, as they grew toward maturity, had become the dominant theme of education in this country in this century. "This growth," he argued, "will be recorded by historians as clear evidence that the optimistic intellectual courage born of the fifteenth-century Renaissance was, five centuries later, still driving westward with undiminished vigor."

Some critics, hearing the immense football stadiums howl on a Saturday afternoon as if Christians had suddenly attacked lions with their bare hands, cannot believe that the intellectual vigor is still on the campus. However, the one great, provable and proud fact about state universities is this: excellence is everywhere. It may exist in the midst of superb foolishness. But the excellence is there, standing clean and solid in the honest daylight, and it is expanding.

For years Yale and Harvard graduates led all others in numbers included in *Who's Who* in America. But in recent decades more graduates from the University of Michigan have been listed in this volume than those from any other school, public or private. The University of California leads all others in number of Guggenheim Fellowships awarded its faculty. From the years 1906 to 1932, fifteen Nobel prizes were awarded to American citizens—two of these had their education entirely in Europe, and one had no college education at all. Of twelve who were native American citizens, ten were from private institutions of higher learning and two from public institutions. Now, observe this excellence: from 1933 to 1958, forty-six Nobel awards were given to American citizens. (This excludes from the total six who had their entire education in Europe and two who attended no college.) Thirty-two out of the forty-six received degrees from, or taught at, public institutions and fourteen were affiliated with private institutions.

With almost savage zeal the state universities have taken up the ambition of Ezra Cornell when he founded the great university in New York that bears his name. He wanted a truly universal university, where any student could find instruction in any subject. Thus it was natural that in the early days of what is now Iowa State University of Science and Technology, Prof. Isaac Roberts, instructor in agriculture, should dig up buried horses, keeping the head and any diseased parts for instructional purposes, thoughtfully placing his students to the windward. *There* must have been learning at its ripest. Now the University of Indiana each year presents the opera *Parsifal*, an undertaking musically far beyond the resources of most, if not all, private universities. The University of Arkansas has built a $1,000,000 art center, designed by Edward Stone, architect of the American Exposition Building at the Brussels World's Fair. The University of Nebraska not only has one of the finest living American poets, Karl Shapiro, on its staff but also has an outstanding museum of prehistoric life in that part of America.

It is easy to be misled at a state-university basketball game, where students display poor sportsmanship—in a world which offers some startling examples—by shrieking their doubts of the referee's ancestry. But think of the plaintive remark of an Oxford University physicist: "When Oxford finally gets its own electronic computer, we won't have to send certain kinds of data to California for processing." The development of the cyclotron on the Berkeley campus of the University of California by Prof. E. O. Lawrence, Nobel prize winner in physics, made that school one of the world centers for nuclear study. It led to the discovery of eleven of the thirteen synthetic elements made in atomic reactors or atom smashers, including the atomic-energy fuel, plutonium. If you have read about missile development, you know the initials BOMARC. The last four letters stand for Michigan Aeronautical Research Center, where the land-based guidance system for the missile was developed. Or consider that the Midwestern universities are getting together to build, in a fine joint effort the largest high-energy particle accelerator in the world—and it will be built on some campus where it is no interference at all to have high-energy girls twirling their batons and accelerating their particles at football games.

Some of our state universities do look like warehouses and tend to regard students as objects to be stored there for a few years in a grand total that will impress legislators into voting larger appropriations. As any professor knows, there are classes in which the student's mind is scratched much less than his head. There will be young men and women writing the expressive English language with less grace than a child finger-painting on a wall. There will be some male graduate students whose most enthusiastic research concerns the courtship habits of female undergraduates. But if you think such things are the heart of state-university education, you are heartlessly wrong.

The fact is that our great state-supported universities and colleges support our society. They teach it, reflect its varied needs, refresh it, help it solve its problems. The University of Minnesota, for example, came to the rescue of the great Mesabi Iron Range when the rich ores were becoming depleted. By developing a process by which low-grade iron ores could be converted into concentrated pellets of taconite, vast, previously uneconomical iron resources were made economical.

That same university produced what is believed to be the largest audience ever to hear a poet when T. S. Eliot spoke there. At that university the American Legion of Minnesota has endowed a research professorship; show-business money has built the Variety Club Heart Hospital; the Veterans of Foreign Wars has given a cancer research center, and the Masons have contributed the Masonic Memorial Hospital. Banks and labor unions offer scholarships. Here are splendid examples of the mutual relationship between our state universities and the good human society in which they live.

Another ambition of the state university is the creation—coast to coast—of those practical and indispensable professional colleges without which our society could not long endure. The graduates of state colleges of law, medicine, nursing, commerce, engineering, dentistry, architecture and education build our homes, heal our bodies, teach our kids, take us to court and get us out, design our highways and bridges, give us injections with the caressing needle when pain shakes us, fill holes in our teeth and examine the holes in our head.

Our country's geography is vast and varied. It is crucial to our cultural development that in every state there should exist large and rapidly growing libraries, symphony orchestras which sustain the musical imagination, exhibits of paintings, visiting lecturers, many plays performed by university casts, regional magazines and university presses. Year after year, in every state, universities bring into contact with the gracious world of pure knowledge hundreds of thousands of students who otherwise would never recognize it.

Then there are the service aspects of state education—a fertile source of good for all. An early supporter of state education and research asked, "Of what use is it when a man can say 'I am hungry' in six or seven languages, but cannot earn his own bread and butter?" Largely through agricultural research and education offered by these institutions, hunger has disappeared from our lives and we now are learning to say "I have a surplus—would you want some?" in most of the world's languages.

Michigan State University has come a long way from the time when lady students refused to hoe in the same row with male students who used tobacco. America's first state agricultural college, it now is turning itself into one of the country's first universities in total service to the world and in pursuit of total knowledge. Its Kellogg Center for Continuing Education is the finest building of its kind at any university, bringing to the campus more than 500,000 persons a year for over 500 conferences. It offers courses in Arabic, Hindi, Chinese and Japanese by day, and by night provides a rich sequence of visiting ballet companies, orchestras and its own theater. It is inconceivable that any alert human being could not find his interest at this university where

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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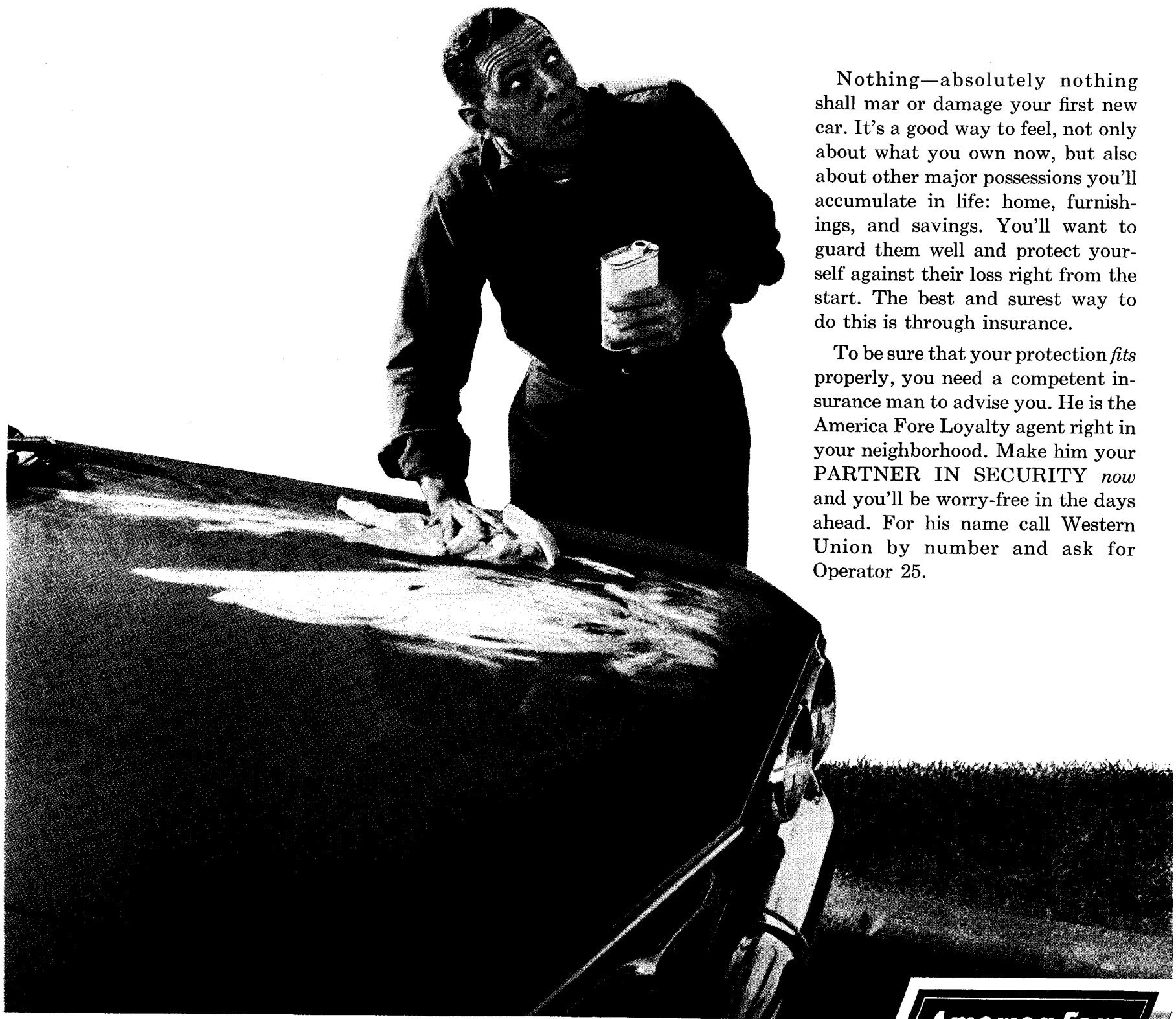
A MAN HAS TO BE WATCHFUL *and* WARY



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America Fore Loyalty Group

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(*Continued from Page 64*) one can study anything from artificial insemination of cattle to astrophysics.

Our state universities are rich in scientific curiosity and we all benefit from the results—sometimes from those unpredictable ricochets of that curiosity which lead to amazingly valuable targets. It was while studying the science of soils at Rutgers, State University of New Jersey, that Dr. Selman A. Waksman (born in a thatched hut near Kiev, Russia) noticed that while many groups of microbes lived in harmony with other groups, certain microbes destroyed others. This led to his search for a made-by-microbe enzyme or antibiotic that would attack disease germs, and to the discovery of streptomycin with its effective treatment of tuberculosis and some other infectious diseases.

The motto of these schools has been: The State Is Our Campus. State extension programs—extending education beyond the campus itself by means of county agents, traveling specialists and correspondence courses—reach every county; they bring hundreds of thousands of people to the college every year for short courses; they immensely affect the lives of the people. This is unheard of in Europe, and too often in America the extension system is derided as not being "true education" in the traditional sense. This it certainly is not, but it gives our society a coherence and a steady, practical progress—the best possible basis for any sort of education.

For some years the University of Wisconsin has given more Ph.D's in science than any other school. When we hear so much about the pressure to turn out scientists, let this state university's remarkable contribution be praised. Or, if you have ever poisoned a rat with a substance called Warfarin, so deadly and subtle that the Medici would have rejoiced in its use, recall that the first four letters of that name stand for Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, which holds the basic patents. The same substance, processed as a drug called Dicumarol, saves human lives as a blood-thinner, useful in preventing or treating embolisms. When Wisconsin's Dr. Harry Steenbock discovered a process for irradiating food to increase its vitamin-D content, he not only helped banish rickets among children but also helped devise a mechanism, through the research foundation, by which some of the financial proceeds from such discoveries could be fed back into more research. The fellowships and facilities which this state university offers make it one of the world's great research centers.

In brief, the state university is dedicated to the total life of man, not only to his mind or his knowledge of classical culture. These latter are of constant importance, but there is no inconsistency in a university's offering every subject which provides a heightened understanding of man or at least adds to his comfort and security. The same school can teach the blinding Greek tragedy of Oedipus, of that doomed king's punishment for his pride and his violation of his mother, and at the same time can offer a psychiatric recognition of the emotional "complex" to which Oedipus has given his name. It can also offer courses on marriage, on the family, on every aspect of human relationships, normal and abnormal. The state university holds that it is important to read the text of the classical tragedy, but that it is also proper to help the child with vitamins, the right psychological atmosphere and the appropriate preschool chances to grow. This surely is the whole sort of place which Doctor Conant meant when he spoke of "the new comprehensive American type" of university.

There are still some problems, of course. The heavy practical emphasis of the state universities was anticipated long ago by one of the first fighters for such schools, Jonathan Baldwin of Illinois: "When I have taught a boy merely to hold a plow," he said, "I have only taught him to be a two-legged jackass, twin brother to the four-legged team in front of him. But when I have taught him, truly and scientifically, the mighty mysteries of the seas, stars, oceans, lands and ages that are concerned in the act of plowing, I have made a man of him—had we not better say an angel?" Such reminders are needed; the state university all too often teaches the boy his basic skill and neglects the angel in him. Of Greece's magnificent culture, for example, all that our boy may know after four years of college is an invaluable collection of telephone numbers of the Greek-letter sorority houses.

Still, some of the foolishness on the campus will fool you. Look at a street in Bloomington, Indiana, some afternoon and you may be shocked to see girls racing bicycles or even tricycles. What nonsense! Not so, however, for this performance is the Little 500—a take-off on the Indianapolis auto races—a competition put on by the Indiana University students to raise money for scholarships, a total of 426 such grants of $100 each in the last five years. At the same university Nobel prize winner Dr. Hermann Muller makes studies in genetics which argue for greater care in creating new life for this lively globe, whether animal or human. His efforts would produce girls with legs far better adapted for riding in the Little 500.

The really serious problem of the state university is not the natural tendency of young folks to have fun, but rather it is a mysticism of mediocrity that has resulted in some unrealistic policies. Counting enrollments without regard to quality of the individuals is a deceptive occupation—and it could be a disastrous one. For the rest of this wicked century, only supreme intelligence will save us. One Einstein probing the essential order of matter, which we must understand, is more necessary than 10,000 minds devoted to probing the best way to slip brand names into the TV viewer's unsuspecting consciousness.

There is an absurd suspicion of the word "elite" in many state universities, as though it were proper to praise outstanding talent and guts in football but wrong to praise the same level of talent in activities of the brain. The University of California admits roughly the top 15 per cent of the state's high-school classes, and Michigan's average is the top 40 per cent. These are unique exceptions, however, to the general level of admissions. Not only do state universities tend to admit the incompetent student and go to the wasteful necessity of giving him housing, food and wasted instruction, they also tend to demand too little of him. Too often the result is a neutral person, with no richness of cultural experiences to sustain him after he leaves the university—a bland product which had attended elementary classes and advanced parties without coming into contact with the greatness inhabiting the same campus.

Because of their flexibility and their size, both of which allow some appalling things to be done in the name of education, state universities can also do some very original things. The new American operas *Susannah* and *Wuthering Heights* were composed by Carlisle Floyd at Florida University. He says: "This University afforded me an invaluable laboratory for learning whatever I know about the art of music and also the opportunity of hearing what I have written in performance." This notion of the university actively encouraging both the creation and the presentation of all the arts is a brand-new invention, native to this country. The University of Illinois has developed the first combination of sound with sight on film, improved railroad rails, corn and soybeans—and it also produced Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera* before its successful New York run. It regularly offers work in the arts which would amaze a European: a large exhibit of contemporary American paintings and sculpture, new music in premiere performances, a string quartet performing difficult music by such modern composers as Alban Berg, an exhibit by students of city planning of a whole town ordered and landscaped. Such breadth of activities is new to the educational scene.

On balance, the state universities are cause of hope, not despair. The fact is that these schools—a unique American invention—have become distinguished institutions faster than any group of educational places ever has before. After all, most of them are only fifty to seventy-five years old in terms of being major universities. Remember what the poet Holmes wrote about Harvard:

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President
And the *professor's son.*

In many ways the state university now has taken the entire world for its campus. It is the sustainer of the western tradition of free inquiry. Only at the University of Michigan Press is Boris Pasternak's novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, published in its original Russian. That noble press is helping to keep Russian literary tradition alive by printing a selection from every worth-while Russian writer who has been silenced in the past thirty years. Two thirds of the personnel recruited for technical assistance abroad has come from the land-grant institutions. Michigan State has the only dean of International Programs in the world. Its faculty members go out to Brazil, Okinawa, Vietnam, Pakistan. When Michigan State started, more than 100 years ago, its first students attended chapel at 5:30 A.M. and spent three hours after breakfast logging land to build a place to study. Now the Michigan State faculty is clearing the corners of the earth for a more abundant and democratic development. Tides of foreign students are coming to our campuses from all over the world, and not just to study our "practical" sciences. To the University of Iowa come poets from Japan, Formosa, Ireland, England, fiction writers from South Korea, the Philippines, Sweden. At the same time tides of university-trained specialists are flowing out, carrying to emerging nations all around the world the modern techniques of agriculture, health, education, industrial development. The all-American idea of extension has become global.

The pay of a full professor in the United States is one and a half times as much as the wage of the average factory worker. In Russia, it is eight times as much. This is a comment not only on the miserable pay scale of the Russian worker but also on the importance Russia's rulers attach to education. Agreed, that Soviet intelligence is not a free one by our standards, but we must not overlook the essential challenge of that intelligence, free or not. Our state universities are making a great effort to attract and keep distinguished minds—and they must succeed if our society is to meet the competition it surely faces.

Society has shaped these universities, and now the universities will increasingly shape society. They must bring to their campus that 47 per cent of high-school seniors with a high I.Q. who do not get to college—any college—and they must search for them as hard as they search for quarterbacks who can handle the pass-run option. This terrible erosion of our brain power must be stopped for our very survival, and the state universities can stop it. These universities will enchant you and disappoint you. They will offer the mediocre and the marvelous on the same campus, in the same buildings, in the same hour. But their virtue will triumph, because they exist in a free country, reflect its freedom and will be great instruments for keeping it free.

THE END

"Watch your step."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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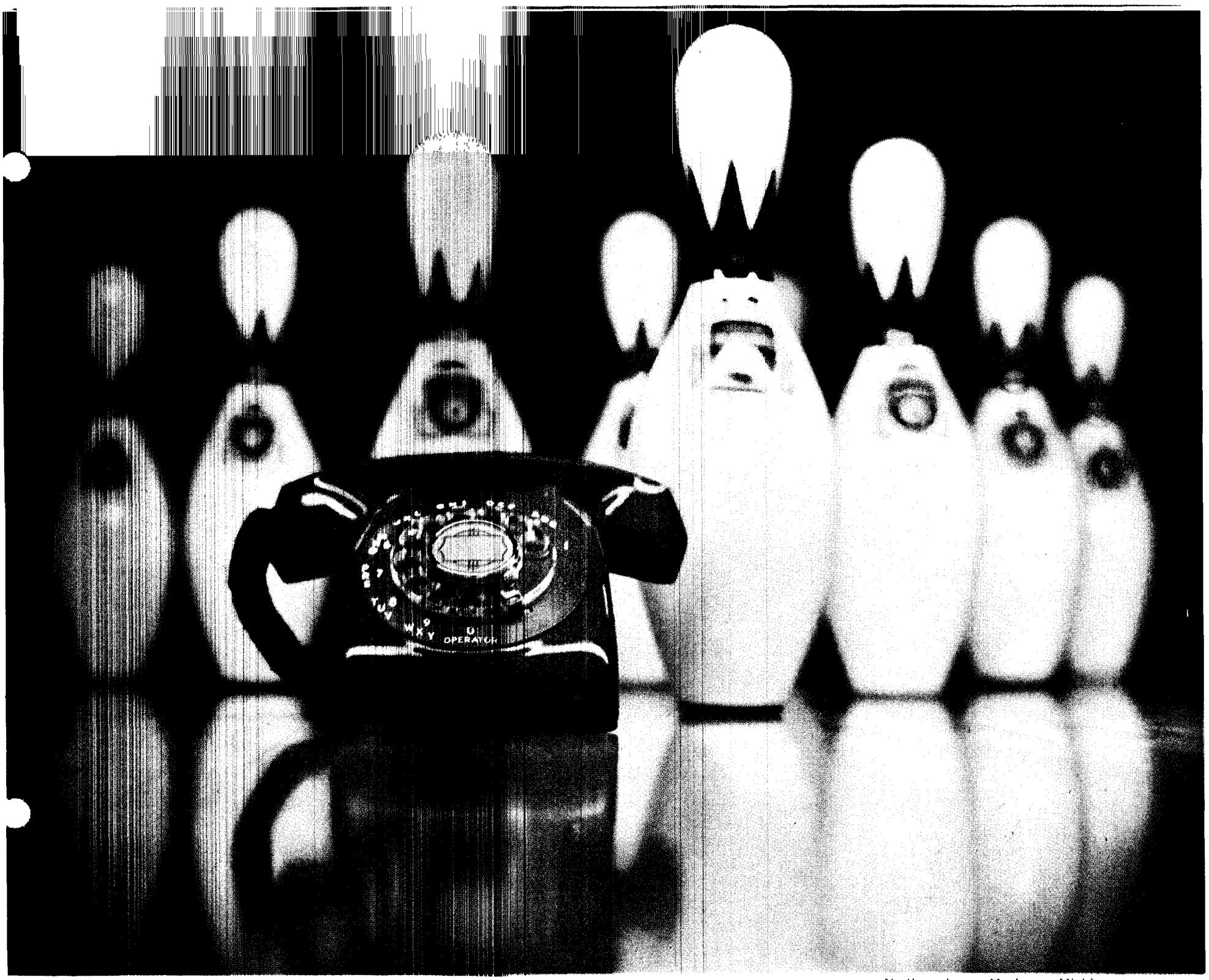

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Right down the alley

of America's second largest telephone system

America's industry is on the move! New plants established every day, old ones expanded. And Gen Tel is right in there—helping to satisfy the new and greater communications needs such expansion creates.

Take the area in and around Muskegon, Michigan.

The world's largest manufacturer of bowling equipment, Brunswick-Balke-Collender has just completed a huge new addition to its plant to answer the demand for its automatic pinsetters. Nearby, foundries, oil refineries and three new chemical plants are going round the clock. Everything, everyone is benefiting from Muskegon's flourishing economy.

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This is a typical example of how we strive—not only to meet today's communications needs, but to answer tomorrow's.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, N. Y. 17.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

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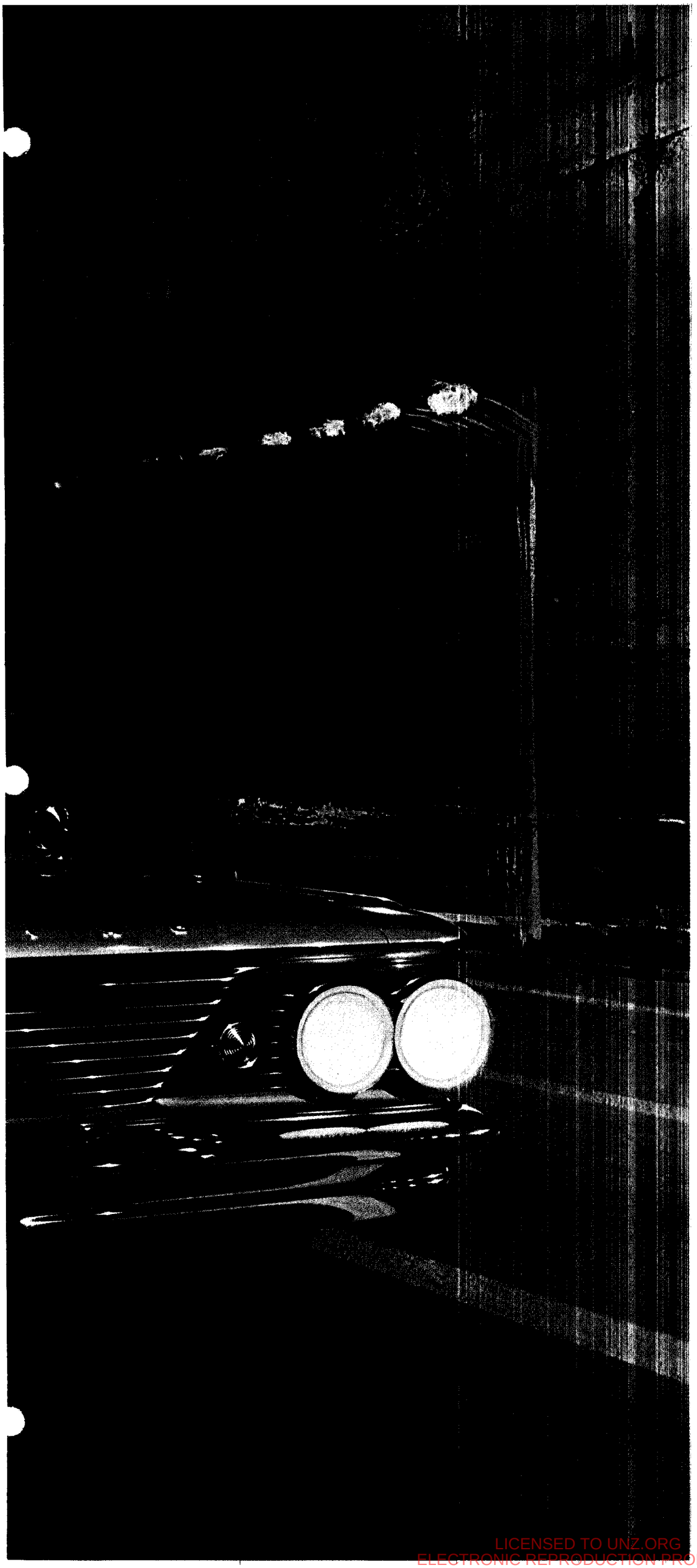


The width between
the wheels of a car is
called the track.

The wider the track
the greater the stability.

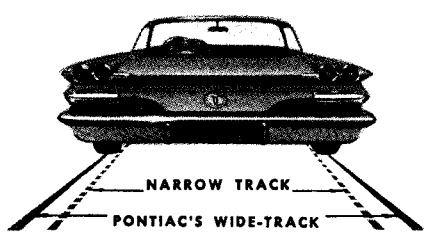
The greater the stability
the better your control.

No other car has a track
as wide as this one.

No other car has
Wide-Track Wheels.

Only this one.

Only PONTIAC.



With the widest track of any car, Pontiac's width is on the road—where it gives you better stability. Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car.

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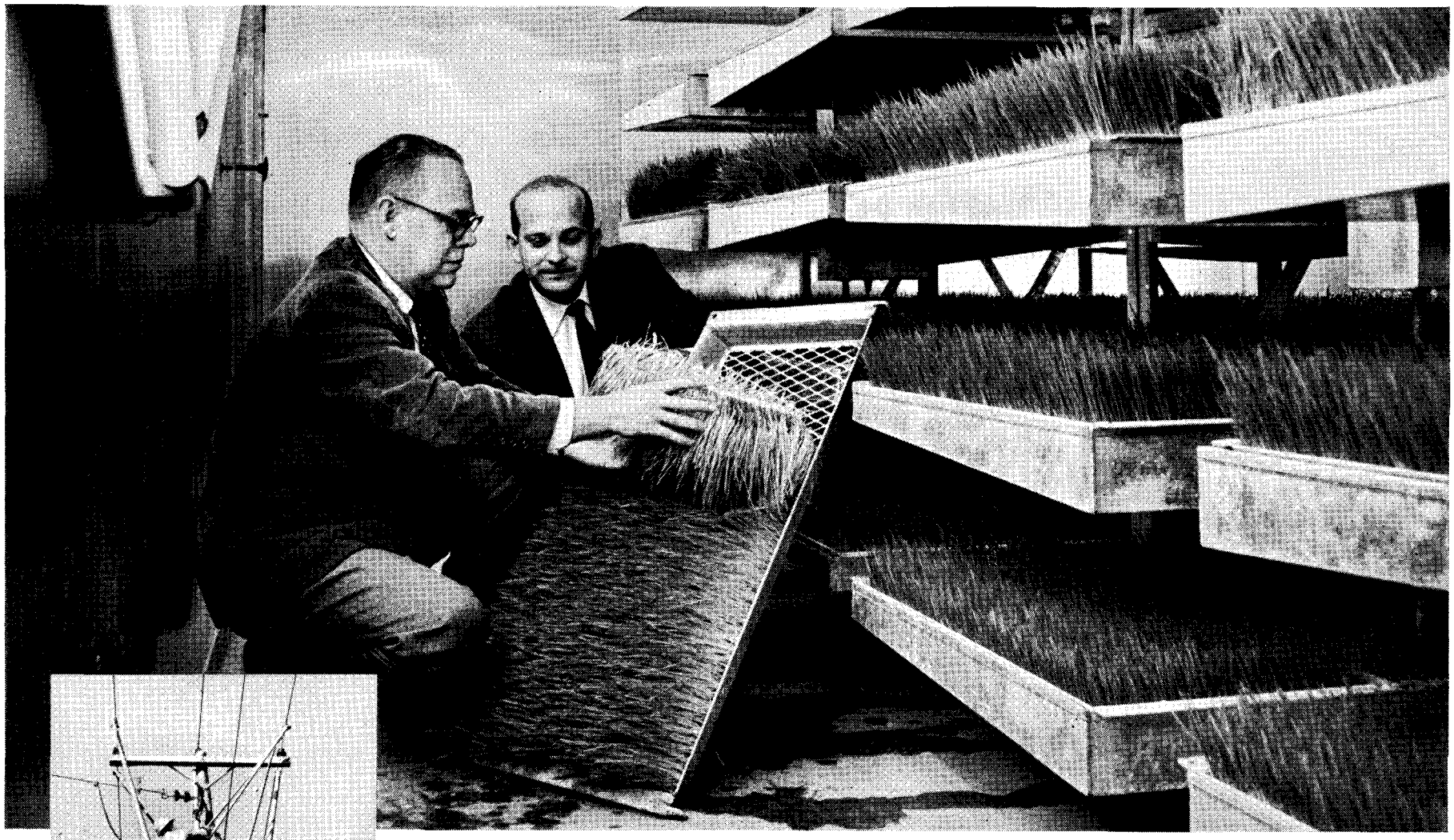
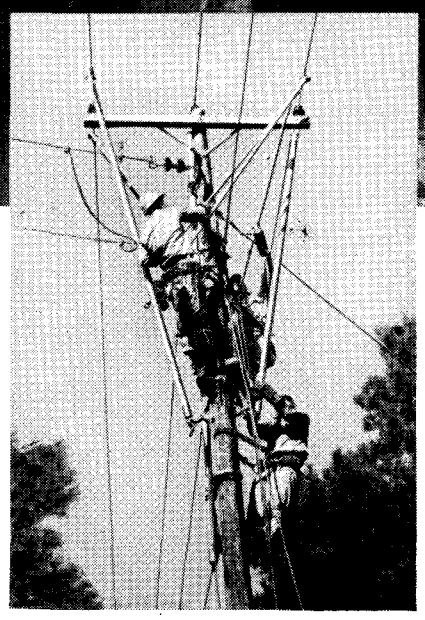


They call it a Grass House—this Hydroponic Unit where green feed for cattle grows the whole year 'round



THIS "HOT LINE" CREW SEES THAT THE "SUNSHINE STAYS ON"

Wausau Story

by **H. H. SHATTUCK,** *Manager*

Coast Electric Power Association, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

"You flick a switch and the lights go on. You take it for granted this will happen whether you live in the city or on a farm. In fact, service is so reliable that you might never give a thought to the men who see that electric power flows without interruption.

"On the other hand, the men are well aware of what their jobs mean to you. I know the crews here at Coast Electric take personal pride in providing the power that serves so many purposes so well. Besides lighting our homes and running our appliances, electricity is used in many new and different applications and more are being added all the time.

"The Grass House is an example. This is a 12 by 20 foot insulated building housing a Hydroponic Green Feeds Unit. The picture at the top of this page was taken at the Brignac Angus Farm near Bay St. Louis. E. M. Brignac, Jr. (right) showed me how fresh green feed for cattle is grown in metal trays using water and chemicals instead of soil. Electricity provides the 'sunshine,' the light needed for growth. Electricity controls ventilation and maintains ideal temperature. In just six days, oats grow 6 to 8 inches high, providing approximately 1000 pounds of green feed for the Brignac herd every day.

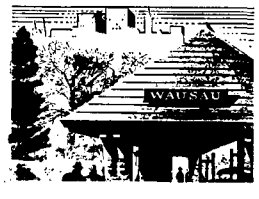
"This is one example of why our Crews take personal interest and pride in their work. And, as safety engineers will tell you, this same attitude is part of what keeps men from having accidents on the job. Sure, safety is a matter of training, of practice, of constant awareness too. And teamwork!

"When it comes to teamwork, we're fortunate to have people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau working right along with us. They have years of experience in serving hundreds of power companies from coast to coast. With their help and interest, we've built a record that spans over 5 years and adds up to more than 500,000 man-hours of work without a single lost-time accident! That alone tells you why we say Employers Mutuals are 'good people to do business with'!"

500,000 man-hours! That's more than 5 years without a lost-time accident . . . a record any business, large or small, would be proud of. But it's especially newsworthy when you know the "hot line" crews deal with 12,000 volts of electricity, maintain service 24 hours a day in all kinds of weather. Here, Mr. Shattuck adds the gold plaque to the safety trophy awarded by Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 45)

in the dead of night, which was not the way of an honest merchant vessel.

The time consumed in transshipment was not long. The sloop dropped astern of *Curlew*, hoisted her sail and headed away toward the lower tip of Manhattan.

All this was too much for Eric Nelson's inquisitive mind. He descended to the wharf and was pulling in the dinghy that swung at the stern of the vessel when he peered again at the silhouette of the *Curlew*. The sloop was far away on her course, but a third boat had come into view from the direction of Newtown Creek. It was a rowboat propelled by a single pair of oars. Because it carried no light it was all but invisible, a moving blob of black. It approached the *Curlew*. It drew alongside Captain Tempest's skiff, which was tied to the boarding ladder.

Aquarium

By Memory McGonigal

Here, where the light
Is like water flowing, thought
Becomes confused. What world
    is this,
And who views whom through
    this glass?

Man and beforeman, in
    amazement,
Stare at each other, and
    comment:
Outside, the faces bob
    brain-heavy
On their leg stalks: *See, in wavy*
Watery instinct still they swim,
From whom we rose!—while those
    within,

With the silver bones, the
    jeweled flesh,
Peer out: *Strange specimen, that*
    fish
Who left all this for only the bare
Bald land, the choking sea of air!

The newcomer fastened his craft, mounted to the deck and vanished.

Eric, straining eyes and ears, thought he heard a muffled shout—was sure he heard a muffled thud which he identified as a gunshot. Then, again, there was silence aboard *Curlew*.

Throbbing now with excitement Eric lowered himself into the dinghy, cast off and rowed urgently with quiet oars across to the anchored brig. With infinite caution he tied up to the ladder between the two skiffs already there.

As he reached the deck, his nostrils were assailed by a pervasive stench that caused him to gag. Softly he walked aft toward the mere suggestion of light that came from a hatchway or gangway. He reached this opening in the deck and peered downward, listening. Then, treading softly, pausing on every step, he descended to the cabin below.

A lantern hung from a peg, swinging with the motion of the ship. For a moment Eric saw nothing but the lantern and berth, a desk and chair. But then he gaped as he saw a tangle of legs and two still bodies. One lay across the other. The body on top was that of a gross man with balding head and tremendous shoulders. Covering the shoulders was a frock coat such as the police—the Metropolitans—wore. Near his right hand lay a club of the kind Metropolitans carried. His face was hidden; but ruddy, bushy whiskers showed under his ears.

The man who was underneath lay on his back with upturned face. The pallid features were those of Capt. Hugo Tempest. There was a great, blood-smeared contusion on his forehead. A carmine smear crept from beneath the concealing body of the policeman. Tempest's eyes were closed; the lids did not flutter. The larger man lay across the captain as if he had flung himself upon the smaller man and borne him to the deck.

Eric stooped, seized the Metropolitan and rolled his body off the captain's. He was dead. It seemed to Eric that Tempest's breast moved and that his eyelids quivered.

Beside Tempest's right hand was a pistol, and Eric became aware, even over the evil odor of the ship, of the acrid smell of discharged gunpowder. The policeman had been shot through the chest.

The story seemed clear. The dead man had entered the cabin, cudgel in hand. He had charged Tempest, who had fired his pistol; but the ball, though fatal, had not halted the charge of the other man nor his instinctive blow with his official club. Even dying, he had reached Captain Tempest and struck him a crashing blow on the forehead.

Eric bent over Tempest, feeling for a heartbeat. He detected a faint, irregular throbbing. Tempest lived. There was, Eric perceived, nothing he could do by himself. He must procure help. He lifted Tempest's head, placed under it a pillow from the berth. He covered the man with a blanket, mounted to the deck and descended to his dinghy, which he rowed to the shore.

Where to find a doctor he did not know, but he did know where Hodges, the foreman of the yard, lived. He made his way to the gates, stepped out into the rutted, muddy road and hurried to Hodges' home. He thundered upon the door, finally arousing the irate and sleepy householder, who appeared in the doorway, lamp in hand, blinking.

"It's Nelson," said Eric. "There's trouble. There's been a killing, maybe two killings, aboard *Curlew*. Can you rouse a doctor? Then the police."

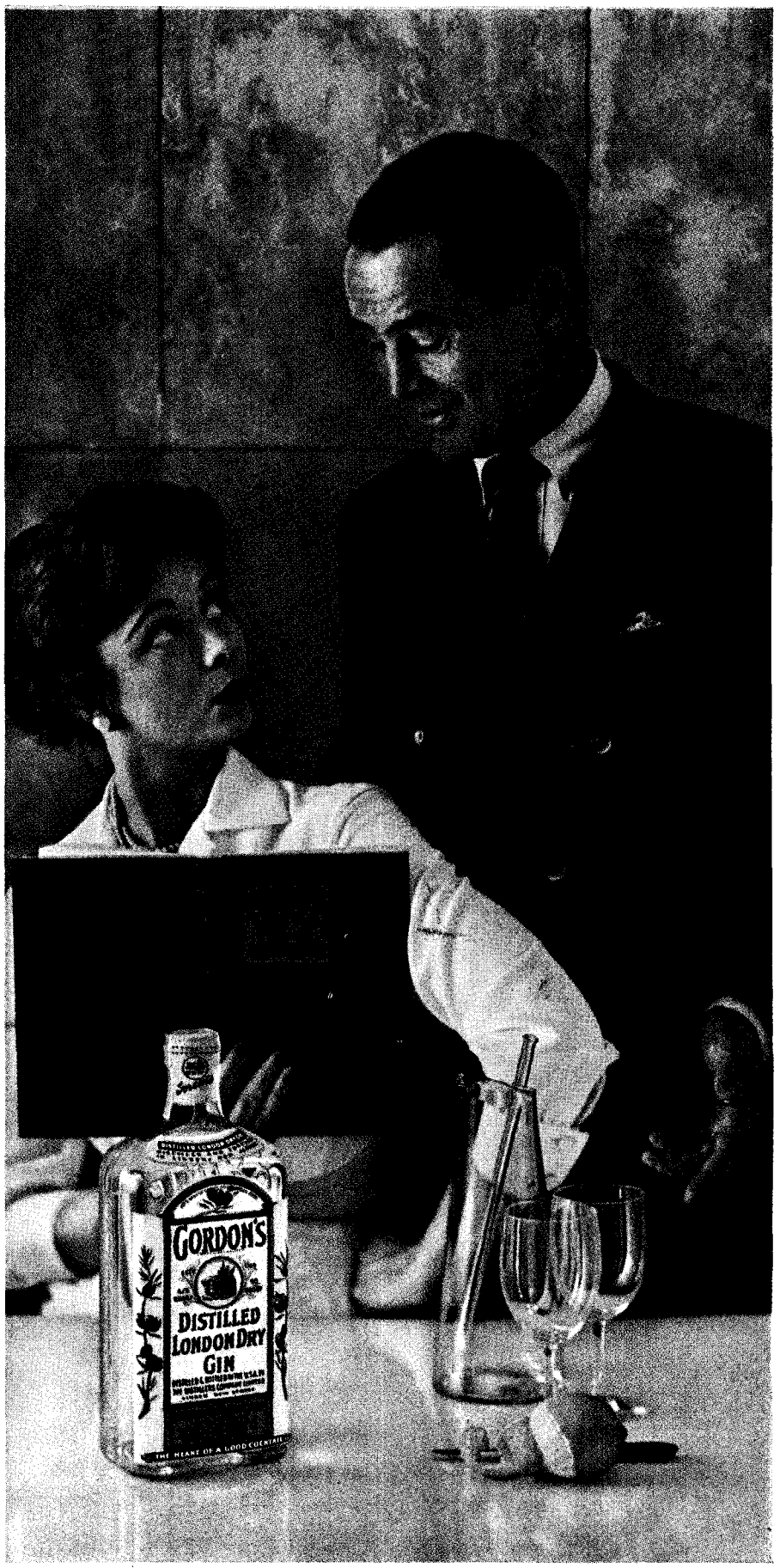
Hodges opened the door for Eric to enter. "Hold your hosses while I git my pants on," he said and disappeared, shouting for his wife and son. "Hey, Peter," Eric heard him order, "hurry for Doc Beecham! Tell him to git to the yard. We'll meet him there."

Almost instantly he reappeared, and he and Eric floundered to the gate, where they stood in the mud, waiting.

The doctor eventually arrived, bag in hand and grumpy. They led him to Eric's dinghy and shoved off. The tide was flowing outward strongly. It gurgled against the black hull of the *Curlew* as they pulled alongside. Eric made fast and laid hands on the ladder to mount. Then he became aware that all was not as it should be. When he had left in search of aid, there had been two skiffs tied to the ladder. Both boats had vanished.

As he started to climb, a voice spoke from above, and someone lowered a lantern. The lantern disclosed the face of the handsome, aristocratic young man who held it. It was a face vaguely familiar to Eric. For a moment he could not remember where he had seen it before, and then a scene presented itself to him—a scene in the drawing (*Continued on Page 75*)

SHE: The book says 3 to 1
HE: The boys say 10 to 1



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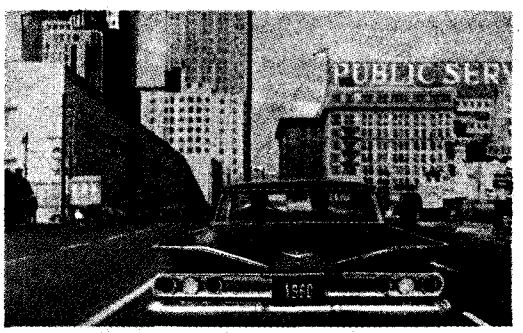

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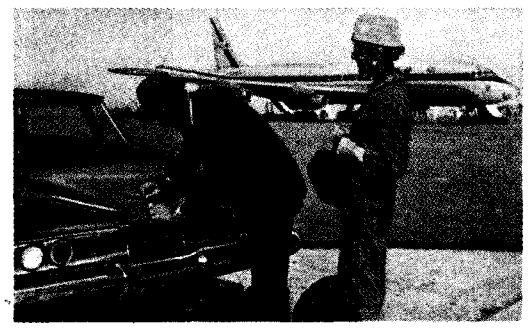

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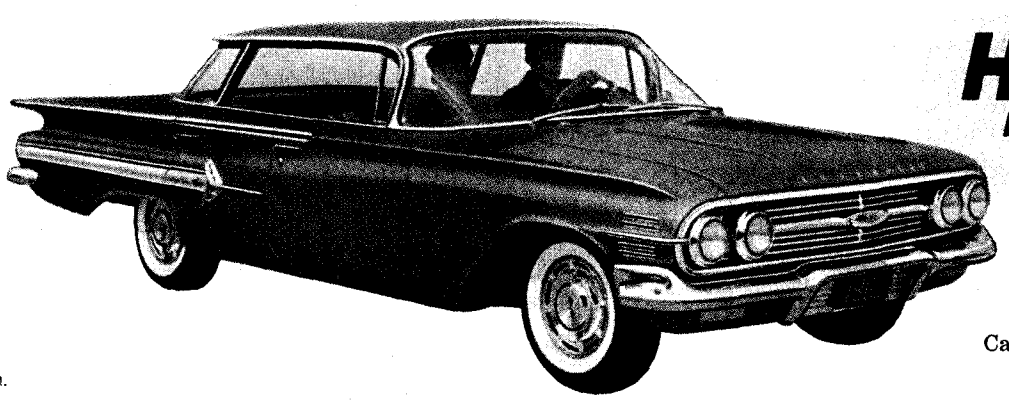

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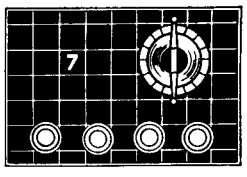

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(*Continued from Page 71*) room of Madame Ouverard. He saw Yvonne Constant, in animated conversation with two young gentlemen—one, though in civilian clothes, with evident military carriage. Yvonne had introduced them. Eric could not recall their names, but the face that now peered down at him over the bulwarks was that of the young man who might well have been an officer in some army.

"Why," exclaimed the young stranger, "it is Mr. Nelson, is it not? An odd hour to call, sir. But come aboard, come aboard. A cold night, Mr. Nelson, with a chill that penetrates the bones." The young man grinned genially. "We have what will remedy that, sir. Distilled in Kentucky. Come aboard, Mr. Nelson, whatever the hour, and welcome to you."

Eric mounted to the deck, Hodges and the doctor following him.

"You seem, sir," Eric said grimly, "oddly unconcerned in the circumstances."

"What circumstances, Mr. Nelson?"

"Why," Eric said, "the circumstances that there is in the cabin below a man very dead from a pistol ball, and another barely alive, but possibly now also dead, from a blow by a bludgeon."

The young man's jaw dropped. Incredulity, astonishment showed in his humorous gray eyes. "You've not been drinking, Mr. Nelson—or fallen on your head?"

"I have not," said Eric.

"Or perhaps blundered aboard the wrong ship in the darkness?"

"This is *Curlew*, is it not?"

"It is, indeed, and a more serene vessel never sailed the seven seas. What tale of violence and bloodshed do you relate, sir?" He shook his head drolly. "I have been alone aboard this ship since early in the evening. I have assaulted no one and no one has assaulted me."

Eric stared at the young man through narrowed lids. He brushed him aside and plunged down the companionway to the cabin where the carnage had taken place. He thrust open the door and stared with incredulous eyes.

For there were no bodies where he had left them. Both the big, dead man and Captain Tempest had vanished. There was neither cudgel nor pistol. The berth was neatly made up. The deck was clean and polished, unsullied by bloodstains. A more innocent room Eric never had seen.

He heard movement behind him. The young officer in civilian clothing was smiling ironically. Hodges and the doctor eyed him with peculiar glances.

"And now," said their host, "your curiosity satisfied, won't you gentlemen join me in a bottle of Kentucky's best?"

Madame Ouverard sat close to her early-morning caller. Her lovely face was at its worst, but even so was of sufficient beauty to set masculine pulses to throbbing. But Ross Lane, captain in the Confederate Army, had other things on his acute mind besides female pulchritude. Because of a recognized boldness and skillfulness in intrigue, he had been removed from active military duty and dispatched to New York to attend to other matters on behalf of that highly intelligent member of Mr. Davis' Cabinet whose keen mind was esteemed by his associates. His name was Judah Benjamin.

Young Capt. Ross Lane had been smuggled into New York City to organize and command an underground brigade whose objective was to cause as much discomfort for the Union as possible.

"My dear Madame Ouverard," he was saying, "what happened last night I do not know. Captain Tempest is your man, not mine."

"Not mine," protested madame. "I once employed him."

"As captain of your several slaving ships," said Lane coldly. "A trade in which you both grew rich. *Curlew* is your property." He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not mind if you use her to grow richer, but I do insist upon the loyalty and complete obedience of yourself and this Capt. Hugo Tempest. I will not have my plans endangered by you or him."

"I repeat that I do not know what happened," madame said hotly. "I do not know why this policeman should have attacked Captain Tempest, nor why the captain should have shot him."

"Fortunately, I was keeping a weather eye peeled," said Lane. "I must admit that the looting of the arsenal was capably carried out. I admit that the cases of arms were very efficiently put aboard *Curlew*. But what skulduggery accompanied it, leading to tragedy aboard the brig, I do not know."

"But why did you bring him here?" madame demanded angrily. "Why not take him to the house in Thirty-second Street?"

"This house," Lane replied, "is above suspicion. Here you entertain your mayor and the great of the city. We must take no risks with the Thirty-second Street house. No attention must be drawn to it." He relaxed, leaned back in his chair and laughed. "You should have seen that young man's face," he said, "when I invited him aboard and showed him that so-neat cabin."

"That young man," said madame shortly, "is no fool. Neither is my niece a fool. Do you think we can keep an injured man in a bedroom on the third floor without her discovering that something is happening?"

"That young man! That young Swede. He must be cultivated, madame. He may be useful to us. Have you seen him look at Mademoiselle Constant?"

"I have," said madame.

"I've told you," Captain Lane said gravely, "that Secretary Mallory is keenly interested in this John Ericsson."

"I believe he knew Ericsson when the Secretary was in Congress."

"And has high respect for his inventive ability," Lane said. "You know what great hopes we are pinning on the *Virginia*. We've been sending North stories to pull the wool over the Yankees' eyes. Stories of *Virginia*'s failure. But the *Virginia* may win this war for us."

"Is she indeed so powerful?"

"Nothing like her has ever been constructed. Her armor will make her impervious to the most powerful cannon. It is not impossible, madame, that she can sail past forts undamaged and destroy New York and Boston and other coastal cities of the North. Nothing must be permitted to halt her."

"If she is impregnable ——"

"Madame, nothing is impregnable. This Ericsson has plans for an ironclad. Mallory wants all particulars. I tell you he has great respect for John Ericsson."

"But," said madame, "this *Virginia* must be almost ready to go to sea. Mr. Ericsson has nothing but plans. Before he could build any kind of vessel, the *Virginia* could have done her work."

"Ericsson's in Washington now, my men report. With powerful friends. I am told Gideon Welles is backing his plans. Ericsson boasts that he can complete his ship in a hundred days. *Virginia* cannot be ready in that length of time." Lane bent forward, and his handsome face was earnest. "Madame," he said, "Ericsson's ironclad must not be built—even if the Navy Department gives him a contract for her construction."

"Then you think she will be formidable?"

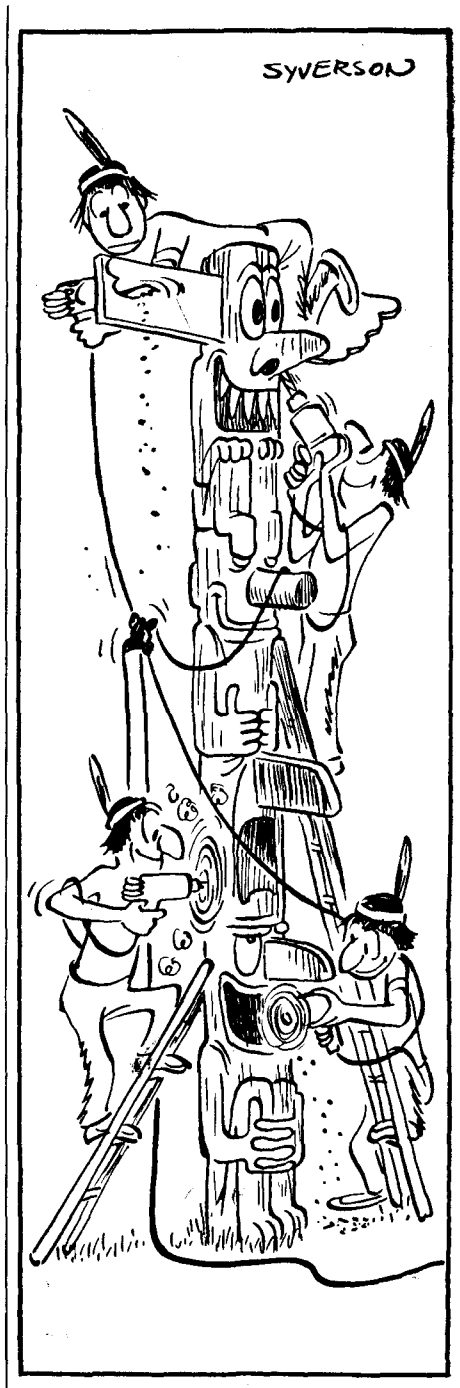
"Mallory thinks she will be formidable," Lane answered. "He has a much higher regard for Ericsson's inventive genius than Northern naval experts have. Mallory is moving heaven and earth to induce Jeff Davis to build iron ships."

"And so?" asked madame.

"And so, Madame Ouverard, we must see to it that this queer craft of Ericsson's never takes to the water."

"Relax, Mac; if I was looking for a fight I'd go home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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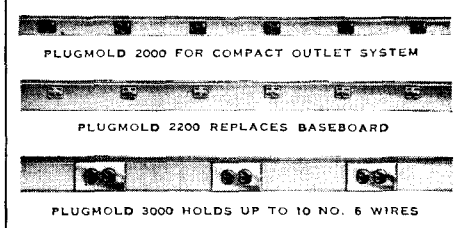

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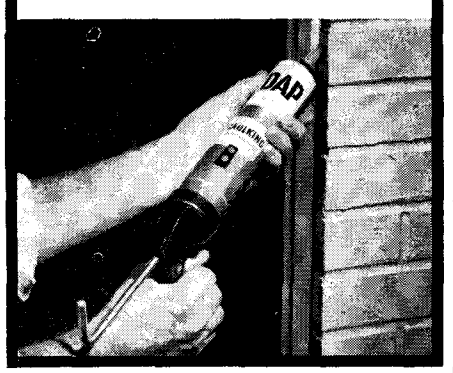

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"You may rely on me to help in any way I can."

But in her heart Madame Ouverard had another thought. If she did assist in this matter, where would be the profit to her? Patriotism was one thing, but cash in the bank was a more demanding consideration.

Young Captain Lane knew the lady. Upon her character he had been thoroughly briefed before he had made contact with her. "An able and ruthless woman," he had been told. "Not feminine, not influenced by emotion. We are informed that she genuinely loves the South. But the keynote of Madame Ouverard's character is avarice. Otherwise, would a member of one of Louisiana's most aristocratic families have debased herself by owning slavers?"

This had been the reading of her character by a man most apt in that art. And Captain Lane, scrutinizing her now with intelligent eyes, was ready to believe that not loyalty to a cause but cupidity was the trait that ruled this lovely woman.

Presently she raised her eyes and fixed them upon his face. "It is understood," she said. "But Mr. Mallory has funds."

"He has, indeed, madame. He or Judah Benjamin. In case of success—in case Ericsson's ship comes to grief—I can assure you they will be generous."

"Victory," she said, "will bring great wealth to the South. Once it is rid of Northern domination."

"That, madame, is true," Lane agreed.

"In which case, in a war in which noble principles are but a mask for commercial prosperity," she said dryly, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"For myself," Captain Lane said, "I am not serving for gain."

"Have you taken thought for yourself, captain?" madame asked.

"Please—not 'captain.' I am more valuable to the Confederacy alive than dead."

"Eric Nelson has seen you," she said. "He met you in this room. He next saw you aboard *Curlew*. I repeat that he is no fool. You had best be invisible."

"Madame, suspicions he may have. But suspicion and proof don't ride the same horse."

"He saw *Curlew* being loaded."

"Undoubtedly, if he isn't completely blind."

"He saw Captain Tempest. Probably saw him go aboard. Certainly he saw him in the cabin with a broken head—he brought a doctor. Mr. Lane"—she emphasized the civilian title of courtesy—"that young man will put two and two together. He will snoop. He will draw conclusions. He may be a definite hazard—to you, to Captain Tempest, to me."

"In our trade there must always be risk," Lane replied.

She spoke carelessly, as if her words carried no important meaning—and she smiled. The smile appalled Captain Lane.

"A little foresight," madame said softly, "could eliminate the hazard."

There was a pregnant pause while Captain Lane peered with narrowed eyes at his hostess.

"Do you, madame," he asked, "mean what you seem to mean?"

"I have been taught," she said, "to value efficiency."

"And I was raised," he said slowly, "to believe the female was the gentler sex."

"Sir," said Madame Ouverard, "as mentioned before, there is a war." She was sardonic. "One man dies on the field of glory. Another dies without trapping or uniform. Is one less dead than the other? You, Mr. Lane, gag at a gnat but swallow a fly."

"Madame," Captain Lane said, rising, "an army of Amazons must have been a grim and terrible array."

At that very moment a historic event was taking place in an office in the Navy Department in Washington. John Ericsson had entered the room where sat the three commodores who were to pass upon the merits of his design for the *Monitor*. Optimistic Bushnell had persuaded the inventor to make the arduous journey to the Capital; had informed him that, despite previous rejections, his plans would be accepted after some further explanation of their novelties was afforded. But the atmosphere of the room was hostile. The three naval gentlemen looked at Sir John with chilly eyes, and to his consternation informed him bluntly that his design had been rejected. Never of serene disposition, Ericsson had difficulty controlling his rage.

"Gentlemen," he said, his deep voice impressive, "common courtesy dictates that I be told why my design is rejected."

"The thing," said Davis shortly, "will not float. It lacks stability."

Ericsson clenched his fists and clamped his jaws. "Stability!" he roared. "Stability! Let me tell you something about stability. It is a matter I have studied since I watched logs floating down a Swedish river in my youth." He smote the desk. "I, gentlemen, know more about the stability of floating objects than any other living man. Upon that subject I am the world's greatest expert. So listen. Listen and strive to understand. I will enlighten you."

He was eloquent. As he stood before them, large, handsome, intolerant, he gripped their attention and retained it. For half an hour he lectured the board, cramming into that short space scientific knowledge that might well have filled a volume. His earnestness, his mounting enthusiasm, his explicit knowledge and sure manner of presenting it, held them in a spell.

At the end he struck the table with a powerful fist as if by brute force he would drive home the truth. He glowered down at them. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have learned something about the stability of vessels. Now that you have a smattering of knowledge of the subject, I deem it your duty to give me an order to build my vessel. Forthwith—before I leave this room."

But bureaucracy does not, even when subjected to such magic as rang in Ericsson's voice, move with speed.

"Sir," said Commodore Paulding, "I have learned more from you about the stability of a vessel than I ever knew before. Please return at one o'clock."

At that hour the engineer was received, not only by the three commodores, but by Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, imposing beneath his lush whiskers. Welles extended his hand. "You have won your battle, Mr. Ericsson," he said graciously. "Go back to New York. Build your *Monitor*. Brook no delays. The contracts will be drawn and sent to you, but do not wait for them. Time presses urgently. Proceed with haste. Set the work in motion, for our need is imperative."

And so, overriding ignorance and crass conservatism and hidebound prejudice, John Ericsson compelled the adoption of his revolutionary plans for his *Monitor*. The date was September 14, 1861. And the inventor, with perfect confidence in his plans, his drawings, his figures, guaranteed to launch the warship within one hundred days from the laying of the keel. And one hundred days would not be an hour too soon.

Yvonne Constant somewhat romantically regarded herself as a prisoner of war. Certainly, though she had not been captured by force of arms, she was living in enemy country from which she could not escape. This was an honorable condition to be endured with equanimity. But, far different from being a prisoner of the Yankees, she was incarcerated in the mansion on Washington Square. True, she was as yet permitted to leave that house and to go about the city. There were no bars upon her windows or lock upon her door, but nevertheless she felt stifled there and somehow disgraced by her enforced residence.

Though she was heiress to opulent Val-Fleury plantation, she was penniless. She felt herself to be disgraced by every morsel of food she ate under that roof. For every comfort, (*Continued on Page 79*)

". . . Then I heard this small, still voice within me say, 'Chiggers! The cops!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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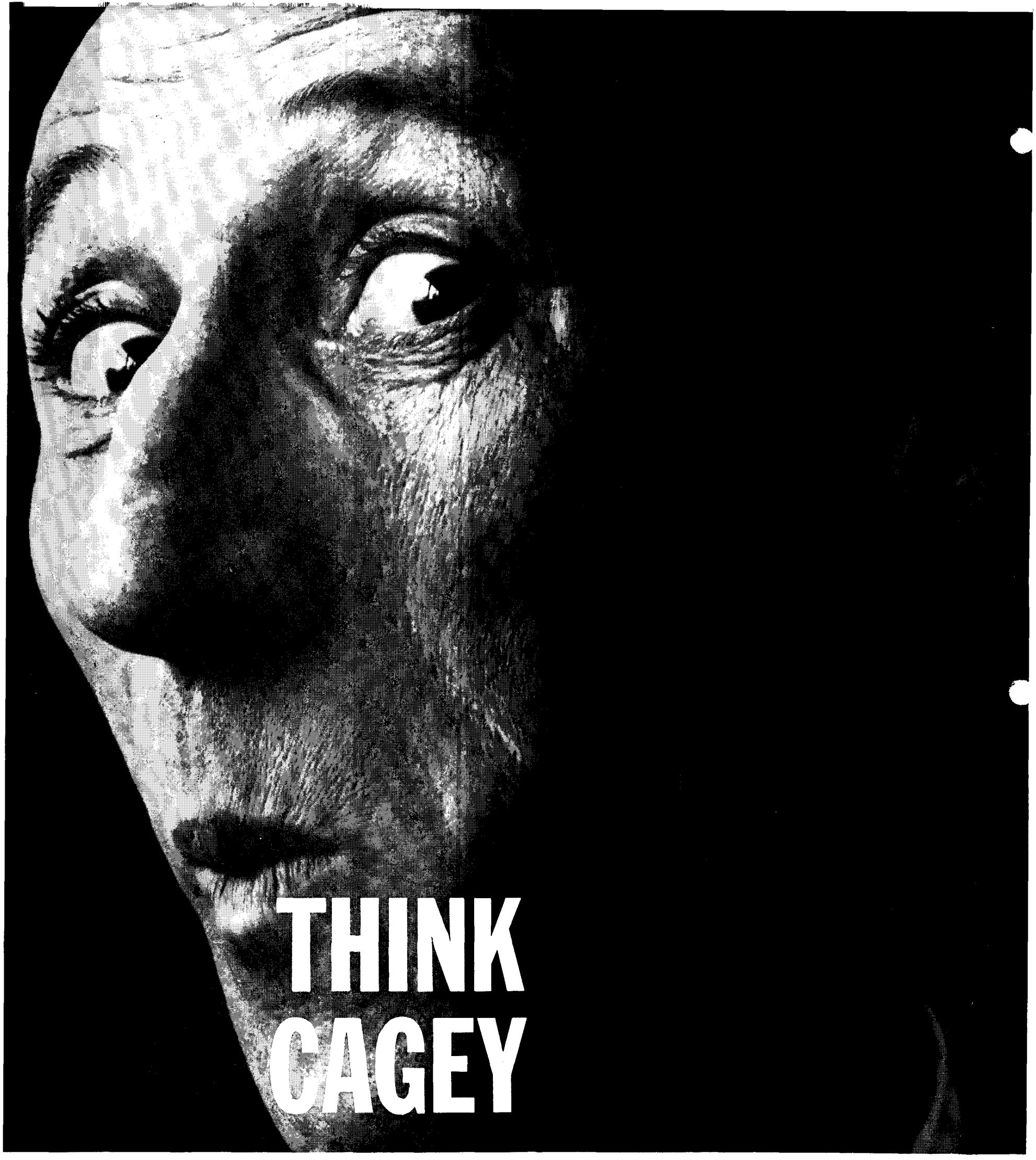

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(*Continued from Page 76*) every luxury which she enjoyed had been provided by money obtained by *Tante* Carlotta Ouverard in a manner that brought shame upon her name and blood. The excellent food, the perfect service, the fine linen under which she slept were tainted, and she could not rid herself of a degraded feeling that by partaking of these luxuries the taint somehow crept into her own bloodstream. But she was helpless. There was no escape. The idea did not occur to her that she could walk out of the front door and find some means of supporting herself by her own efforts. She had nothing to take to the labor market. From birth she had been coddled; she had never been required to lift a hand in any useful employment. Vaguely she was aware that there were people who worked, but in her world the people who worked were slaves. So, in addition to her penniless state, she was chained to that hateful house by what she was—a helpless, untrained aristocrat.

Gradually, as days and weeks passed, Yvonne was troubled by something more than a sense of shame. At first she had been puzzled; then puzzlement became vague apprehension, and then it was alarm. It was not yet terror—that was yet to come. But her acute mind told her that there was stealthy movement under the patently fashionable surface of affairs in that mansion. There were mysterious goings and comings; there were meetings and whisperings and sidewise glances.

The person with real parking worries is a pretty girl.

BERT KRUSE

There was an air of secrecy, an atmosphere of intrigue. Underneath the innocent display moved something sinister which Yvonne's sensitivity caused her to feel subconsciously rather than to perceive in an objective way.

This intangible thing took on real substance in the middle of a night. She had gone to bed early and read until sleep crept upon her. She awakened in the darkness. Some unaccustomed sound had aroused her. She sat up and listened. There were shuffling movement and muffled voices in the house.

She was not timorous. Courage had been inculcated upon her as one of the obligations of life, as an important element of *noblesse oblige*. She threw back the covers and tiptoed to her door. The shuffling steps above were climbing the stairs laboriously, as though bearing some burden. Yvonne turned the knob, but the door would not open. She applied pressure to no avail. And then she realized that her door was locked—locked from the outside. She was indeed a prisoner.

She went back to her bed and sat upon its edge. There could be but one reason for locking her in her room—something was going on in that house that she must not be allowed to see.

The sounds continued. They mounted to the third floor and became audible over her head. Something was being carried to one of the upper bedrooms. The footsteps descended. She sat in the dark silence. Then someone approached her door, and she heard the click of a turning key. Her door had been unlocked.

Soft footsteps retreated. Yvonne waited, then cautiously opened her door and peered out into the dim hallway, listening. The house was still. She stepped out into the hall. Noiselessly she crept up the stairs to the floor where the servants slept. From under one door was visible a thin edge of light. She crept toward that door and stood with her ear against the panel. Nothing was audible. With careful fingers she turned the knob and opened the door a crack and peeked in. She could see a bed. She could see black Ezekiel sitting there, huddled in a chair, keeping vigil. On the pillow she saw a head swaddled in red-stained bandages; and beneath this swaddling an ashen face. It was a very still face, without expression. Yvonne recognized those gray features. They belonged to Capt. Hugo Tempest, ex-slaver, ex-partner of Madame Ouverard.

Yvonne stood, peering. Here was not illness; here was the result of violence. Somewhere violence had taken place, and Captain Tempest had been spirited away from the scene to this third-floor bedroom of Madame Ouverard's mansion. And Madame Ouverard found it necessary to hide the victim. This, thought Yvonne, went further than plotting or conspiracy—this was crime. This might even be the crime of murder.

Ezekiel suddenly turned his graying head. His mild eyes opened wide with fright.

"What has happened, Ezekiel?" Yvonne whispered.

"Sompen evil, missy. Sompen bad and wicked. You go away soft, missy." His old face was pleading. "You make b'lieve you never see."

"Yes, Ezekiel," she said.

"Yo' my folks, Missy Yvonne," the old colored man whispered. "You got no truck wit' this bad house. Better yo' run out in de streets dan sleep under dis roof."

"Ezekiel," she said desperately, "will you run away with me?"

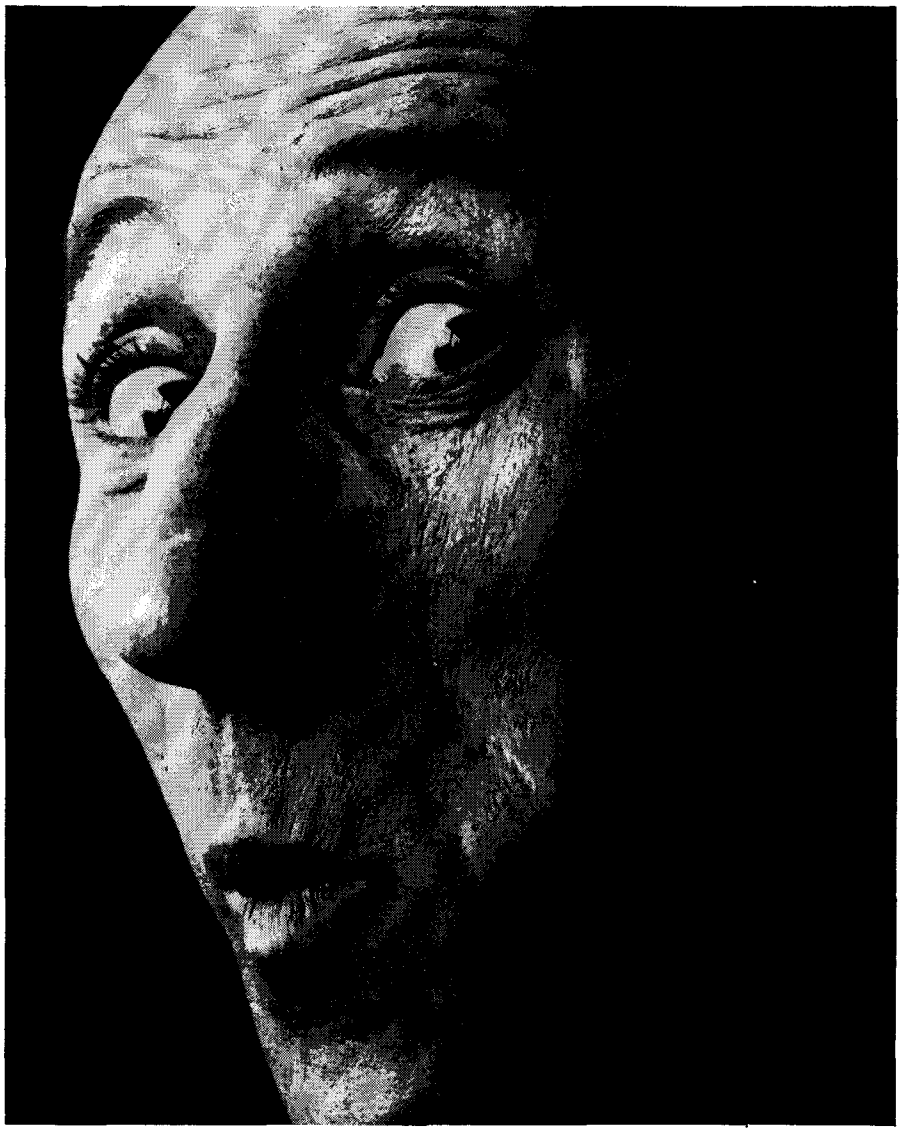
"I dassen't do, lil' missy. I chained to dis place with wicked chains. Yo' go, missy. You hear nuffin. Yo' see nuffin. Or mebby you git wusser dan him." He motioned to the bed. "Yo' shet yo' door an' sleep. I hopes Gawd give yo' shelter under His spreadin' wing."

He got up and closed the door. Yvonne descended to her room, but not to sleep.

Even with a wounded man occupying an upper chamber, Madame Ouverard's social activities did not abate. Her afternoon receptions attracted more and more gentlemen of importance, and her reputation as an intellectual, as a modern Madame de Staël, caused her to be sought after by the most exclusive circles of New York society. She was seen driving on the avenue at the correct hour, her lovely niece at her side. She exhibited herself at the opera and at the theater. Never for an instant did she seek to hide her Southern sympathies; but she managed to make it apparent that these sympathies were purely vocal. It was not unstylish to utter sentiments favorable to the Confederates; indeed, to be a lady of an eminent Louisiana family, allied or related with the leaders of the rebellion, was a social asset.

So the house on Washington Square was a house of contradictions. It was gay before the public eye, and it was grim when not on parade.

The mayor never neglected to appear at one of Madame Ouverard's receptions; Horace Greeley came occasionally. Even William Cullen Bryant brought his literary reputation and enjoyed madame's sprightly conversation. Two people did not come, people whom Yvonne Constant wished to see. These individuals were John Ericsson and Eric Nelson. The truth was that it was less the inventor and more his assistant whom Yvonne missed. Two other young gentlemen did, however, present themselves without fail. They were attentive to Yvonne, and their presence was welcome. These were Ross Lane, with his military bearing, and John Andrews. One would have thought that they came (*Continued on Page 81*)



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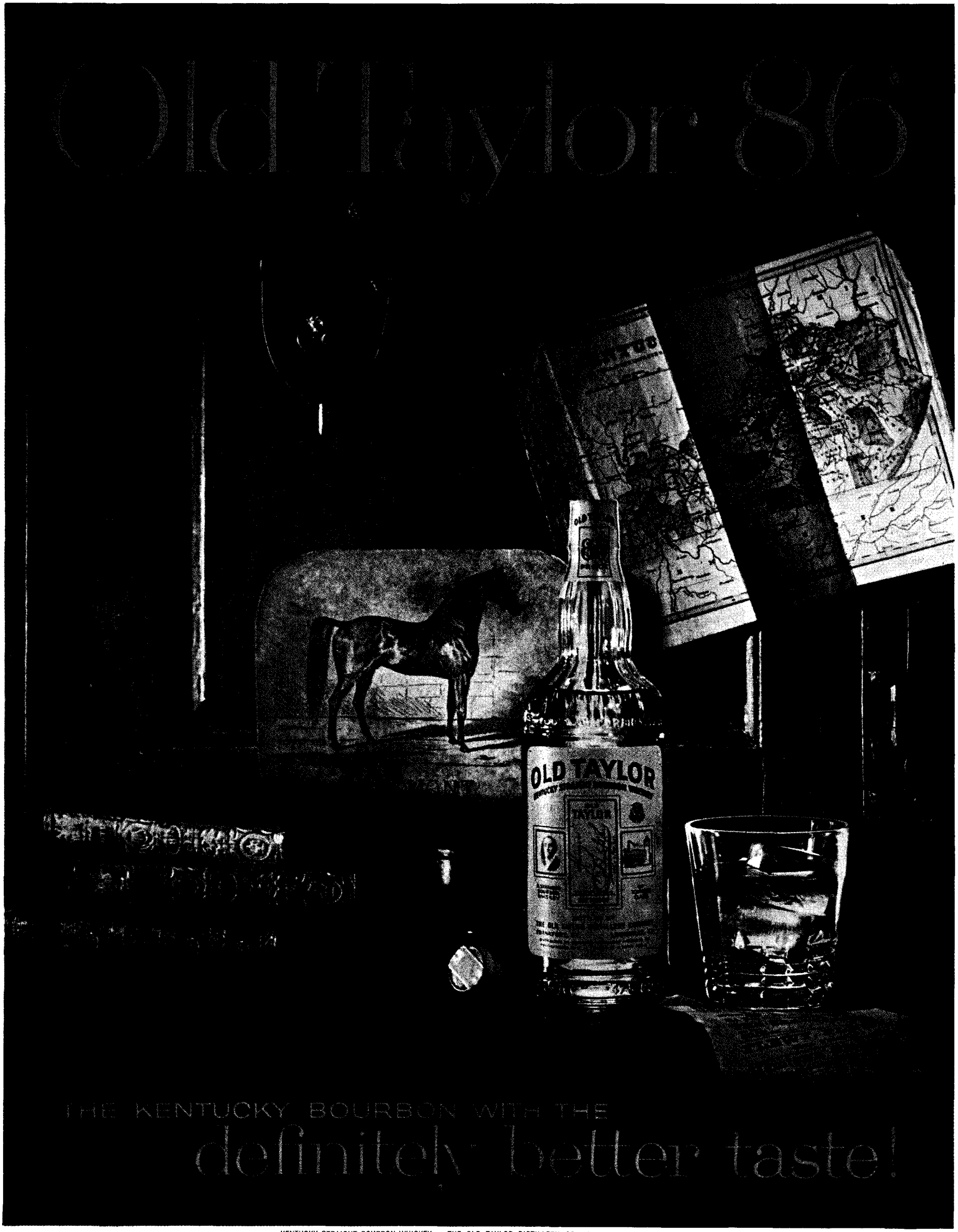

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(*Continued from Page 79*) solely to enjoy Yvonne's society had it not been for surreptitious withdrawals to some other room for private conferences. Yvonne heard abuse of Mr. Lincoln there. Even the most loyal of men seemed to doubt his competence in the great emergency. Ben Wood of the *Daily News*, and his brother Fernando, oozed poison and advocated the secession of New York from the Union.

Then, on an afternoon in mid-October, Eric Nelson made his appearance, correctly arrayed but somehow of different caste from young Andrews and Lane. They were polished, suave, charming. Eric, though by no means crude, lacked the subtle nuances of generations of gentle breeding which were apparent in the two others.

The four young people occupied a corner of the library, Yvonne seated, the three young gentlemen grouped around her.

"You have neglected us of late, Mr. Nelson," Yvonne said.

"Not neglect," Eric responded. "For neglect implies intention. Duties claimed me."

"Can there," asked Andrews lightly, "be a more important duty than paying court to a lovely young lady?"

"Nothing more desirable," Eric said.

"Mr. Nelson," explained Yvonne, "is not idle, as you two butterflies are."

"Indeed, yes," Lane said amiably, turning to Nelson. "You are associated with the eminent inventor, John Ericsson?"

"I have that privilege," Eric replied.

"The news is printed that Mr. Ericsson has been awarded a contract to construct some strange and revolutionary naval vessel."

"That is why I have been so busy," said Eric.

"The design," said Andrews, "seems to be controversial."

"It is, indeed," agreed Eric. He laughed and shrugged. "Critics call it 'Ericsson's Folly,' and even *Scientific American* damns it with faint praise."

"Preliminary work is about completed, I hear," said Andrews, and Eric glanced at him sharply.

"That is public news," Eric said. "I'm betraying no secrets when I say that contracts have been let for various parts of the vessel. And actual construction will commence at once."

"Over in Greenpoint, I read," said Lane, "in Tom Rowland's new shipyard. What does he call it? Continental Iron Works?"

"The *Monitor* will be assembled there," Eric answered. . . . "In fact, Miss Constant, one reason for my appearance here this afternoon was to extend you an invitation."

"How very nice, Mr. Nelson. To what am I to be bidden?"

"The laying of the keel of Mr. Ericsson's floating battery." Eric glanced from one to the other of the young people. "It may be a historic occasion, Miss Constant. Mr. Ericsson regards it as such. It will take place on the twenty-fifth of October—ten days hence."

"How does one reach this Greenpoint, Mr. Nelson?"

"Mr. Ericsson has been lent a launch by a friend. It will carry the party to the shipyard across the river." He smiled broadly. "Correctly chaperoned, of course."

"Oh," Yvonne exclaimed, "I'm sure *Tante* Carlotta will allow me to go. I'd love a ride on the water."

She sprang to her feet and made her way to the drawing room, where, when opportunity presented itself, she explained Eric's invitation to Madame Ouverard. Madame frowned a moment; then her shrewd eyes lightened. "On October twenty-fifth?" she asked.

"That is the date Mr. Nelson mentioned."

"It should be a most interesting ceremony," said Madame graciously. "By all means, my child, you must accept."

Delighted, Yvonne returned to the library and told Eric of her aunt's approval. He grinned broadly. "It will be something to tell your grandchildren," he said.

"A pleasure that lies some distance in the future," Yvonne said.

They chatted, Andrews and Lane inquisitive about the *Monitor;* Eric Nelson answering questions of a technical nature intelligently and clearly. No obligation of secrecy bound him. Descriptions of the ship had been broadcast. Anyone who cared to do so could inform himself of the design and what its inventor claimed for it. Yvonne listened with interest, if not with full understanding. Then, entering the library from the drawing room, Madame Ouverard signaled Lane and Andrews. They made their excuses and crossed the room to her side.

"You have the news?" she asked quietly.

"Mr. Nelson was so good as to inform us," Andrews said.

"When you can do so," madame said, in a voice so low that it barely reached their ears, "go up to the third floor. Captain Tempest has all but recovered. In a week he will be able to make himself useful."

"Madame," said Andrews with a frown, "is Tempest to be trusted with important things?"

"He has the necessary connections with the underworld," she replied. "He handled the last affair efficiently."

"Would you say so, Madame Ouverard?" asked Lane. "He left a bad mess for me to clean up."

"Which you managed," she said sharply. "And *Curlew* sailed for her destination with a cargo of rifles and ammunition."

"Worth," Lane said dryly, "at present going rates, some hundreds of thousands of dollars."

Madame made a little grimace. "A satisfactory profit," she said. "So long as there is satisfying profit, you will find Captain Tempest valuable and trustworthy. I will come up as soon as I can get away from this crowd. Meantime you three can be discussing how we can make the ceremony of laying the *Monitor*'s keel more dramatic than Captain Ericsson expects it to be."

"But, Madame Ouverard, your niece will be present."

"That fact," said madame dryly, "had occurred to me."

TO BE CONTINUED

Surprise from the Sky (Continued from Page 29)

in years of silt and sand. All the same, she pointed gulfward and seemed to a loving eye to strain and be eager for travel.

Captain Farfield was about to speak when something else spoke instead. A large, belly-deep growl came from the shadows in the truck bed just behind the piano. The captain jumped, stiffened and clutched the sack of shrimp more firmly. From behind the piano appeared a monumental dog's head. The body, just as impressive as the head, followed at once. Captain Farfield judged, as the dog leaped into the road beside the girl and prowled toward him, that if the animal rose to its hind legs it would be a bit over his own height. He stood quite still. Large leathery nostrils snuffled at the cuffs of his pants and at the sleeves of his well-brushed pea jacket. Bronze, stern eyes inspected his face.

The girl said, "Oh! I'm so sorry. Didn't see you there. Don't mind Magnus. He's terrifically friendly. He likes you now; he just makes that summing up with everybody right away."

Indeed, Magnus's tail was moving back and forth in a wide, free path.

"He's warmhearted," went on the girl. Magnus sat down in the grass. "He's Irish. Irish wolfhound. Oh, dear." She had turned her attention again to the truck and the piano. "It skidded. The truck, I mean. There was a land gopher—you know, one of those slow-crawling turtles—in the road. I saw him at the last minute and tried to swerve. That's when I hit the stump. The land gopher's all right, I'm sure. I think the axle is busted."

Captain Farfield walked slowly around the truck. He disapproved on principle of most machinery. His frosty eyebrows went up and down on his pink forehead. He stooped and surveyed the left front wheel of the vehicle.

"Aye, she's busted. Nothing much to do now. Shame to let the piano stand there, though. My name," he said, standing, "is Sylvanus Farfield. Captain. Looks to me, ma'am, as though you'll have to get expert help to repair your truck. Even then she's going to be laid up a right long spell."

"Oh, dear, dear! My name's Molly Pitcher."

"Pleased to meet you," said the captain. "It's a famous name."

"Yes, I suppose it's because of that Revolutionary heroine. Though I don't know if my family was even related. My father was Abner Pitcher—we kept up the old Sarsonet place; it's back quite a ways. Big old house with columns and about forty rooms—well, he was the caretaker. He promised old Joseph Sarsonet when Mr. Sarsonet died that he'd keep up the house and grounds to the best of his ability. Try keeping up a place like that with no help!" The girl's eyes flashed. "Anyway, my father's dead now. He died this spring. I don't know why I'm telling you all this ——" She paused. "Except you kind of look like a person somebody can tell things to."

"Oh, I suppose I have my faults . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm honored," said the captain. The strange part of it was, it was true. Yet she'd surely disrupted all his plans for the evening and night. It was hard enough getting official permission to spend a night away from the Old Sailors' Home; the captain hated to lie, and he was also running out of the names of nonexistent friends who'd invited him for a brief visit. He'd obtained permission this time reluctantly—his feet itched to walk over the planks stretching in the long grass from the road to the deck of the schooner. But he stayed where he was, looking at this girl. "I take it the piano came from the Sarsonet mansion, Miss Pitcher."

"Yes—the house burned three days ago. Oh, well, it was time; it was nothing but a shell. I had the dog there to keep me company. Couldn't have stood it without Magnus. Now I'm taking the piano into town."

"Going to sell it?" hazarded the captain.

"Yes, captain. Sometimes ——" Her small hands clenched and unclenched. She wore a nice blue blouse and darker blue slacks. As a rule the captain didn't approve of ladies sporting pants. But in this case they seemed fitting, and the cut of her jib was neat and spanking. "Sometimes you have to sell what you don't want to."

"Pity," said Sylvanus Farfield. "I know. Sometimes you have to go where you don't want to, as well, Miss Pitcher. I live at the Old Sailors' Home, back yonder." He gestured with the sack of shrimp. "Can't say it's inspirational." He sniffed. "Takes what you might call ingenuity lately to get out, get a whiff of fresh air on your own. I reckon," he went on, "you were (*Continued on Page 84*)

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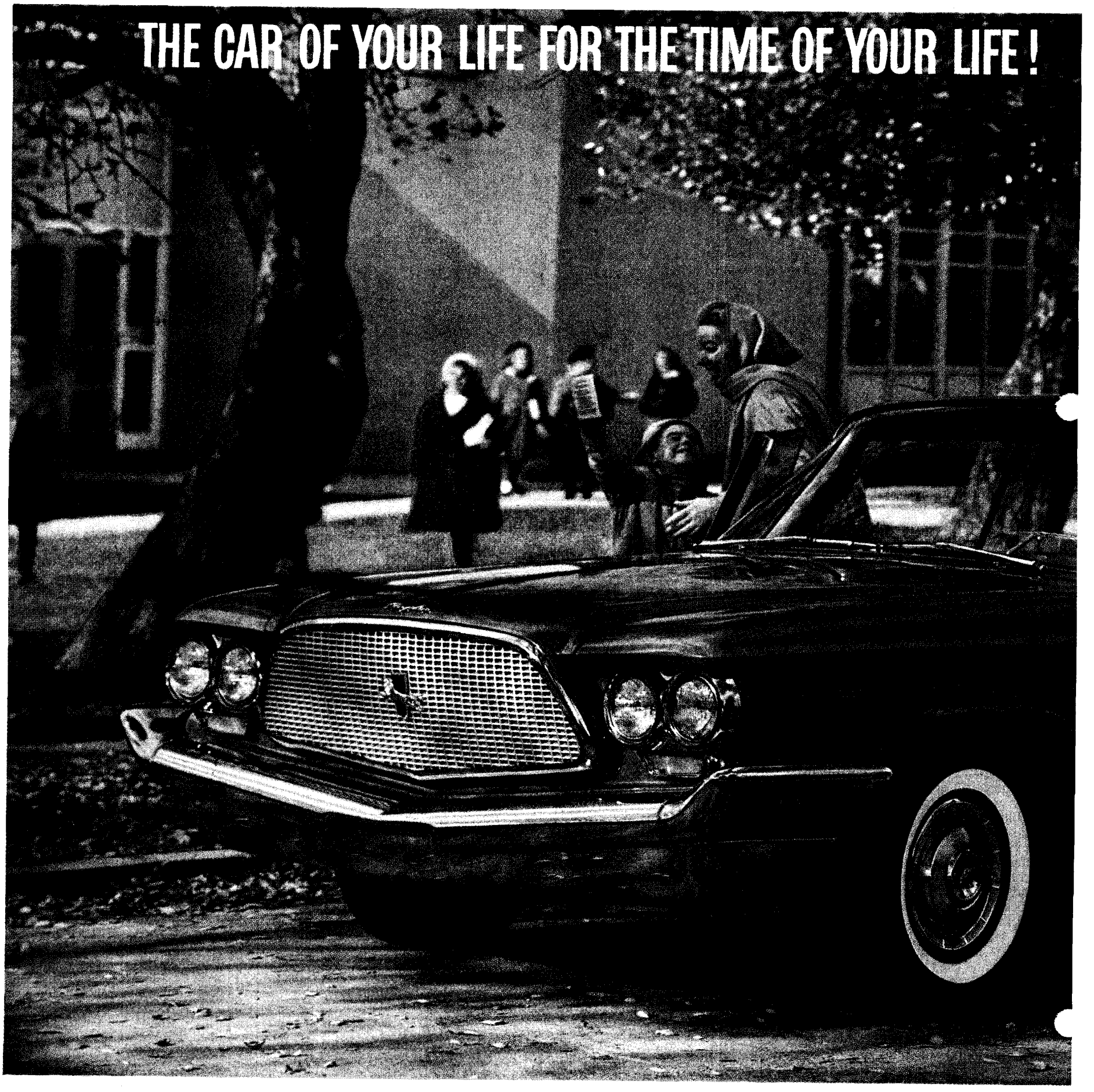

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(*Continued from Page 81*) going to cross by the Tump Bridge up yonder. Just half a mile; too bad you didn't make it."

"I could bawl!" said Molly Pitcher. "But I won't."

A pelican flapped over, headed for the gulf; the oyster shells crackled under the captain's black, highly polished old shoes as he shifted from one leg to another.

"Aye," he said. "Bawling wouldn't do a whit of good." Eyes narrowing, he regarded the truck once more—and made up his mind. "Tell you," he said. "Your buggy here's going to be no earthly good anyhow without much work. But if the engine still runs ——"

"It runs."

"You could back it up, even with that busted axle or whatever it is. I'd say you could get it far enough around—it's only a few feet—to line up the back with those planks in the grass. See?" He pointed. "They're stiff and stanch. They'll bear a big weight. Then if we can ease your piano down from the stern of the truck, there's a little incline to the deck of—" he paused and said boldly "—of *my* ship." Certainly nobody else owned it; it had been abandoned here for at least forty years. It had been in evil condition when two years back the captain had first discovered it. He took fresh breath and went on, "Once you've got it on deck, we can rig up other boards on the other side of the inlet—sort of crabsidle it and cumshaw it up on land again. Then you'll have it a good ways closer to town. Won't cost as much to haul it the rest of the way."

The girl's eyes had lighted, though there was still doubt in them. The magnificent Magnus had padded over to the inlet, where he stood watching his own reflection and a couple of toad-frogs that rested in the reeds.

"Well, Captain Farfield, it would help a lot. Trouble is ——" She licked her lips and tossed her coal-black hair. "Oh, heck. I haven't any money. Just had enough to get gas for the truck—and the truck's no good."

Captain Farfield lifted his still handsome head. "Money troubles," he said, "are things you take in stride. One port at a time when you're trading. See a chance to make a gain, make it. You're that much ahead, and the rest comes in due time."

"Yes," said Molly. "You're right! I'm just so beat-down right now I suppose I'm not thinking straight." She walked with him into the cool long grass. "Now, if I cut sharp to the left and just charge back down here ——"

"Now you're sailing," said the captain. "Now you can feel the wind take hold."

Forty minutes later the sun was about to drop out of sight; Captain Farfield was winded, but fairly triumphant as well. The small shabby truck faced the oyster-shell road and, if its front axle had been broken before, it was now wholly discouraged—it lay in two distinct pieces. He had stern doubts that the truck would ever move again. The great piano stood foursquare on deck; its burnished, delicate wood caught the shafts of last sun, burned like crimson wine. Looking at the piano, you knew it had a sweet tone; knew it had been cherished, was representative of the beauty the South had once owned—the graciousness, the fine life.

Molly Pitcher puffed and, hands on hips, looked around her. She'd managed to get a grease streak on her nose. It didn't harm her. She was a very fetching girl. She said, "It's wonderful! The way you've fixed the place up—I mean, captain, it's not going to *sail* very far—but it does feel as though it's sailing, doesn't it?" She sniffed the late evening wind. Nearly always it came up at this hour; swept along the inlet, ruffling the narrow strip of water; moving the heart toward the gulf and the great waters. The willows, lifted a little too and sighed in the touch of that breeze. Magnus lay with his chin on his paws, and his eyes glowed with the reflected sunset.

The deck was long and briskly polished. Captain Farfield smiled. "I used cleaning compound—from the Old Sailors' Home. Took quite a lot. Didn't make off with it; it was compound I'd already used there. I do some janitor work there and other things." He squinted at the length of deck. "Miss Pitcher, let me show you the galley. And the cabins. Got to get this shrimp in a pot—it'll start getting high if I don't." He led the way, she coming directly after, and Magnus getting up and following with wide tail-wags.

He opened the lock of the galley door—it was a small lock but a good one. He'd been a long time collecting all the supplies he needed here; he wasn't through yet, by a long shot. The slop shops and hock shops down along the water front were usually good places to dicker. You could get a good deal of various needed items for pennies. Which was lucky because that's all he had to spend. He got the money by judicious trading of his tobacco supply with other residents of the home.

He opened the door; the girl gasped. "Why—it's beautiful! That dear little

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Accident statistics prove that the road to Heaven is paved.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

stove—and the table and chairs—and the chart over here!"

"Earliest map of the known world," explained Captain Farfield. "Not parchment; it's a reproduction. Vasco da Gama used a map a good deal like that." He watched as she went to the galley. A line of pots and pans hung above the stove. A half cord of firewood, stacked neatly, flanked the stove. The pots and pans were polished as if they'd been holystoned. You could do a lot with common inlet sand. He looked out into the last light through the open door. "Aye; it feels as though you're sailing. I take long voyages from here. It's an old fool's fancy, I reckon. But I've been around the Horn nine times; in a roaring gale every time. I've sighted Java Head with this deck under my feet on a morning fair as the beginning of the world." He stole a glance at her from under his white caterpillar eyebrows. "Well. All foolishness, I'm sure. It doesn't look as though we can get that piano off deck and up the other bank to the town road till morning."

"No." It did him good to see that she hadn't laughed a bit at his sailing pretensions. "That's all right. I'll make out somehow. Just getting it on deck was a wonder, captain. I didn't think we could. Will you," asked Molly, "show me around the rest of the ship?"

"Aye," said Captain Farfield. "Just a second till I get our supper started. Clean water in that ten-gallon can yonder. Coffee in the jug on the shelf here."

He liked it, too, that she didn't make any fuss about saying she couldn't presume to have supper with him. He shucked his pea jacket at the same time that she discovered the apron.

"It's a marvelous galley and a grand place to work," said Molly Pitcher. "But if you labor, captain, under the assumption that I can't cook, labor no more. Where's the salt and the pepper for these shrimp?"

"Right above your head," said Captain Farfield. "Spices, too; marjoram, thyme, rosemary. I like shrimp with some flavor to them."

"Likewise," said Molly.

There was just enough light left to put in the eye of a needle when—with the shrimp bubbling on the galley stove and Magnus's broad nostrils testing that air with appreciation—they sat on deck near the piano. Captain Farfield had completed the grand tour. Showing her around had made him realize just how much he had done here in the last couple of years; it was a lot, considering he'd worked only on Saturday nights. In the course of genial events, they'd now shared with each other pertinent bits and pieces of their lives. The captain had told her a bit about his long-dead wife, Mary. Molly had told him a little of her life on the plantation. She'd wanted to be a singer; there'd never been enough money for lessons, but that hadn't stopped her from practicing.

"Those cabins," she said. She stretched her long young legs and sighed and twiddled her toes in their sandals. "They're great, Captain Farfield. I didn't know cabins on a ship could smell so clean." She reached to stroke Magnus's ears; he was staring upward, perhaps at a bird on a mast. He was making little grunting noises. The masts were the color of fog. Absolutely paintless; but stanch against the sky.

Magnus half growled again and got to his big feet.

"Quiet, sir! What ails you?"

Far in the distance from the causeway where traffic went into and out of town came a gentle steady buzz. If you looked that way you could barely make out the headlights against the darkening horizon. The captain preferred not to look that way; his eyes were fixed on the inlet in the direction of the gulf.

"He's hungry," the captain said. "Be a few more minutes, mister, till supper's ready." He turned his gaze speculatively to Magnus. "He'd make a sterling first mate. Got the muscle for it and a kind of authority."

Suddenly Magnus ran to the center of the broad deck and began barking. The belly-deep booming shocked a late flight of gulls heading down-inlet; they screamed in defiance and rose higher and higher; the very leaves of the willows seemed to shake, and there was an answering soft jingle from the depths of the massive piano.

Captain Farfield's eyes rolled upward—Magnus was barking at something up there. Not a bird, he decided now. There weren't any birds perched on the masts.

Molly scolded him; had a hand in his collar. Over his hefty voice she called, "He's never behaved like this!" And to the dog, "Sir, I'm bitterly ashamed! I am disappointed and hurt at your caterwauling! I ——"

At that moment the barking stopped. It occurred to Captain Farfield that maybe Magnus didn't have anything left to say. And as a matter of fact there was little anybody could have said right then. For in the same instant he and Molly—the dog had been slightly ahead of them in perception—discovered the same thing. There, just above the willows and floating down slowly in the very tag end of the beautiful pearl-and-rose light, came a balloon.

It was the type of balloon which Captain Farfield was sure he'd seen at state fairs and such in his extreme youth. It had a good solid (*Continued on Page 86*)

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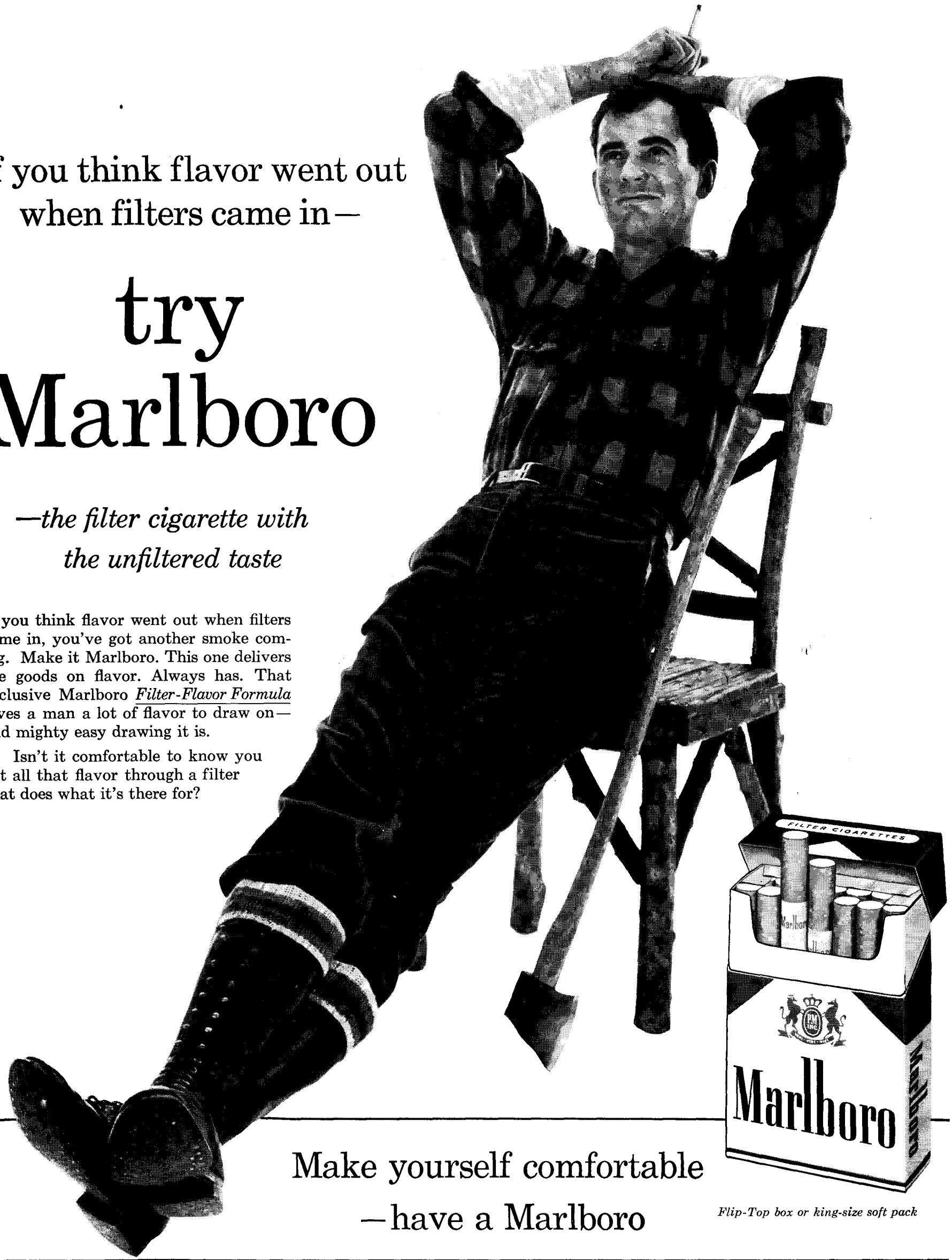

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(*Continued from Page 84*) large body—seemed to be made of some silky stuff that caught all there was of the light, and burnished it—and from it depended a small fat wicker gondola; from the rim of the gondola a face looked down at them. There was nothing truly alarming about all this. It was only the wonder of it. The balloon was drifting from the town side—the air along the inlet carried it closer and closer. Magnus made slight gargling noises in his throat. A frog, emboldened by the comparative silence now, croaked.

There were neon or some other kind of letters on the flank of the balloon. They glittered and jumped. The basket or gondola or whatever you called it—Captain Farfield knew little of air terminology—was near enough so that he could make out its occupant's face quite clearly. It was a young man's face; peculiarly untroubled. Indeed, as they watched, the young man stood up, tipped a nonexistent hat and called down, "Ahoy the ship!"

Captain Farfield's lips worked carefully. "Ahoy!" he said.

"It looks like," said the young man, "I'm coming aboard. I really didn't plan it this way. These things are whimsical." He pointed up to the balloon. "Sometimes they'll sail for days—other times they just get tired and lie down. There's not much danger," he added, as the wind died and the balloon dropped like a great feathery ball—at this point some of the lines from gondola to balloon were fouled in the top of the mast. "Not as much danger as you'd think. My worst trouble's always been from low-flying aircraft. They create a wind like fury, and you're apt to go whirling around then—makes you sick. Like a wild Ferris wheel." The gondola was well fouled; although he was trying, by shaking the ropes, to set the gondola free, he couldn't do it. The balloon shone and sparkled above that mast.

"There's nothing wrong with him that a good taxidermist couldn't fix."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The young man gave up. He had short hair except for a couple of tufts just above the ears. He wore a sport shirt and was rather lean but capably muscled. "By gosh, it's nice of you to take it this way."

"Aye," said Captain Farfield. "What other way could we take it?"

Molly laughed. "It's so—so ridiculous. You look like a penguin, standing up there!"

"That so? Glad it amuses you. Say—say!" At peril of tumbling from the gondola, he was leaning far from it. "Good Lord, what a piano! It looks like one of those made in France in the last century. Good condition too." He stood back; the gondola jigged up and down, and Captain Farfield shut his eyes, then opened them again, and everything was just the way it had been before.

"You don't resemble a penguin," the young man remarked to Molly. "For which I'm just as glad."

He'd just said it when the gondola lines parted. The balloon stayed where it was and, as far as the captain could see, would do so forever. But the basket affair shuddered; there was a twanging snap of lines; and the basket bearing the young man who liked pianos came roaring down the mast, was stopped for a juicy moment on the boom—rocked—dangled and fell the rest of the way. Since the final fall was only about four feet, the basket didn't shake the deck nearly as much as it might have.

Magnus was first to greet the balloon man as the man stepped out. This near, in rapidly fading light, he looked even younger than he had up on top; he stood quite still and let Magnus sniff him.

"Irish wolfhound," he said. "Never seen one this close up till now. Hello, friend."

Magnus approved. Molly said, "It's a miracle, you know ——" She was breathing rather hard. Her cheeks were pink.

"Introductions," said the young man. "Well. I'm Robert Carnovan. And since you also want to know what and why and where as well as who, I started out near New Orleans. Little town there, Bayou Francis. It was a doin's—county fair and barbecue combined—couple of political speeches." He brushed dust from the seat of his pants. "I used to play piano—band in New Orleans; got to be a rebel, didn't want to play what they wanted me to play—became an aeronaut." He looked up. "Hope to heck you don't mind old *Betsy*. She's shot now—long will she wave from there." Following his eyes Captain Farfield could now read the legend on the balloon. He saw, too, that it was stuck on with some kind of flitter dust that would shine brilliantly in the moonlight. It was going to be a very moony night.

The legend said: MOONDRAGON.

Robert Carnovan said, "It's a brand of flour. *Betsy* and I were advertising it. Pretty fair flour. But the point was it would have been five hundred bucks when I got back to the point of departure. . . . Say!" His nose was wrinkling. "That's shrimp and something else, or I miss my guess. Lord knows I didn't want to just drop in on you for supper ——"

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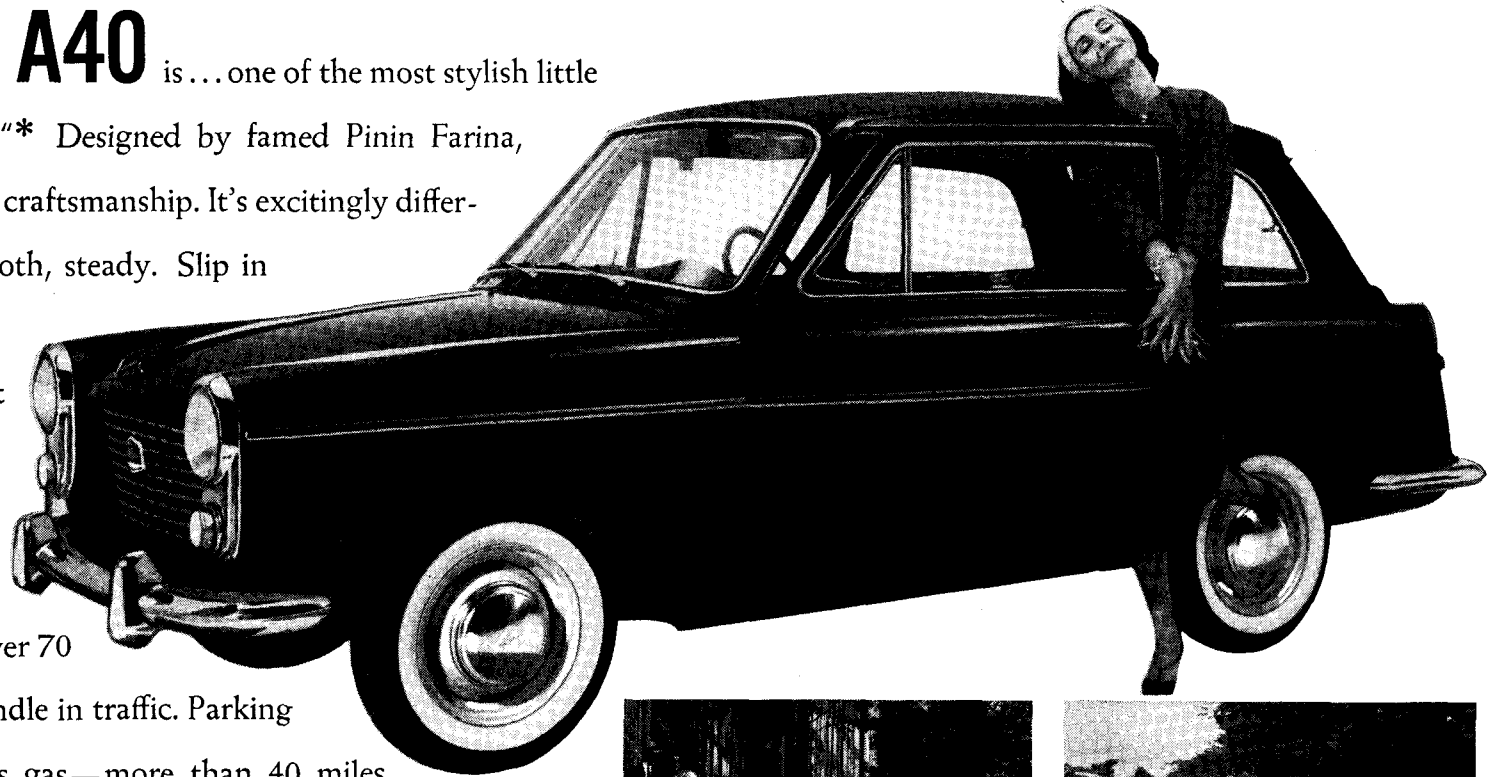

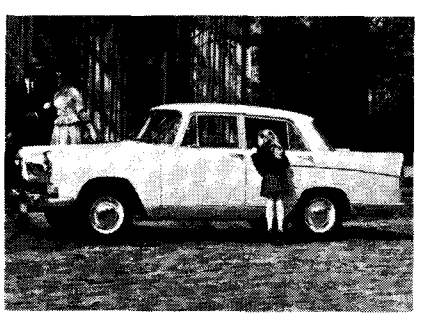

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"I'm Molly Pitcher," said Molly.

"Younger than I'd thought." He bowed. "I mean ——"

"I know." She smiled. "This is Captain Farfield. His ship. That which is now through snuffing you is Magnus."

Carnovan walked to the captain; the captain liked his grip.

"Fine trim craft," said Robert Carnovan. He had three freckles spaced at decent intervals down the bridge of his nose. "Very fine. Captain, I'm seriously sorry I came down this way—it just happened."

Captain Farfield drew a deep breath. "Aye," he said. "Nice to have you aboard."

After a second or so of pondering, he added, "We can't always count on where or what the wind bloweth. Just so it bloweth." Then: "Be proud to invite you to supper, Mr. Carnovan. . . . Miss Pitcher, if you'll lead the way to the galley? That's it, that's it, let us all go in." He was the last in the galley door; he paused and stared up at the legend on the balloon. "*Moondragon*," he said to himself. He'd never quite got around even in his imagination to naming this craft. It had a likely sound. He stepped on into the galley.

The moon rose. And with its rising the waters of the inlet became shafts of copper arrows pointing toward the gulf; the night birds began their chatter in the willows. Once in a while an owl flew from bank to bank—keeping out of the light from the three lanterns which the captain had lighted and which gave a slightly more pointed illumination to the moon-glittering deck than did the moon itself. But—a handsome moon; a moon in ten million, decided Capt. Sylvanus Farfield. He didn't know when he'd observed a better. He'd brought another chair out to the deck. Magnus lay at his feet, chin slanted across his high-buttoned old shoes. The dog's whiskers would likely put a special gloss on those shoes.

The shrimp had been excellent; Molly fooled no one about her cooking prowess. Among other things, Robert Carnovan had divulged that he'd begun his flight two days before with a peanut-butter sandwich and a bottle of soft drink. So he'd been especially appreciative of her cooking. It looked to the captain as though Robert was in most ways an appreciative man. He'd sketched in his background reasonably. The captain didn't know why people got to be musicians—it couldn't be a patch on ancient ships as a hobby—but it didn't seem a bad art either.

The noise of traffic from the causeway was a far-off simmering. The night birds and frogs made larger sounds here. The wind which had risen modestly again kept off mosquitoes; it also sighed in the willows and made water lap gently against the hull. It brought to mind, when you shut your eyes placidly for a moment, all sorts of adventurous possibilities—a night at sea, with the moon coppery and gold on the sliding waters.

He hadn't heard Robert Carnovan draw up his chair at the piano; Molly and Robert had been talking in lazy undertones for some time now, probably thinking the captain was asleep. But at the first chord and ripple of quickly following notes the captain popped open his eyes. They were masterful; he could tell that much. Magnus lifted his head; his whole big body quivered with delight. Captain Farfield watched as the dog joined Robert and sat near a corner of the piano. Robert's hands strolled up and down the keys. First he played an easy-going little ballad, with a minor strain. When it was over he dropped his hands.

Molly sighed from where she sat. "You weren't fooling," she said. "I'm happy about that. That you weren't. I never did play very well."

The captain cleared his throat. He regarded a high star. "Aye; but you told me you sang."

"Well ——"

"Nothing sounds better over water than a woman's voice," he said. "I would be obliged, Miss Pitcher."

There was a certain authority in his voice. He'd had only a tugboat to command, but even there he'd reached a certain fame for getting things done. No; it was impossible to go back in time and he'd never now command a clipper ship. But this had the proper feeling. In fact, it felt finer than he ever remembered it, here on the shining deck.

The music started slowly—went rippling along just like the inlet water. Molly started tentatively, too, but her voice was clear and round. Maybe not trained; he didn't know about that. It gained buoyancy and confidence as it soared. The song was, *Love's Old Sweet Song*. Two choruses; and the captain was just sitting up higher, beating the palms of his still tough hands together, when Robert crashed out a couple of chords in the bass, answered them with elvish responses in the treble, and put the whole glitter of the tune into jazz. At first Captain Farfield frowned, but gradually as he sat back again he found that his feet were patting.

This time Molly joined in without any fooling around. The voice was crisp, clean. It rode just half a beat in front of the melody and yet kept right on it. Robert moved into the solid background; she paused, breathless, and he swung out in an intense chorus. The piano had a marvelous voice of its own. Somehow Captain Farfield figured that the years it had been cherished might have given it that throaty yet bell-like manner. The captain didn't shut his eyes now. He stood up, stretching—gazed down at his right foot, which still, somehow, insisted on patting out the time.

Robert's chorus brought more elves to flicker through the willow leaves and to dance among the moon's ripples on the water.

Captain Farfield looked up. MOONDRAGON was blazoned from a curve of the balloon. The way the light caught the lettering made the word proud and authoritative.

He stood watching the two at the piano; the girl stood beside Robert; Robert's face shone and he nodded up at her warmly. His hands encompassed the keys, made them do whatever he wanted. *It'd be like that*, mused Captain Farfield, *if you had a clipper under full sail, bone in her teeth, aiming for the promised shores.* He couldn't pin down the exalted sensation—it was all men's striving, somehow. It was the git-up-and-go in mankind that made them not accept life just the way it was, but go seeking wonder.

From the last chorus of that song they broke into another. Robert started it. "Know this, Moll? Old, old words—Scottish." He sang the first of it; his own voice wasn't bad, but not as buoyant as hers.

Oh, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

She caught it, picked it up and fondled it, then began shining it in the soft clear air. She knew the words all right, reflected the captain; she must have spent years singing to herself, there in the old Sarsonet place—lonesome, it would have been. She'd been bound to a trust there. The trust had sweetened her voice and put the extra caring in it.

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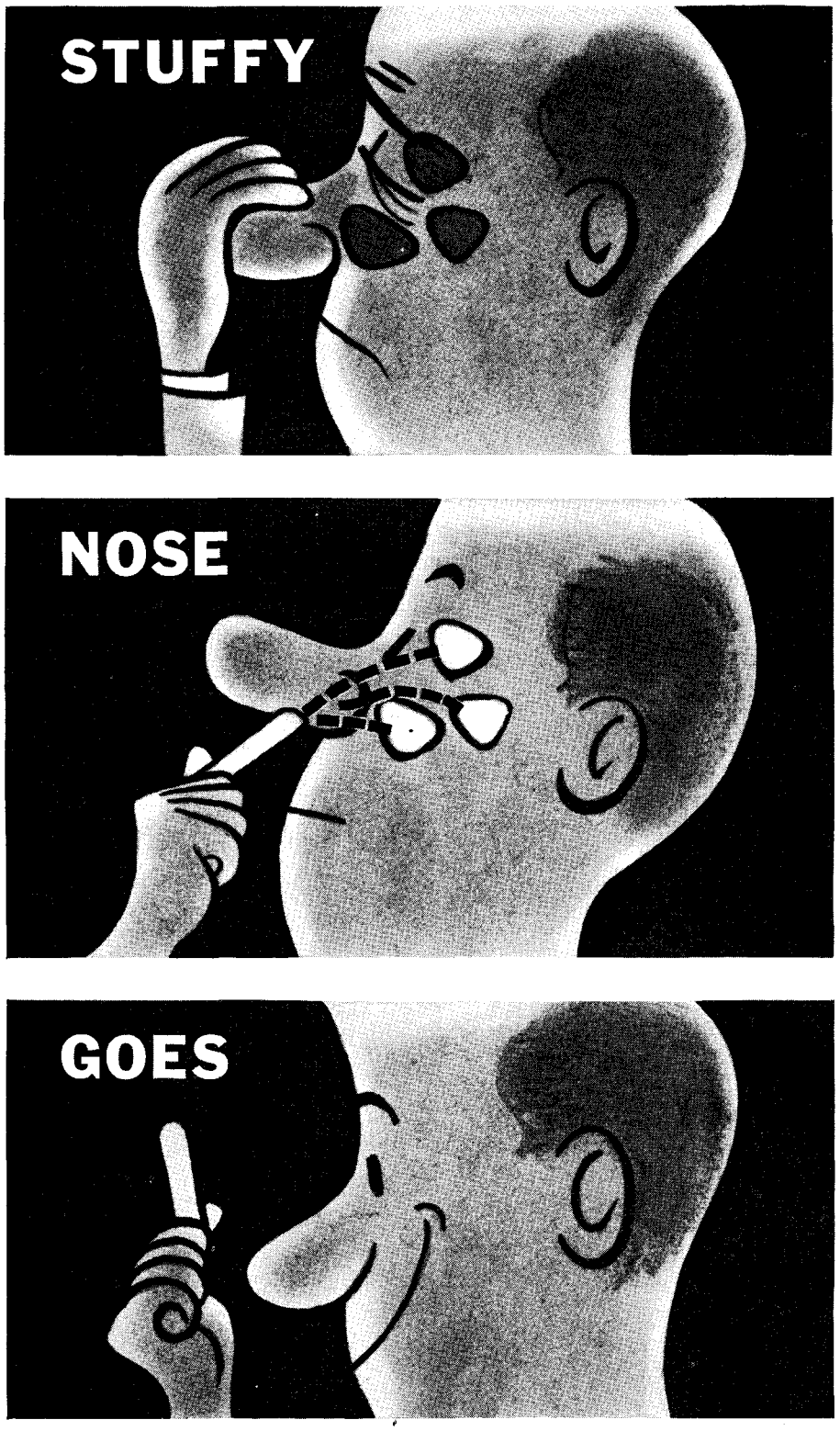

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He was still watching, the music coursing through him like an elixir of life stronger than Jamaica rum, when he heard the car pull up. Magnus heard as well; the dog was immediately out at the starboard side of the deck, challenging with big ringing barks. The captain followed Magnus and stood beside him. Molly and Robert hadn't heard at all; they were going straight on with their music.

On the oyster-shell road, which shone like white satin under the moon, the car gleamed richly. Somebody turned off its headlights. Magnus growled. "Silence, sir," said Captain Farfield; he waited. Out of the car came two couples—middle-aged; the man and woman in the lead, who came walking over the stout planks from grass to the deck, looked nice enough. The man wore black-rimmed spectacles and was digging in his trouser pocket for a billfold even as Captain Farfield stepped forward onto the planks. The man also wore a flowered sport shirt and white pants. The woman looked comfortably fat and set for a good time.

"Evening! Didn't know the place'd opened up—didn't hear anything about it. Nice idea." He jerked a thumb upward. "I mean the balloon. See it for ten miles. Nice music too. Well." He paused; his pause was inquisitive; the captain's was thick and breath-stopping. "How much, mister? I mean, whatever the cover is ——"

Behind the first couple the second couple pressed. "Looky—it's not just a fake. It's a real ship, Martha!"

"That piano man's got gold in his fingers," said Martha. "Girl's not bad either."

"Not bad? Never heard anything like it, in those joints we ——"

Captain Farfield's mind surged; sometimes in a great gale you had to think like the lightning itself. Outwit the storm; outsmart the peril.

"Dollar apiece," he heard himself saying; his voice rang with the same fiber of command it had always owned. "No drinking. Coffee served free—all you can drink. Welcome," he added as he stood back, the money crisp and warm in his palm. "Welcome aboard the *Moondragon*."

"It's wonderful of you," Molly Pitcher was saying, "to want to share the money—but it's your ship."

The moon indicated long past midnight. All the couples and individuals had gone. Many had promised with vehemence that they would return the following night. Robert, tired but glowing with the night's work, let loose a brief yawn.

"Aye; my ship." Captain Farfield looked intensely pained. "And your singing—and his playing. There'll be a fair division, I reckon, or I'll stop the whole idea right now."

Robert finished a full yawn. "He will, Molly."

"Well, then—I'll take it." She did.

"And your fair share, mister," said the captain. Robert looked down at it. "The amazing thing," he said, starting and then stifling another yawn. "Pardon—not much sleep in *Betsy*." He flicked a glance up; the balloon still rode, carrying the proud name. "Need a full night, then I'll really be set to go on tomorrow night and the next and next—the amazing thing is, we played and sang what we wanted to."

"And why not?" asked Molly, tossing her hair. "People do every once in a while—and get paid for it too. We'll have to work out a lot of arrangements."

"You," said the captain to her, "are a sleepy woman, Miss Pitcher. You'll take the port cabin. Mr. Carnovan and I'll bunk in the starboard." He scratched his chin and nodded. "Might be a mite light on provisions and so forth, at the start. But we'll stock up on them tomorrow. And I'll have to visit the Old Sailors' Home. Tell them I've taken my sailing papers and won't be troubling them any more."

Robert nodded too. "We'll go in with you," he said. "It's nice to have company. I've knocked around music places quite a bit. Sometimes there are licenses, permission you have to get ——"

"Aye; and we'll take each step there in its own good time." He looked at Robert, at Molly, at Magnus. "The dog's better than a belaying pin when it comes to keeping order," he said. "There were thirty or more people, wouldn't you say?"

He considered thirty a fair estimate; they'd all sat around like relaxed children on the deck, on the hatches. For tomorrow night chairs and perhaps tables ought to be supplied. The captain nodded to himself, remembering a cut-rate furniture warehouse near the docks. "Thirty?"

"More," Robert said. "And there'll be even more."

... ...

Each to His Taste

By Norman R. Jaffray

A mountain climb in regions high,
Where oxygen is rare,
Attracts the bold. You ask them why?
"Because it's there."

A tropic clime more suits my will:
It's low and flat and hot there.
I like a mountain better still
Because it's *not* there.

... ...

"After the first car they just kept coming." Molly yawned and murmured, "Oh! It's catching. 'Night, Bob. . . . 'Night, captain."

"Good night, Miss Pitcher," said Captain Farfield. He walked over to the piano then and gave the tarpaulin he'd found below decks a little tug. It wasn't in the best of shape, but it covered the great piano nicely. Molly's sandals ceased to sound on deck; the door to her cabin was shut. Robert stood leaning against the rail, watching the captain. Somewhere in the willows a mockingbird sang. Its voice was unlimited. It spoke of all the far places of the earth. The *Moondragon* seemed to be ghosting through the moonlight, to Masulipatam, Cathay.

"I'd say," mused the captain, "just offhand, if we got one of these spotlights and rigged her up somehow, so she'd hit the balloon even on darkish nights ——" He paused and crossed fast to Robert. "Mister," he said semisharply. Robert's eyes came open. "Mister, I order you to quarters. Plenty of bunks in that cabin—yours is already made up. You're dead on your feet, and I'll stand watch for a while." Softer, the captain said as Robert smiled from sleep and started moving, "And a thing you said—it's nice to have company. Aye; that's a truth." He watched Robert as the door of the starboard cabin shut. Magnus looked up interestedly at the captain. "Don't wait for me or stand on ceremony, mister. My first mate and I are fit for any blow."

THE END

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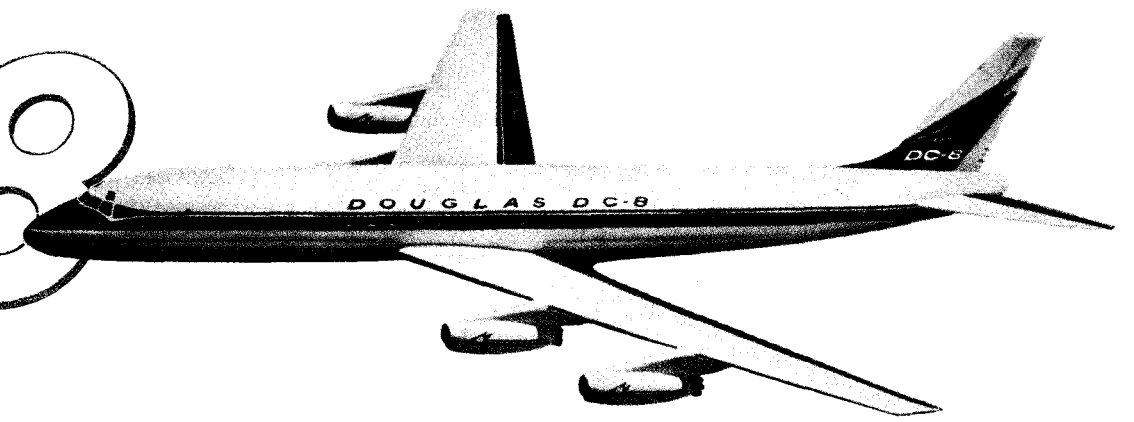

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The Shaming of Broken Horn

(Continued from Page 24)

trail forks here. What we got to decide is whether we want to go on to Oregon, like we'd planned, or change our plans and go to Californy."

As the wagon captain outlined the situation facing the emigrants, Mary studied the two American trappers curiously, for there were strange tales of these wild, rootless men. Both wore ragged, grease-stained buckskins and had an alert, almost savage look about them. To the stooped, older man, Charley Huff, she gave no more than a brief glance; but the younger man, Dave Allen, standing so tall and straight, was so handsome and had such nice gray eyes that she stared at him shamelessly.

"If we go to Oregon," Faber was saying, "we'll have to pass through Bannock country. The Bannocks are on the warpath against Americans, Broken Horn says, an' will fight us every step of the way. But if we turn south an' head fer Californy, stayin' clear of Bannock country, Broken Horn says his bucks won't pester us. That's how matters stand. Speak up, men, an' tell me how you feel."

One by one the men spoke their sentiments, while their womenfolk listened in silence. Jed whispered, "Well, Mary?"

"It's up to you, pa. It's whatever you want to do."

"It's the seedlings I'm thinkin' about. To bring a whole wagonload of 'em this far, then give up ——"

"Jed Bailey!" Faber called out. "You got anything to say?"

New England born and bred, Jed shifted his weight from one foot to the other, cocked his head at the sky as if looking for sign of rain, then said slowly, "Does it freeze in Californy, come winter?"

Tim Ramsey said no it didn't, normally. Peter Kent and the two trappers agreed. Faber let his eyes run over the crowd. "Any more questions 'fore we take a vote?"

"Get on with it!" a man shouted. "Call the roll!"

"All right." Faber took a sheet of paper out of his pocket. "Joshua Partridge."

"Here!"

"I know you're here, you blamed fool! How do you vote?"

"Californy!"

"Frank Lutcher."

"Californy!"

"Matthew Honleiker."

"Californy!"

And so it went, down through the list, until forty-nine names had been called. Now, with only one name left, the wagon captain paused, looked at Jed, then said, "Jedidiah Bailey."

Jed studied the blue sky and the far reach of parched land to the west. At last he said, "A man can't grow decent apples in country where it don't freeze."

"That ain't an answer, Jed. How do you vote?"

"Oregon."

Mary heard a murmuring run through the crowd. "Stubborn old fool. . . . Jed Bailey and his damned apple trees. . . . Let him git scalped. . . ."

Faber tallied the list. "Results of the vote. Fer Californy, forty-nine. Fer Oregon, one. Majority rules, as agreed. We'll pull out first thing in the mornin' fer Californy." He looked angrily at Jed. "Forty-nine of us, anyhow. I wash my hands of you, Jed Bailey. Meetin's adjourned."

The Bailey family walked back to their wagons in silence, Mary feeling proud of her pa, but not knowing how to put it into words. Mike went out to check on the grazing mules. Jed took a pair of wooden buckets and headed for the creek to get water for the seedlings. Mary readied supper. It being early July, dark came late and though the sun had sunk by the time she called her menfolk to supper—a good meat stew filled with fresh vegetables grown in the Fort Hall garden, baked beans sweetened with molasses, hot biscuits and dried-apple pie—there was still plenty of twilight left when they finished eating. Because she loved her pa and knew how worried he was, Mary treated him extra good.

"More pie, pa?"

"Thank you kindly, Mary, but I reckon not." He gave her a gentle smile. "You're a fine cook, girl, just like your ma was. The man that marries you will get a real prize."

"Fiddlesticks!" Mary said, but the praise pleased her just the same.

Lighting his pipe, Jed brooded into the fire while Mike got out cleaning stick, rag and oil and set to work cleaning his rifle. Busy with the dishes, Mary did not hear the visitors approach until Peter Kent said, "Good evening, Mr. Bailey. May I have a word with you?"

"Sure. What's on your mind?"

Turning around, Mary got the fright of her life, for standing an arm's reach away was that murderous-looking Indian, Broken Horn. Likely she would have screamed if she hadn't looked past him and seen Charley Huff and Dave Allen. Dave Allen was smiling at her with those nice gray eyes, and somehow she knew nothing bad could happen when he was around. But watching Broken Horn sniff animal-like at the stew simmering in the iron pot and the pie keeping warm in the open Dutch oven, she did feel a mite uneasy.

"You're set on going to Oregon, I take it," Kent said. "Do you plan to wait here until an Oregon-bound train willing to fight its way through Bannock country comes along?"

"Can't hardly do that. Ours was the last train due to leave Independence this season." A questioning look came into Jed's eyes. "You got a proposition, Mr. Kent?"

"Yes. Charley and Dave here also want to go to Oregon. I'll vouch for their reliability, if you want to hire them as guides. I've talked to Chief Broken Horn, and he's agreed—for a reasonable consideration—to let you pass through his country."

"How much?"

"One hundred dollars."

"And these gents, how much do they want?"

"Two hundred dollars—apiece."

Jed fiddled with his pipe. "That's a sight of money."

"It's a sight of a job takin' two wagons an' three greenhorns through bad Injun country," Charley grunted.

"There's one thing I must make clear," Dave said, looking first at Mary, then at Jed. "If you do hire us, you've got to do exactly as we tell you at all times."

That was a mighty bossy way for a mere guide to talk, Mary thought angrily. Finishing the dishes, she carried them to the wagon and put them away. As she turned back to the fire, her mouth flew open in horror. Chief Broken Horn, fascinated by the smell emanating from the stewpot, had lifted its lid and was plunging a dirty butcher knife into its depths. This time she did scream.

"Stop that, you heathen!"

The Indian gave no sign that he heard her. Seizing the first weapon handy—a broom leaning against the wagon wheel—she made for him. As she raised the broom to strike, Dave Allen leaped toward her and caught her wrists.

"Easy, ma'am!"

Paying no attention to the commotion, Chief Broken Horn sniffed at the piece of meat he had impaled on his knife, diagnosed it as edible and disposed of it at a single bite. Finding the sample good, he dipped his bare hand into the pot, gobbled down its contents, then, still masticating noisily, stooped and picked up the apple pie. Indignantly Mary struggled against the steel-like grip on her wrists.

"Let me go!"

The nice gray eyes weren't smiling now. "Don't you want to go to Oregon?"

"Of course I do!"

"You won't get there by beating Indian chiefs on the head with a broom. If you hit Broken Horn, he'd be so insulted he'd kill us all first chance he got!"

It was too late to save the pie anyway, so Mary let go of the broom. "All right, Mr. Allen. I won't harm your precious Indian. Now let me go."

The grin came back to his face, and he released her. "That's better." He turned to Jed. "Think you can control your daughter?"

Jed looked questioningly at Mary. Shamefaced, she dropped her gaze to the ground. She was still trembling with anger, not only at Chief Broken Horn but also at these two trappers who, to her way of thinking, were heartlessly taking advantage of her pa. Why, five hundred dollars was half of the family's lifetime savings! But this was a man's world, and it was not her place to object.

"I'll make no trouble, pa. I promise."

"That's sensible talk," Dave said. He nodded to Jed. "It's set, then. We'll pull out first thing in the morning."

West of Fort Hall the trail followed Snake River across flat, monotonous sagebrush desert, with mountains faint in the heat-hazed distance to the northwest and the green, swift-flowing river often lost deep in lava-walled canyons. Jed drove one wagon, Mary the other, except when the road got too bad, at which times Dave would tie his saddle horse to the tail gate, climb to the driver's seat and take the reins. He drove like he did everything else, with a casual skill which the mules recognized and responded to, though the stubborn brutes gave Mary all kinds of trouble.

"Good mules," he said, grinning at her as the wagon topped a particularly bad grade. "How come Jed was smart enough to use mules instead of oxen?"

"Pa is a smart man."

"What's he going to do with those seedlings?"

"Raise apples. Back home he had the finest apple orchard in the state."

"Why did you leave?"

"Ma died a year ago, and it took the heart out of pa. He got restless, hearing about the free land in Oregon and how scarce fresh fruit was out there. He kept talking about it, and I thought a change might do him good."

The wagon was on a perfectly level stretch of trail now, and there was no reason why Dave shouldn't turn the reins over to her, but he lingered. "Kind of hard on a woman, ain't it, leaving her friends and all?"

"Pa and Mike are all that matter to me."

"Most girls your age think more of catching a husband than they do of their pa and brother."

The way he put it exasperated her. "You make getting married sound like trapping."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. "I meant no offense. But judging from what I've seen of women, most of 'em do have men on their minds when they get to be your age."

"I'll bet they pestered you no end when you lived in civilized country."

"Well, they did, if you want the truth."

"Is that why you ran away and turned trapper?"

"Nope. I just wanted to see what was on the other side of the hill."

"Did you find out?"

"Sure. Another hill—with another side to it." He stopped the wagon, handed her the reins and climbed down. Mounting his horse, he said with a grin, "Don't say anything to those mules, gal. Maybe they'll think I'm still driving and won't give you no trouble."

Angrily she watched him gallop away. Then she gave the off-wheeler a lick with the whip that made him jump like he'd been scalded.

For a week they traveled west without molestation, save for the torment of heat, dust and monotony. Dave said the fact that they saw no Indians didn't mean the Indians hadn't seen them. Chief Broken Horn had ridden ahead, he said, to warn his people (*Continued on Page 94*)

Let's Face It

There's an old saying that hindsight is easier than foresight. But let's see. Here is a rear view of a person whose face you would quickly recognize. To help identify this unusual view of her, we can tell you that:

1. It was taken in 1954;
2. She never was more tense;
3. She faced a new prospect alone;
4. She made a success.

Max Brandel

CORRECT ANSWER:

Imogene Coca, just before her first television show without Sid Caesar.

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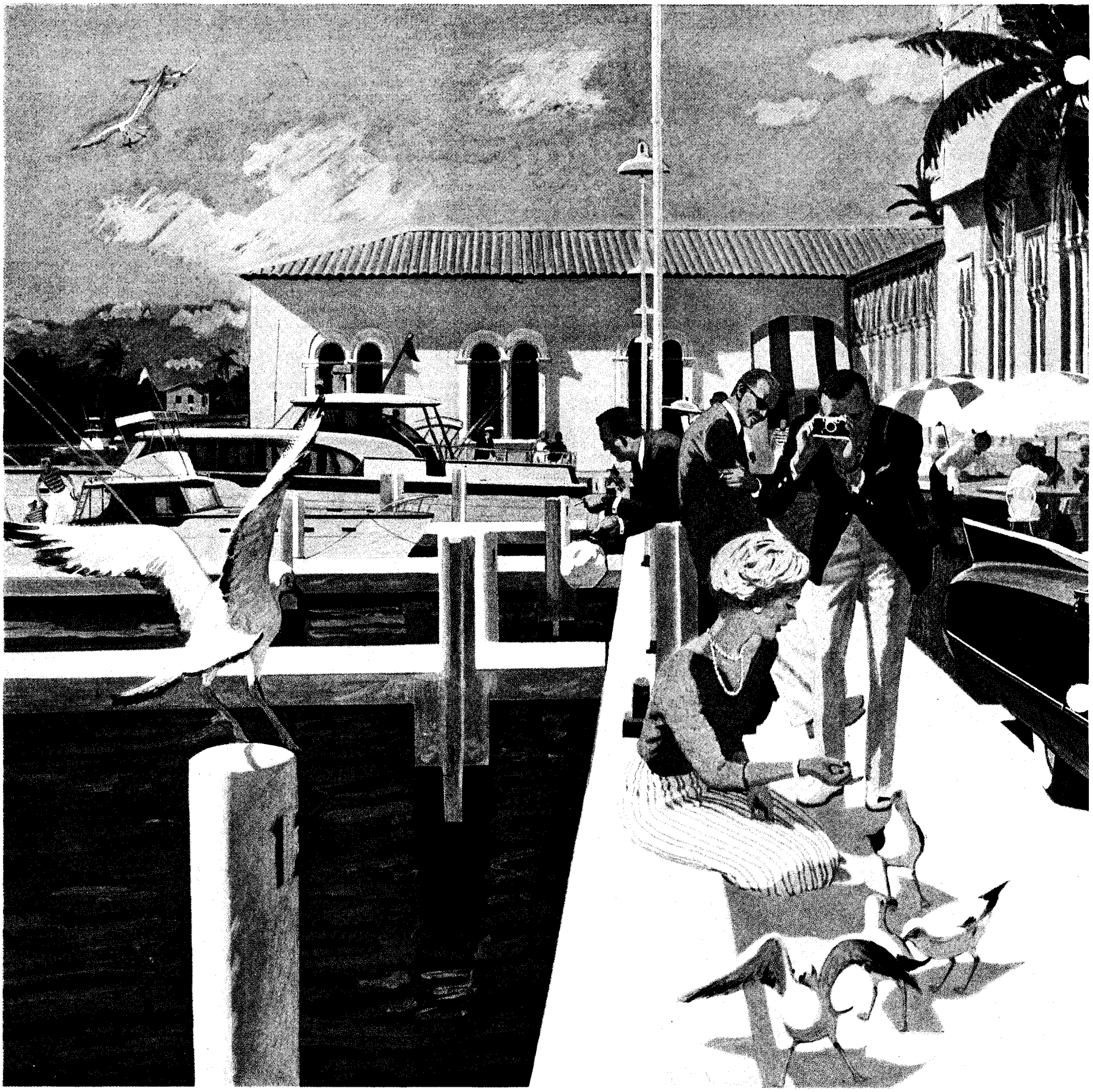

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RATHER DO THAN DREAM

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(*Continued from Page 91*) that the party of whites was coming; and scouts watching from ridge tops likely were noting the progress of the wagons.

"We won't be safe," Dave said, "till we're into the Blue Mountains. And we'll have company before we get out of Bannock country, you can bet on that. When we do, Charley and I will tell you how to behave. Make sure you listen."

The two trappers had brought along several extra horses to pack their gear, and when Charley suggested that one of the animals' load be stowed in a wagon, freeing the horse for Mike to ride and accompany him on hunts for fresh meat, the old trapper made himself a friend for life.

From dawn till dusk, Mike tagged after Charley, listening with youthful awe to Charley's rambling tales of beaver trapping, Indian fighting and wilderness adventures. Mary was aware of the relationship that existed between boy and man, but she saw no harm in it.

One evening they camped in a grassy swale bare of trees, with the river five hundred feet below. It was quite a chore lugging up water for the seedlings; and by the time it was finished, Jed was done in. He lay down on the ground with a weary sigh.

"Jehoshaphat, I'm tired! Hungry too. What's for supper, Mary?"

Mary was exhausted; the fuel was scant, and what there was of it refused to burn. "Nothing," she said shortly, "unless somebody fetches me some decent firewood."

"Mike," Jed said, "cut your sister some wood. Hustle, now!"

Charley and Mike were squatting nearby, the old trapper rambling on while the boy listened intently. Mary gave her brother a sharp look. "Mike!"

"H'm'm?"

"Did you hear your pa?"

"What'd he say?"

"He told you to fetch me some firewood."

"Aw, fetch it yourself. That's squaw work."

Mary stared at her brother. Jed sat up with a scowl. "What did you say, son?"

Mike flushed, gave Charley a sidelong glance and muttered, "Cutting firewood is squaw work. Ain't it, Charley?"

"Why, yeah, boy," Charley answered, scratching his ribs. "Amongst Injuns, that's how it is. The buck kills the game an' brings it home, an' his squaw skins an' cooks it."

Dave, who had just strolled up, looked at Mike and said, "Don't believe everything Charley tells you, son."

"But Charley knows all about squaws!" Mike said indignantly. "He's had dozens of 'em! . . . Haven't you, Charley?"

"Wal, not dozens ——"

Mary put her hands on her hips. "I never heard the like! Stuffing a boy full of awful stories!"

"Mike, fetch Mary some wood," Dave said firmly. "Jump, now! . . . Charley, you help him."

Charley looked hurt. "Me? Me fetch wood?"

"If you want to eat, you'd better."

After supper, Mary strolled off into the twilight and sat down on a boulder overlooking the whispering river. Though she'd promised her pa she'd make no trouble, the chore of feeding four hungry, ungrateful men three times a day was getting on her nerves; and she knew if she had to listen to any more of their idle chatter, she'd likely bust loose and say something she'd regret. Hearing a quiet step behind her, she looked around. Dave had followed her.

"Nice night."

"Yes."

"You'd ought not to wander away from camp alone. Some Injun might see you and pack you home with him."

"Just let one try."

Sitting down beside her, he lighted his pipe. "Charley don't mean no harm. He just likes to tell big windies."

"Has he had many squaws?"

"Two or three."

"Did he—marry them?"

"Bought 'em."

She stared at him, not sure whether he was teasing her or telling the blunt truth. Deciding he was telling the truth, she exclaimed, "Do you mean to say Indian women are bought and sold like—like horses?"

"Sure. A man picks out a squaw he wants, dickers with her pa and settles on a price. Some come higher than others, naturally. You take a young, healthy woman that's a good cook, she'll cost a man a sight more than a run-of-the-mill squaw would."

"What if she doesn't like the man that buys her? What if she refuses to live with him?"

"Why, he beats her. That generally makes her behave."

"I think that's horrible!"

His eyes were twinkling, and now the suspicion came to her that he hadn't been telling the truth. She was dying to ask him if he'd ever owned any squaws, but blessed if she'd give him a chance to tease her further. Grinning, he held out his hand and helped her up. "Come on, you'd better get back to camp. You're too good a cook to lose."

The Bannocks appeared while they were nooning next day. Seeing the squaws and children in the band, Dave said their intentions likely were peaceable, for Indians didn't take their families along when they had war in mind. But watching the savages set up their tepees a quarter of a mile down the valley, Mary felt uneasy.

Chief Broken Horn, accompanied by half a dozen of the leaders of the tribe, rode into camp presently. Broken Horn made a long speech, emphasized by many dramatic gestures. The gist of it was, Dave said, that Broken Horn considered himself quite a great man. Had he not made forty-nine wagons turn aside from the Oregon trail because the American emigrants feared him? Was it not only through his generosity and by his consent that this small party was being permitted to cross his lands after paying the toll he demanded?

"Can't say as I like that kind of talk," Jed muttered.

"Let him brag," Dave said. "It don't hurt us a bit."

When the chief finished his speech, Dave frowned, then came over to Mary and said, "We're going to have company for supper."

"Chief Broken Horn?"

"Yeah. He and six of his headmen. You're to fix them a big feed, he says, with lots of stew and pie like you cooked for him back at Fort Hall."

"I didn't cook anything for him! He stole that food, and you know it."

"Well, he tells it different. Anyhow he seems to like your cooking and wants more of it."

"Do you mean to tell me I've got to feed seven of those heathen?"

"Afraid so. He says when he eats well, his dreams are good. He says if his dreams are good tonight, he'll let us go on in peace. But if his dreams are bad ——"

"Now, look here!" Jed cut in angrily. "The old thief made a bargain and he's got to stick to it, good dreams or bad!"

"We've got to humor him," Dave said, shaking his head. He looked at Mary. "Can you do it? Can you rustle up enough stew and pie to make them happy?"

Mary was tired and she was scared, but most of all, right now, she was mad. Seemed like all she'd done since she'd left home was cater to men, cooking for them, washing for them, mending for them. She hadn't minded doing those chores for her own family because that was her job. But if this were a man's land, why didn't the men out here act like men? Why had Harlan Faber and the other men back at Fort Hall let an arrogant old Indian turn them aside from their original destination? Why didn't Charley and Dave make Chief Broken Horn live up to his promise with no nonsense about dreams?

"All right," she said wearily. "I'll feed them. But you'll all have to help me."

Charley and Mike had killed an antelope and two deer the evening before, so meat was no problem. There was still half a barrel of dried apples left in the wagon, plenty of beans, sugar and flour, fifty pounds of potatoes she'd bought at Fort Hall, and a few carefully hoarded onions, carrots and dried peas. While Charley chopped wood and Dave carried water, she had Mike stretch a large square of canvas on the ground beside one of the wagons—on this her guests would sit. Brushing aside her pa's objections that it was casting pearls before swine, she made him dig out the family's best china, silverware, glasses, pitcher and a white linen tablecloth, which she laid and set on the canvas ground cloth. Except for the fact that her banquet table had no legs, it looked as attractive as any she'd ever set back home.

How much food could a hungry Indian eat? She made a liberal estimate of what a normal man with a healthy appetite could do away with at one sitting and tripled it, just to be on the safe side. She took special care that there should be more apple pie than her guests could possibly consume.

After putting a quantity of dried apples to soak for several hours, she prepared two dozen pie shells. When the apples had soaked sufficiently, she filled the shells, covered them with thin strips of dough, coated them with brown sugar and baked them until they were almost done. One of her most precious culinary treasures was a square tin of grated cheese flakes, which time and the dry western air had long since drawn all moisture from, but which, when sprinkled generously over the top of an apple pie and heated for a few minutes, melted and blended with the sugar to give the pie a delightful flavor. The tin was kept in a wooden chest in the wagon, along with her spices, extracts and family medical supplies. She asked Mike to get it for her.

Climbing into the wagon, he rummaged around, then called, "Is it the red tin?"

"No, the blue one. Hurry, Mike!"

He clambered out of the wagon and handed her the tin. Taking a tablespoon, she hurriedly ladled a liberal layer of powdery flakes over the top of each pie, set them back in the Dutch ovens to bake and turned her attention to other tasks. Some minutes later she was exasperated to find Mike, whom she had told to return the tin to the chest, curiously staring down at what remained of its contents.

"Mike, will you please quit dawdling and put that away?"

"How come you sprinkled this stuff on the pies?"

"Because it's cheese, you idiot!"

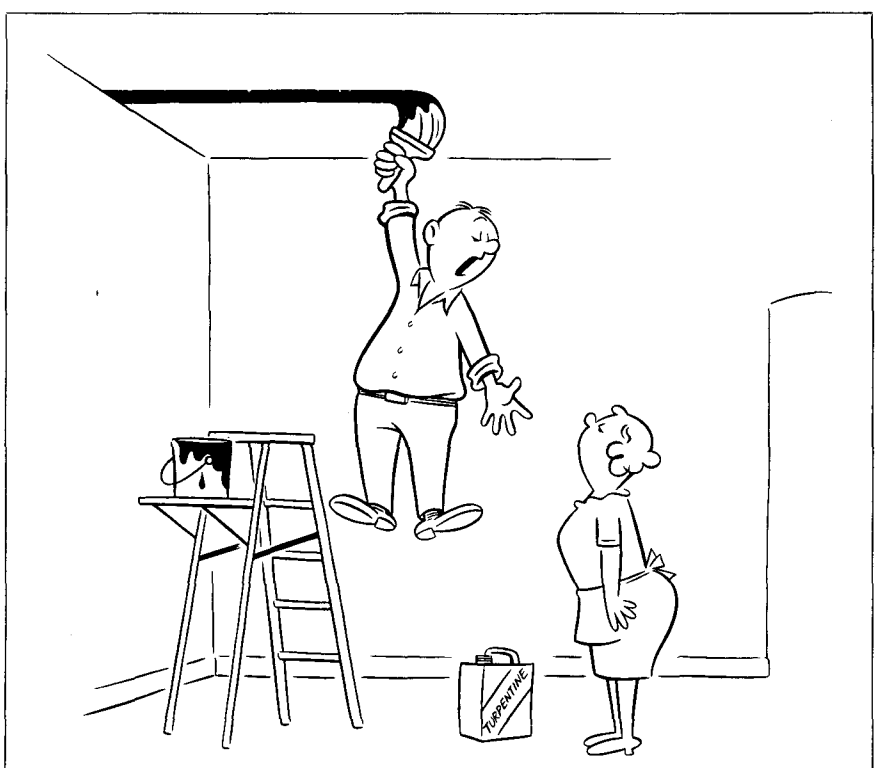
"Don't smell like cheese." He dipped finger and thumb into the tin, took a tiny pinch, sampled it. "Don't taste like cheese either."

She stared at the tin in horror. It wasn't blue. It was green. And pasted on its side was a faded label. She read it and suddenly felt faint. "Oh, my goodness!"

She ran to one of the Dutch ovens, opened it and snatched out a pie. Heedless of scorched fingers, she tried a tiny sample of the browned, delicious-looking crust. Mike did the same. He made a face.

"You going to feed these pies to the Indians?"

She closed her eyes and tried to think. The stuff wouldn't kill them, of that she was sure. It was too late to bake more pies, certainly, for even now the guests were arriving. Dressed in their finest, followed at a respectful distance by a horde of curious squaws, children and uninvited braves, Chief Broken Horn and his subchiefs had dismounted from their horses and were walking into camp. Worn-out and nerve-ragged after her long afternoon of work, Mary felt like dropping to the ground and giving way to



"Hand me the turps."

GEORGE GATELY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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tears. Instead she got mad. She got so mad that she didn't care a hang what happened, just so long as those pies didn't go to waste. Opening her eyes, she gave her brother a grim look.

"I certainly am. Get me the sugar, Mike. Indians will eat anything if it's sweet enough."

Judging from the amount of food consumed and the rapidity with which it vanished, the feast was a huge success. The Indians were vastly fascinated by the plates, dishes and silverware, though they used their bare hands more than they did the knives, forks and spoons. The cold tea, liberally sugared, was a great hit, too, disappearing as fast as Mike could fill the glasses. And the pie brought forth approving grunts from all.

Mary had given her own menfolk strict orders not to partake of the pie, telling them that she feared there might not be enough to go round; but as the Indians one by one lapsed into glassy-eyed satiety, with half a dozen still uneaten pies before them, Dave gazed longingly at the beautiful creation on the tablecloth between himself and Chief Broken Horn. He smiled up at Mary.

"Sure does look like fine pie. Can't I have a piece?"

"No," Mary said sharply.

"Not even a little one?" he persisted, picking up the pie. "Why, if you knew how long it's been since I tasted ——"

"I said 'no.'" Mary cut in, rudely snatching the pie out of his hand. Pretending that she'd done it for the sake of her guests, she turned to Chief Broken Horn and smiled. "More pie, Mr. Broken Horn?"

The Indian made a sign indicating he was full up to his chin. As he looked her over from head to toe, a greedy, acquisitive light came into his black eyes. He turned and grunted something to Dave. Dave laughed and winked at Mary.

"He says you're a better cook than his own squaw is."

"That's very kind of him."

"He wants to know if your pa will sell you. He says he'd pay a fancy price."

Mary was too tired to have much of a sense of humor right then. From the way Jed's face froze, he wasn't in a joking mood either. "I won't stand for that kind of talk in front of Mary."

"He didn't mean it as an insult," Dave said. "He meant it as a ——"

Chief Broken Horn showed exactly how he had meant it by reaching up, seizing Mary's left wrist and pulling her toward him. Livid-faced, Jed leaped to his feet. Dave swore and reached for the pistol in his belt. Charley drew his knife. Mike ran and grabbed up his rifle. But Mary was too angry to wait for help from her menfolk. Quick as a wink, she drew back her right arm and plastered Chief Broken Horn full in the face with the apple pie.

For a moment there wasn't a sound. The Indians were all staring at their chief, who lay flat on his back—pawing pie out of his eyes, kicking his heels in the air in a most unchieftainlike manner.

Getting his feet under him, Chief Broken Horn gave Mary a stunned, horrified glance, then wheeled and ran for his horse as if all the hounds of hell were after him. The other Indians wasted no time in following.

Mary took a long, deep breath. Turning to look at Jed, she said in a voice filled with shame, "I'm sorry, pa."

"Don't be," Dave said, and his nice gray eyes were hard as flint. "If you hadn't done what you did, I'd have killed him where he sat."

A body does queer things in time of stress. Suddenly becoming aware of the way her (*Continued on Page 97*)

Come Leeward, Come Windward

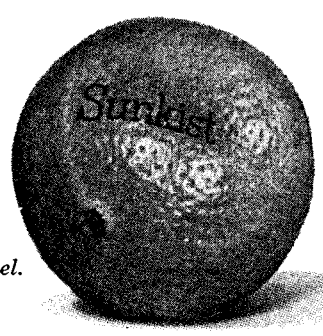
By Jane Herrick Tenny

Long before my father's
father
Tuned the cabin's smoke-
black rafter,
Left the challenge of his
birth cry standing tall,
Some dark giver, primed
with laughter,
Breathed upon us, and
thereafter
We were born his kith and
kin; we know his call.

Come, cajoling, at my
window
Whistle in the wind-bent
willow,
I must answer, rise and go,
though I would stay.
Wander-god of hill and
billow,
You will come to shake my
pillow
And however deep my roots
I must obey.

No artificial color added.
Just colored by nature... inside and out.

Only the fresh orange gives you all the natural vitamin C plus 50 other health builders* in the fruit. The "meat" of an orange is the main source of many of these health values. In fact, fresh **Sunkist® Oranges** give your family 3 times more of the important protopectins and bio-flavonoids than frozen orange juice. Eat whole fresh oranges...drink whole fresh orange juice.



The navel means no seeds, easy to peel.

The name Sunkist is your guarantee of the finest oranges from California-Arizona. Always look for this stamp of protection right on the skin of the fruit. Accept only Sunkist when you want the best.

*In addition to vitamin C, protopectins and bio-flavonoids, fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family calcium, vitamin A, inositol, thiamin, iron, biotin and 42 other known health builders.

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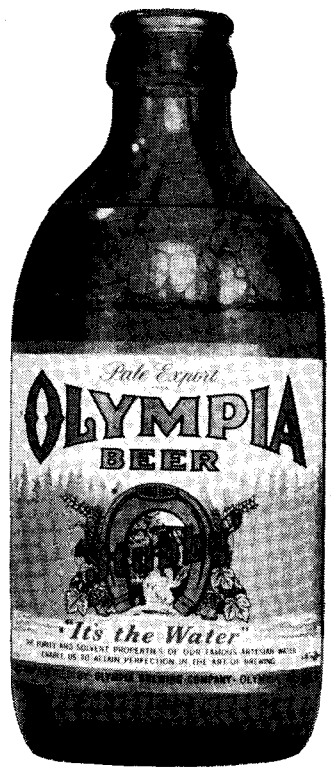
At one time Olympia tried to meet the growing popularity of its distinctive light beer by establishing other breweries at other cities in the West. We matched every skill and ingredient, *except one:* the rare, naturally perfect brewing water from our deep artesian wells at Tumwater. Without this one priceless ingredient we were never able to perfectly match the distinctive good taste and consistent quality of the original light Olympia Beer.

Thus, adhering to the sound founding philosophy of "Quality First, Quantity Next," *all* brewing of Olympia Beer was returned to the site of our famous wells. Ever-expanding and more modern facilities were developed through the years to enable us to achieve quantity while guarding the quality standards set three generations ago.

This combination—a water of remarkable consistency and a founder with extraordinary wisdom—has brought Olympia fame. Today this light, refreshing beer is favored for its reliable good taste by millions of discriminating Westerners.

***"It's the Water"**



Visitors are always welcome at the home of "America's Original Light Table Beer," Olympia Brewing Company, Olympia, Washington, U.S.A., 8:00 to 4:30 every day. *Oly *®

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(*Continued from Page 95*) menfolk were staring at her, their weapons in their hands, their eyes filled with amazement, relief and admiration, she began to laugh. She laughed till tears ran out of her eyes, but for the life of her she couldn't stop. Dave put an arm around her shoulders and said gently, "Easy, Mary—easy."

She sighed and quietly fainted.

As dark came on and the fires burned low, they sat huddled together, their backs against a wagon for safety's sake, listening to the drums in the Indian village. Mary was frightened now, but looking around, seeing the grim looks on the faces of her menfolk as they balanced their rifles across their knees, she was sure of one thing—her men would act like men if the need arose, and she was proud of them all.

"What do you think they'll do?" Jed said.

"Hard to tell," Dave answered. "Broken Horn has lost considerable face, being made a fool of by a woman in public. If there's going to be an attack, it will likely come at dawn. He'll spend the night stirring up the young bucks. The war drums are going already."

Charley, who had been listening intently to the sounds coming from the village, interrupted, "Quiet, boy!"

"What's the matter?"

"Them drums. They don't sound like war drums to me. Sound more like medicine drums."

"What's the difference?" Mary asked.

Patiently Dave explained that when Bannocks prepared for battle, the drums were pounded in one fashion; but when there was sickness in the tribe and the medicine man was called in to recite his chants and attempt to heal the ill person, the drums were beaten in another manner. "But Charley's wrong," he added. "Chief Broken Horn isn't going to let his medicine man fool around curing sick people tonight."

"Maybe he's sick. Eating all that food ——"

"He's got the stomach of a wolf. No, they're war drums, no question about that," Dave insisted.

In the faint glow of the dying fires Mary saw a bulky figure appear on the far side of camp. Dave called out a challenge in the Bannock tongue and was quickly answered by an Indian woman. He told her to approach the wagon, and she did so—her hesitant pace showing how frightened she was. She was fat, wrinkled and middle-aged. Dave asked her who she was and what she wanted. As she spoke, he translated.

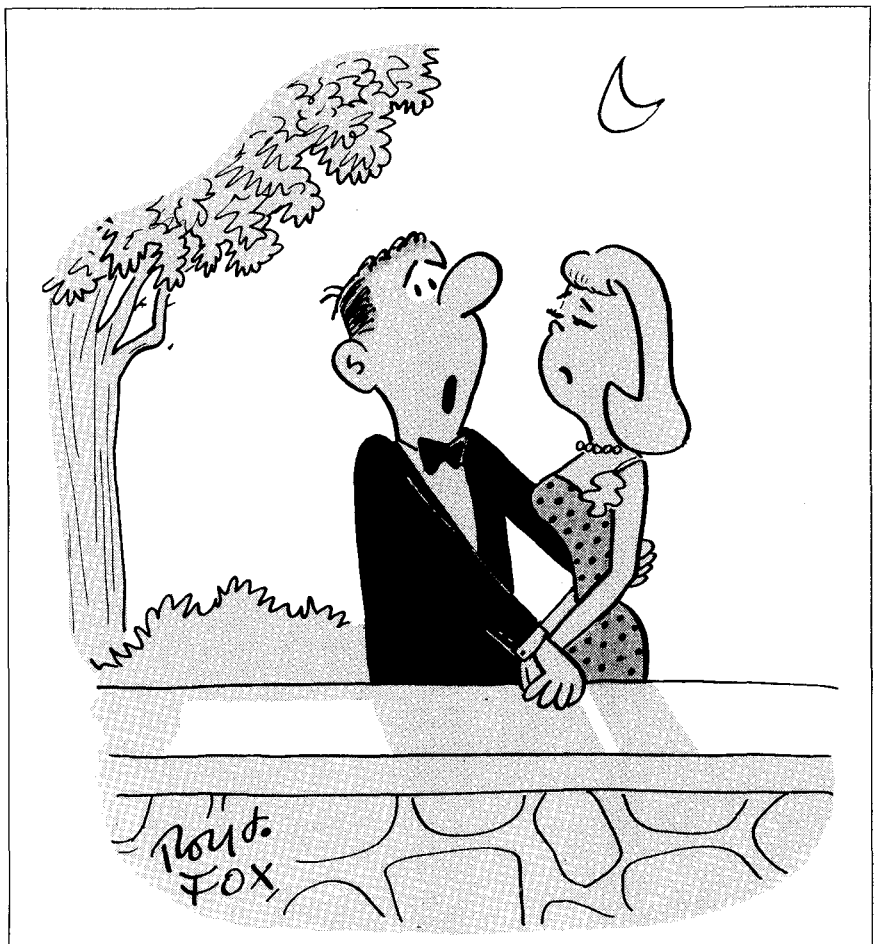
"She says she's Broken Horn's squaw."

"Is he going to attack?" Jed said.

"She says no."

"So he's going to stick to his bargain after all?"

"But the young bucks might, she says, if they can work up nerve enough. They're arguing it out now."



"Was it Keats who said—no, it was Shelley—
no, Keats—or was it Walt Whitman?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can't he keep them in line?"

Mary saw Dave frown as the squaw spoke. "She says he ain't interested in anything right now except the mess of bad spirits that have crawled into his belly. She says he's sick as a dog—and so are all the other chiefs that ate with us." Dave turned and gave Mary a sharp look. "She thinks you poisoned 'em."

"I didn't!"

"How come they all took sick, then?"

Mary flushed. "Maybe it was the beans and all that cold tea they drank."

"It was the apple pie, wasn't it? You wouldn't let us eat any of it, but you made sure they stuffed themselves with it. What did you put in that pie, Mary?"

Defiantly Mary looked at Dave. "Epsom salts."

"What?"

"It won't hurt them. In fact, they made such pigs of themselves, it might even do them some good. Why, I wouldn't be surprised but what they all dream real nice dreams—when they finally get to sleep. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

Dave looked shaken. In fact, all her menfolk were staring at her, awe and respect in their eyes. Suddenly the squaw started gabbling furiously, pointing an accusing finger at Mary. Dave listened for a time, then he silenced her with a gesture.

"She says either you poisoned her man or cast an evil spell on him because he grabbed hold of you. Whichever it was you did, she's begging you to make him well. What shall I tell her?"

Mary smiled. "Tell her I cast a spell."

"Now, look here!"

"Tell her, please. Tell her that all white women have the power to cast spells over men when they get angry with them."

Reluctantly Dave spoke to the Indian woman. Her black eyes grew wide with fright as she stared at Mary, then she grunted a question. Dave said, "She wants to know how long the spell will last."

"Tell her two days. Tell her if her husband and the other sick chiefs lie quietly for two days and nights, thinking nothing but peaceful thoughts, they will get well. But if they let their people attack us, they will die."

An admiring grin spread over Dave's face. "Now why didn't I think of that?"

As he spoke to the squaw, Mary saw the frightened look fade from the woman's face. The squaw nodded vigorously, turned to go, hesitated; then shyly walked up to Mary, touched Mary's breast, then her own, grunted something and ran off into the darkness. Mary looked at Dave.

"What did that mean?"

Dave didn't answer for a moment. Then, an uneasy light coming into his nice gray eyes, as if he were looking into the future, he answered, "She says you know how to handle men and she's glad you hit her husband with that pie. She's been wanting to sock the old fool for years."

I Saw What Makes Communism Work (Continued from Page 40)

well received. I am confident that Evans could have been elected mayor by acclamation at all the villages which he was moved to address.

Once in a long while, to be sure, some character with "cop" written all over him would show up, and the crowd would disperse with a "Who, me?" expression on everybody's face. But that happened very rarely—the secret police are concentrated in the larger towns. And there was something oddly moving in the repeated discovery that we were so well liked in these Communist countries just because we were Americans—a discovery rarely made by Americans traveling abroad in recent years.

The reasons Americans are liked in Eastern Europe are not entirely rational reasons—indeed, especially in Hungary, there are wholly rational reasons for disliking Americans. But we Americans are liked all the same, even in Hungary, and essentially because we are not Russians. To put it another way we are, in a symbolic sense, everything the Russians are not, and that is sufficient reason to love us.

Almost anywhere in Eastern Europe it is easy enough to see why the people of the Soviet satellite countries like Americans because they are not Russians. On the long drives I sometimes amused myself with a little game. British left-wing intellectuals are fond of complaining that Britain has been transformed into a mere colony of the United States; that the vulgar and repugnant "American way of life" has been imposed on Britain by economic pressure and *force majeure*. My game was to imagine that the United States had actually had both the desire and the power to impose its way of life on Britain, in the same way that Russia has imposed its way of life on the countries of Eastern Europe. What would Britain be like then?

In the first place, of course, a British president, a faithful stooge of the American Government, would have replaced both the sovereign and the prime minister. The American ambassador would be accorded pride of place at any gathering, and the British president would consult him before any important move. All American political customs would be dutifully reproduced, right down to whistle-stopping and "spontaneous demonstrations" for presidential candidates, just as such Russian customs as wall newspapers and rhythmic clapping are reproduced in the satellites. British schools would teach precisely what American schools teach—with, of course, special emphasis on American history, of which even highly educated Britons are smugly ignorant. And American domination of Britain would be publicly advertised in all sorts of other remarkably unsubtle ways.

British factories, for example, would be named The George Washington Steel Works or The Warren Gamaliel Harding Textile Factory, and they would display such signs as: WE GIVE THANKS TO THE GREAT UNITED STATES FOR THIS FACTORY. Along the roadside would be other signs: LONG LIVE THE GREAT AMERICAN REPUBLICAN PARTY, or OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE UNITED STATES IS AS NECESSARY TO US AS THE AIR WE BREATHE.

As I say, the thought gave me a certain wry amusement—the more so because the British intellectuals who complain of Americanization are the very same people who are always ready to justify the total Soviet domination of half of Europe as motivated wholly by quite reasonable considerations of self-defense. Even so, the analogy seems to me to have a certain real political meaning. For suppose it were true. What then?

The question almost answers itself. There would, no doubt, be some Britons ready to make the best of the situation, or even to profit by it. But the vast majority would detest all Americans and all America's stooges. And however powerful, ruthless and determined we Americans might be, and however feeble and necessitous the British, in one way or another in the long reach of history—by blood and terror or by the slow erosion of time—the attempt to remake Britain totally in the American image would fail.

That suggests one of the conclusions which I carried away with me after seven weeks in the Soviet Union's European empire. It is not so much a conclusion, really, as an instinct, a presumptuous attempt to smell the shape of unwritten history. In the long run—perhaps the very long run—the Soviet attempt to impose a

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Chinese copy of the Soviet way of life on half of Europe will fail. It will fail because, for historical and geographic reasons, it cannot in the end succeed.

Eastern Europe, to be sure, is not Britain. But it is stupid to suppose that only Anglo-Saxons love freedom—or love, if you will, the right to make a mess of things in their own way. The countries which the Soviet Union now dominates so totally have their own languages and their own long histories and proud traditions, and they comprise a vast land area and a population more than double Britain's. You only begin really to understand how huge a hunk of Europe the Soviets have bitten off when you drive the whole, long, long route, hour after hour at the wheel, through snow-capped mountains and over seemingly endless plains. And that is the best way also to understand the extent of the attempted Russification of Eastern Europe and the depth of the instinctive resistance to it.

"Russification" is the right word, too—it is more than Communization. For it is not simply Communism, but the Russian version of Communism, which Russia has imposed by force on Eastern Europe. Russian Communism grew out of Russia's unique historical situation, and it has hardly more than a nodding acquaintance with the Communism of Marx and Engels.

Take, for example, the collective and state farms—the *kolkhozi* and the *sovkhozi*. The idea of communal farming is much older than Marx, of course. But the *kolkhozi* and *sovkhozi* in their present form were invented by Stalin in the early '30's and used by him in his drive to liquidate the independent peasantry—5,000,000 peasants died in the process—and lay the basis for a powerful industrial state. Thus the collectives and state farms came into being for uniquely Russian and grimly Stalinist reasons. But they have been reproduced in Eastern Europe in the most incredibly faithful detail, right down to the shade of red which decorates the faded photographs of the Stakhanovite farm workers who have "surpassed the norm" by raising extra pigs or growing more corn. As for the corn, it is now grown all over Eastern Europe because of Nikita Khrushchev's well-known passion for corn. Khrushchev is called "*Kukuruznik*," or "Corny Khrushchev," in the Soviet Union.

The factories in Eastern Europe are precise copies of Russian factories, right down to the hortatory signs on the walls; the schools and universities are faithful reproductions of Soviet schools and universities, and the papers, of course, are mere rehashes of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. However, I was puzzled by the fact that I met a good many seemingly able newspapermen in Eastern Europe—for having such talent, why should they prostitute themselves? The only "deviations"—as any divergences from the Soviet model are called—occur in Poland, thanks to Poland's controlled revolution of 1956. For example, a school of nonobjective art has been allowed to flourish in Poland, whereas in the other satellites only the hideous "socialist realism" as practiced in the U.S.S.R. is permitted. The Polish intellectuals are intensely proud of this show of independence. But is it not extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that the Russians should seriously attempt to dominate the life of half of Europe to the point of dictating how pigment should be placed on canvas?

The attempted Russification has generated a passive but strong resistance, as the invasion of a virus generates antibodies in the human frame. There is, for example, a certain logic in some form of co-operative or collective agricultural effort in Eastern Europe, where the small peasant plots cannot support the capital investment required for efficient farming. But wherever the peasants have been given a chance to leave the collectives, as in Poland and Yugoslavia, they have deserted en masse, and they bitterly resist any co-operative effort at all, like the "farm circles" in Poland, as a mere mask for a return to collectives on the Russian model.

I visited one of the very few collectives left in Poland, about an hour's drive out of Warsaw, and I listened patiently while the Communist chairman of the collective spoke eloquently and at length on the glories of the collective system. Then I asked the obvious question: If the system was so good, why had almost all the peasants left the collectives? This seemed to rock him back on his heels a bit, and he scratched his head reflectively for a full minute.

"I must be candid with you," he said. "If the system had come from Scandinavia, for example, I think the peasants would have flocked to join. But, of course, it came from the East ——" He nodded his head in the direction of Russia, and shrugged his shoulders, and everybody laughed. This, mind you, from a Communist Party member.

This strong, if passive, resistance to the Soviet swallowing-up process is one side of the coin. The other side is the magnetic attraction of all things Western, and especially all things American.

The attraction, it must be admitted, is by no means only for the best things in Western culture. One lady in Vienna who had a niece in Budapest wrote the niece to ask her what she wanted for Christmas. The girl's list was headed by chewing gum, blue jeans, and rock-'n'-roll records. Such things are dangerous to own in the other satellites, except Poland, but the perhaps temporary right to enjoy such small symbols of the decadent West was won, ironically, by the blood the Hungarians shed in 1956. Or consider the odd phenomenon of the rock-'n'-roll concert I attended in Warsaw.

The concert was given in the Journalists' Club in Warsaw by the Rhythm and Blues Band, a rock-'n'-roll band which caused teen-age riots in Kraków and elsewhere. After the latest riot the Ministry of Culture had issued an edict in effect suppressing the Rhythm and Blues Band. Supporters of the band had arranged the concert and invited the Minister of Culture, the idea being to persuade that august figure that rock 'n' roll was not subversive, but a genuine art form. On the entrance to the concert hall somebody had hung a black funeral wreath, inscribed: DONATED BY THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE IN MEMORY OF THE RHYTHM AND BLUES BAND—a bit of nose thumbing absolutely inconceivable in any of the other satellites.

The concert astonished me. I had never heard rock 'n' roll before, and I have no ear anyhow, so I am no judge of the competence of the performance. What amazed me was that every song was in English, heavily accented, of course. It was strange to hear a fleshy-faced, adenoidal imitation of Elvis Presley moaning, "Hole me daahlin, hole me tate, squiz me daahlin with all yor mate" in a People's Democracy. There was also an imitation of Tommy Steele, the British rock-'n'-roller—a willowy, blond young man in a blue shirt and dark glasses—and the hall was alive with Brigitte Bardots.

The concert ended amid vast enthusiasm, and it was followed by one of the strangest debates I have ever heard. For upward of two hours, with great seriousness and most articulately, the assembled company debated the artistic merits and political implications of rock 'n' roll. The first speaker was an editor of the Communist youth paper, a serious young man who wore glasses and the air of a college intellectual. His paper, he said, had sponsored a jazz festival to "provide useful propaganda for our movement," and the Rhythm and Blues Band had won first prize, thus launching the band on its sensational career. At this point naturally I expected the young Communist to confess his error and come down hard on the side of authority and the Ministry of Culture. Not at all.

Instead, he roundly denounced the "unnecessary brutality" of the "six carloads of militia" which had broken up the teen-age riots, and he defended rock 'n' roll as authentic folk art. The speakers who followed—most of whom were also Communists—were similarly indignant about the suppression of the Rhythm and Blues Band. The Minister of Culture never showed up, and after the debate had ended, when I asked whether there was a chance that the band might be reprieved, there was a general laugh, and I was told "of course not." And yet the curious episode seemed to me to have a certain significance all the same.

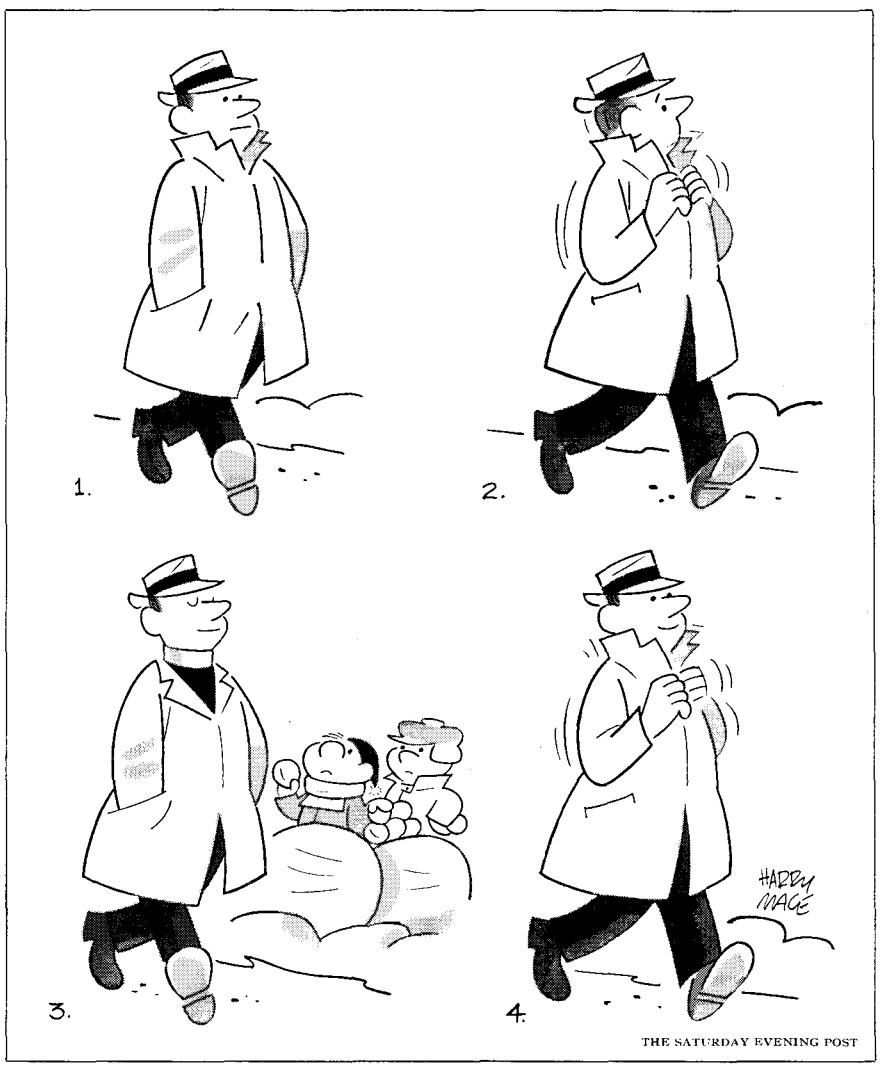
For one thing, from the point of view of Moscow-trained and Moscow-oriented Communists, rock 'n' roll *is* subversive, and the Minister of Culture was quite right to suppress it. All over Eastern Europe there is a sort of jazz underground, and the craze for hot jazz is part of the magnetic attraction of all things Western. The attraction is not confined, of course, to chewing gum, or blue jeans, or rock 'n' roll. Among educated people there is a desperate thirst for intellectual contact with the free West. Magazines and books left behind by Western travelers are jewels of great price in the satellites. This passion for forbidden literary fruit has infected the Russians also.

An Austrian group of young Russian-speaking socialists, most of them ex-Communists trained in Russia, made contact with the Russian delegation to the International Youth Festival in Vienna last summer, and offered them a choice of forbidden books in Russian. The Russian youths frantically snapped up Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, and they were also eager for George Orwell's *1984* and Milovan Djilas' *The New Class*. They complained that the edition of *Doctor Zhivago* was too big to be smuggled conveniently back into the U.S.S.R., and a more compact edition was with difficulty found for them. But though they all agreed that the system had been perverted by Stalin, and few of them admired Khrushchev, these young Russians all defended Communism as a system and an idea, and they were genuinely proud of such Soviet achievements as the sputniks.

The people of the satellite states have no sputnik to be proud of, and the more intelligent are quite aware that Communism is an instrument of the domination of their countries by the Russians. Outside of Poland, moreover, they have less real personal and intellectual freedom than there is even in the Soviet Union. Because Poland is the great exception, the attitude in the other satellites toward Poland is a curious compound of jealousy and attraction—rather like that of the other members of a large family toward the brilliant son who is allowed special privileges by the parents.

An easy way to pluck the nerves of intelligent Communists in the other East European countries is to describe such examples of Polish intellectual freedom as the debate on rock 'n' roll, with its free-swinging criticism by Communists of the Communist regime. You can almost hear the thought in their minds: "If the Poles, why not us?" And if the Poles somehow succeed in maintaining their present limited but genuine degree of personal freedom without an explosion, the Polish infection is likely to spread increasingly in the other satellite states.

Nonsatellite Yugoslavia also acts as a magnet on the *(Continued on Page 100)*



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It's easy to see why the Dodge Dart is attracting new-car buyers by the thousand. People have discovered they don't have to sacrifice room or comfort or smart looks to get economy. Dart is a fine car in every respect —yet it's priced down with cars in the low-price field. Dart has plenty of •go•go yet pinches pennies on gas. Is it any wonder that Dart is selling like hotcakes?

Selling like hotcakes...and no wonder!

It all started in October when people who were looking for something different in a car heard about the new Dodge Dart. They looked closely, examined carefully—and bought Darts almost faster than we could build them. They asked about price—and found Dart's was low. They wondered about economy—and learned Dart's new Economy Slant "6" cruises up to 400 miles on a filling of "Regular." And they liked the smart looks and quality touches that make Dart a truly fine car. Doesn't this sound like the car *you're* looking for?

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(*Continued from Page 98*) satellite states. In this case the magnet is not personal freedom—for there is not so much free speech in Yugoslavia as in Poland—but Yugoslav national independence plus the Yugoslav experiments with Marxist doctrine. The most important experiment is the system which gives "Workers' Councils" elected by the workers a share of real authority in the factories. Similar councils were established almost as the first order of business in the Hungarian revolution in 1956, and it took the Hungarian quisling government of Janos Kadar more than a year finally to break their power.

The examples of Poland and Yugoslavia, since both are still Communist states, have a particular attraction for the Communist members of the New Class. For even among Communists in Eastern Europe, there is an instinctive resistance to the total domination of Russia. The official Soviet theory, as expounded by no less an authority than Nikita Khrushchev, is that rising living standards will make loyal, passionately pro-Russian, Soviet-style Communists out of all but the most hopelessly "reactionary" Eastern Europeans.

The increase in living standards is, mind you, real enough. All over Eastern Europe you can see the process which the French call the "*bourgeoisement de Communisme.*" You can see it at a fashion show in Bucharest, with its pathetic attempt at Western elegance, or at a concert in Budapest, where some of the ladies wear fur stoles and lipstick, and hair-dressing establishments are advertised on the asbestos curtain. You can even see it on the tennis courts—there are a lot of tennis courts in Eastern Europe. (Tennis has now been recognized by the Kremlin as a peoples' democratic peace-loving sport, but golf is still capitalist-imperialist.) Everywhere you can see the new ruling class reaching out for some of the amenities enjoyed by the old ruling class. And even below the level of the New Class, life is certainly easier now for most people under Communism, cruelly hard as it is by our standards.

But are full bellies for the masses and "people's cars" for the New Class going to assure the success of the Soviet attempt to Russify half Europe? My instinct—and I admit it is only an instinct—is that full bellies and people's cars are not going to be enough. It is an old imperialist illusion that a subject people can be bribed with food and trinkets. I think that the Soviet rulers are faced with an essentially simple choice.

They can continue their effort to Russify half Europe, demanding that everything from the system of government to the ladies' fashions be a carbon copy of the Soviet model. They can no doubt continue for a long time to rely on the internal systems of police terror in the satellites, plus the final sanction of the Red Army, to enforce their demand for slavish conformity. But in that case Eastern Europe will continue to be what I am convinced it is now—a drag on Soviet power and a brake on Soviet policy.

"But at my back," the poet complained, "I always hear Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near." At his back Nikita Khrushchev always hears the winged chariot of another and bloodier East-European uprising hurrying near. For although uprisings on the Hungarian pattern may not be likely now, Khrushchev can never know for sure when the match might light the haystack again. Above all, he can never know what might happen if he took one risk too many—in Berlin, for example. Let a few shots be fired between American and Russian troops in Germany, and a great tremor of hope and excitement would pass through all Eastern Europe, with consequences no man can forecast. It is in this sense that Khrushchev's Eastern European empire acts as a brake on Soviet policy, forcing Khrushchev to think twice before taking any risk of war. In terms of military power, moreover, except in a war against a newly aggressive Germany, which the Poles particularly would fight with enthusiasm, the satellite armies are wholly unreliable for Soviet purposes.

Khrushchev's empire in Europe, in short, is essentially fragile, although it can doubtless be held together by force for a long time to come. The only way to give it a measure of solidity is to give the Eastern Europeans, especially the new ruling class, a little self-respect, as well as full bellies and fur stoles. And the only way to do that is to abandon the effort to make Eastern Europe a carbon copy of the Soviet Union. I think the logic of their situation will force the Soviet leaders to do just that, sooner or later. Indeed, they have already played with the idea—when, for example, Khrushchev announced the now-disregarded doctrine of "different roads to Socialism."

Let me make myself clear. I do not think the satellite countries, in our lifetimes, are going to become anti-Russian or anti-Communist—unless there is another war, when all bets are off. Let us face one fact clearly. Neither the United States nor its allies have either the will or the power to attempt to free the people of Eastern Europe from their Russian overlordship. We proved that abundantly when, after all our brave words about "liberation," we tut-tutted from the side lines while the Russians drowned the Hungarian revolt in blood. If they believe it to be in their vital interest to do so, the Soviet rulers will again use the Red Army to prevent Eastern Europe from becoming either anti-Russian or anti-Communist, as they did in Hungary. For the foreseeable future, Eastern Europe will remain within the sphere of influence of the Soviet Union. But that need not mean that all the Eastern European countries must remain forever slavish copies of the Soviet Union.

Our policy must be to do what we can—which is not a great deal—to prevail upon the Soviets to abandon the effort to Sovietize totally half of Europe. This is not a very big and glittering policy. But our big and glittering policies of the past have been consistently founded on illusions, and they have therefore failed. One such illusion was that our war aim in Europe should be simple military victory over Germany and nothing more. Because of that illusion we indignantly rejected Winston Churchill's proposal for a thrust at the "soft underbelly"—and thus, as Churchill foresaw, handed over Eastern Europe to Stalin. Another illusion was the notion, embodied in the fatuous "liberation policy," that we needed only to bellow loudly enough and the whole structure of Soviet power would collapse, like the walls of Jericho.

We must have done with illusions where the lives and liberties of other people are concerned. We must learn to accept the best we can get. In Eastern Europe independent capitalist democracy is better than what we can get—and, in fact, it is highly unlikely that the people of Eastern Europe, given a free vote, would return to the kind of capitalism they knew before the war. The best we can get in Eastern Europe is the sort of limited personal and intellectual freedom you find in Poland; the sort of limited economic freedom you find in Yugoslavia; and a degree of national independence somewhere between Yugoslavia's and Poland's.

This may not seem very much. It lends itself to no stirring battle cry for "liberation" or "unconditional surrender." But it does have the merit of being theoretically, at least, attainable. And at least we can do something—though not a great deal—to attain it. The first thing we can do is to assure the absolute maximum of contact between Eastern Europe and the West. Such contact makes it impossible for the Soviet Union's Communist proconsuls in Eastern Europe to maintain the kind of total insulation from the West which is absolutely essential—and for a generation or more—if Eastern Europe is ever to be successfully Sovietized.

The second thing we can do is to begin to consider really seriously the price we would be willing to pay for the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Europe. This is a very big subject, of course—too big for this space. Withdrawal of the Red Army from Europe would not mean "liberation" of Eastern Europe, since the ultimate sanction of re-entry of the Red Army on the Hungarian pattern would remain. But in all sorts of ways, subtle and not so subtle, it would transform the political atmosphere in Eastern Europe and assure the ultimate failure of the effort to Sovietize the satellites. It is possible, and in fact, probable, that the Soviets will under no circumstances withdraw their forces except on terms unacceptable to the West. But at any rate we, and not the Russians, ought to be the champions of taking foreign troops out of the heart of Europe. And we ought also to be seriously willing to pay a serious price to get the Red Army out of Europe—the more so because it is now clear that neither we nor our allies are willing to make the effort necessary to transform the NATO forces into a real counterweight to the Red Army.

A Europe in which the Red Army was withdrawn to Russia, and the effort to Russify half the continent abandoned, would not be an ideal Europe. For one thing, the Eastern half of the continent would still be in the Soviet sphere of influence. But in that kind of Europe life would at least be more tolerable for the people of Eastern Europe, for whose present plight we bear a heavy share of responsibility. And in that sort of Europe a kind of cool truce might develop between the Soviet bloc and the West, a mutual policy of live and let live. In the nuclear age a cool truce is a lot better than a hot war.

That sort of Europe would require, to be sure, a most important change in Russian policy. But that is not impossible. The instinctive compulsion of "the center," as the Russian Government has been called traditionally in Russia, to regulate every detail of its subjects' lives has roots deep in Russian history. So has the attempt to Russify Eastern Europe—before the first World War, Polish children were compelled by law to learn Russian in school. But after every period of flood in the tide of Russian expansionism, there has come a period of ebb. And there are two influences at work to produce, in time, such a change in Soviet policy.

One is the Soviet leaders' fear of Chinese (*Continued on Page 102*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

In most homes the husband buys the insurance. But Betty, who married a convicted thief, applied for her household's theft insurance in her own name. When her house was robbed of jewelry valued at $8000, however, the insurance company refused to pay. Having learned of her husband's conviction, the company asserted Betty improperly concealed that fact. Betty sued.

"Wives are free citizens and have just as much right to take out insurance in their own names as husbands do," Betty argued. "As the company did not inquire into my husband's past, I didn't feel it was up to me to drag out the fact he had been convicted."

"Betty knew full well that we wouldn't have been crazy enough to sell her husband a theft policy, so she used her own name deliberately to fool us into issuing the policy," counsel for the company maintained.

If you were the judge, would you make the insurance company pay Betty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Betty lost. The court ruled that while she was not required to answer "unasked questions" about her husband, she had maneuvered the insurance company into issuing a policy which it ordinarily would have refused to issue.

Based upon a 1957 Federal court decision.

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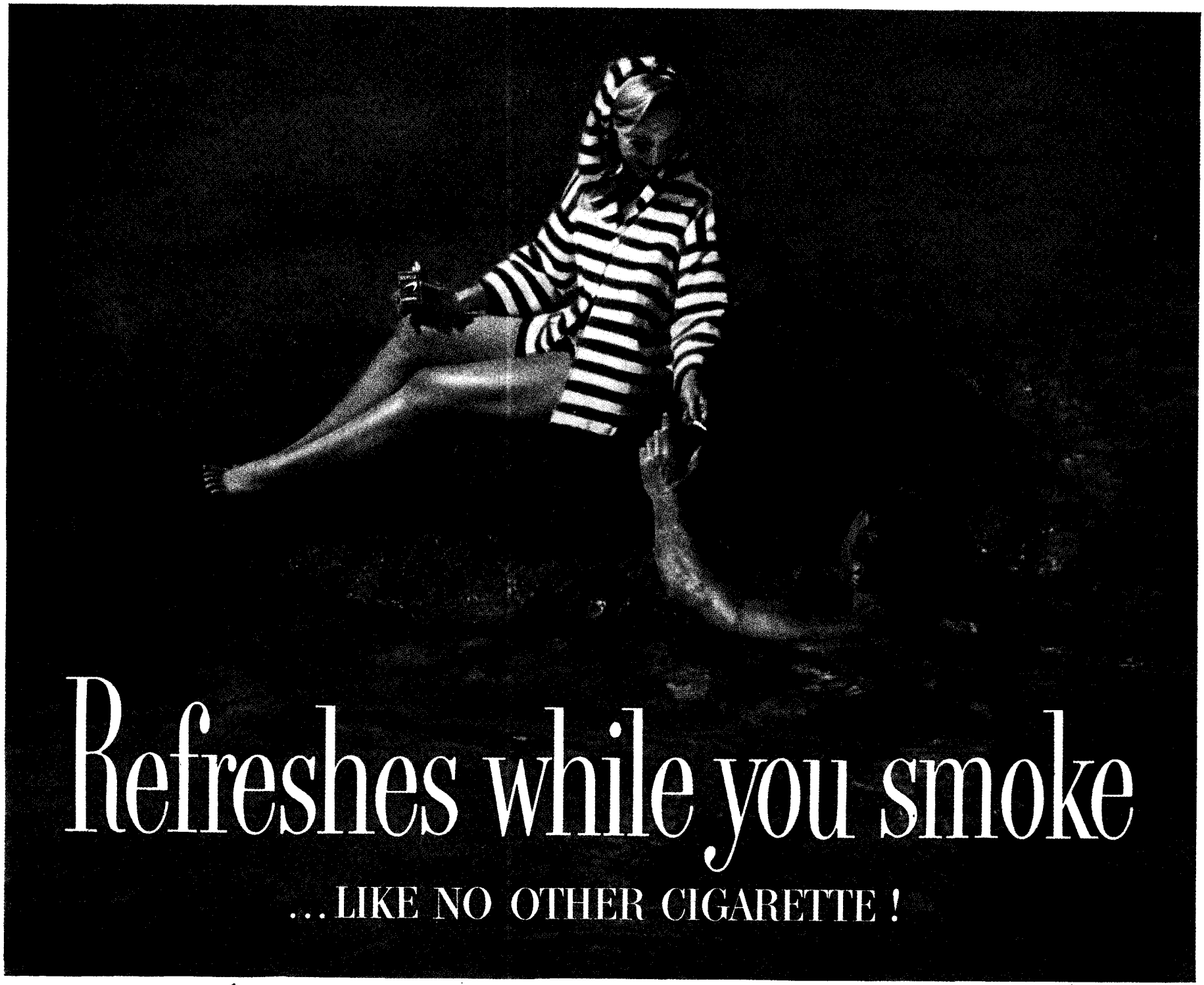

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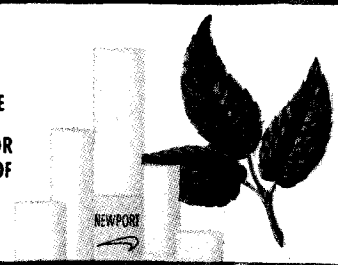

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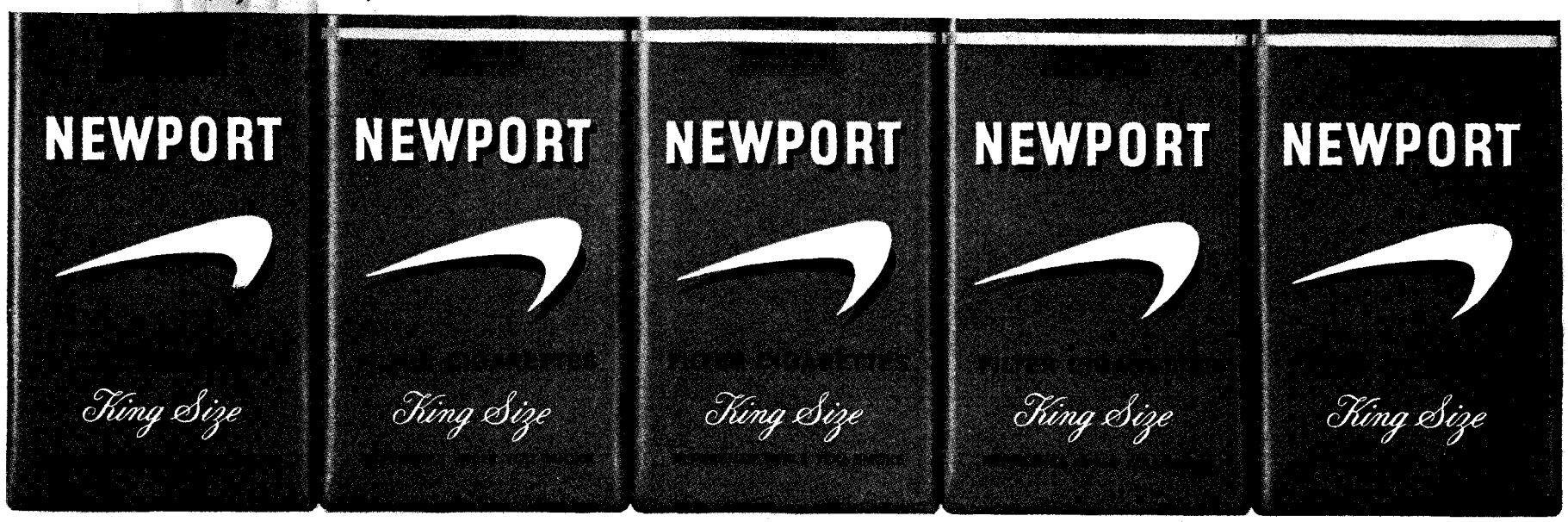

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(*Continued from Page 100*) expansionism, which is a real fear, and which has made a live-and-let-live accommodation with the West far more desirable in Soviet eyes than it has been before. The other is the simple fact—and I am quite sure it is a fact—that transforming all Eastern Europe into a carbon copy of the Soviet Union is in the long run a wholly impractical project.

As these conclusions perhaps suggest, I emerged from seven weeks of travel and inquiry in the European Communist states more hopeful (perhaps uncharacteristically) than when the trip started. There are some things in the Communist states that are impressive, like the rate of rebuilding and of industrial expansion. There are some things that are admirable, like their bread, which is marvelously good, since it is always baked fresh the same day; or their jam, which I found to my surprise was delicious, all over Eastern Europe; or their children, who seemed to me charming, perhaps in part because they are unexposed to television Westerns and do not spend their days emulating murderers in wide-brimmed hats.

And although it represents the death of the free intellect, there is this much to be said for their educational system: that education is taken seriously in the Communist states, and that the system guarantees a higher education to any boy or girl of good intelligence—provided, of course, that his or her parents are not too conspicuously of "bourgeois origin." Altogether, the race to which Nikita Khrushchev has so repetitiously challenged us will not be an easy race, and it is more than a race simply to produce more steel or better rockets.

But there is no valid reason why we should not win the race hands down. For Communism is not—I repeat, *not*—the wave of the future. That is the basic conviction I took away with me from Eastern Europe.

Go to West Berlin, to the shabby block of apartment houses where the refugees from East Germany are received, and there you will see why Communism is not the wave of the future. In dreary little rooms you will see them waiting, as refugees must always wait, the tired men in baggy pants, the sallow-faced women in kerchiefs, who have left everything behind, who have come again naked into the world in order to reach freedom. Every day in every year they come over in their hundreds, as they always have wherever—as in Hungary or North Korea—a leak has developed in the Communist system. From East Germany more than 3,500,000 people have come over, leaving Communist Germany a bottle of human skimmed milk. No wonder Khrushchev calls Berlin a cancer which must be cut out, a bone in his throat. For Berlin underlines a simple fact—that Communism, however successful it may be in producing rockets or infantry divisions, is in human terms a tragic failure.

Communism will remain a failure even with an increasing standard of living. For the failure of Communism is not to be measured in average calorie consumption or the production of refrigerators. Its failure is human and spiritual. Through overuse and misuse the word "freedom" has become a shabby, tired old word in the West. But spend a few weeks in the countries of un-freedom and it will become real to you again—as real and meaningful as any other word in the language. And it is a word which explains why, unless we in the West are unimaginably foolish and flabby, the race to which Khrushchev has challenged us is a race he cannot win.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Aisop. —THE EDITORS

"If you're sure it'll make you too happy for words, I'll buy it."

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California's Olympic Bonanza

(Continued from Page 27)

for $8300 and set up his own eating-and-drinking emporium, the Bear Pen.

Today this once-remote valley has been transformed almost magically. It has four-lane highways, hundreds of privately owned Alpine chalets, a complex of dormitories, restaurants, lodges, ski lifts and skating rinks, two churches and some of the most spectacular contemporary architecture in the nation.

On each of the eleven days beginning February eighteenth, some 35,000 Americans and foreign visitors are expected to mill through the compact valley, from its controversial parking "pad" to the fenced Olympic village, where 800 athletes from thirty-four nations will eat and sleep and relax in private splendor.

A spectator needing medical attention can be treated at the twenty-eight-bed Olympic hospital or at one of nine first-aid stations. The health of athletes and onlookers alike will be protected by Dr. William W. Stiles, who, as Olympic medical director, has a staff of 200 volunteers and a fleet of rescue vehicles which includes Air Force helicopters, National Ski Patrol evacuation sleds and United States Army tractor-type ambulances.

A squad of ten skiing physicians will patrol the slopes during competition, and Stiles can draw from a roster of eighty physicians and sixty nurses for hospital and aid-station duty. Then there are seventy-five volunteers from the National Ski Patrol trained in first aid and in avalanche and mountain rescue.

Meanwhile, food-and-drink stands will be tractor-towed around the valley on huge skis and deposited wherever there are customers and money. And if one enterprising young man has his way with the California liquor commission, chilled spectators will be able to buy nips of brandy from wandering St. Bernard dogs.

Two electronic computers, each worth $250,000, are in the valley on loan from their manufacturer for the scoring of the events. This can get complicated; in previous winter games it sometimes has taken specially trained officials as long as three hours to figure out winners. Now the computers, which have been designed to write both in English and in French and to store 5,000,000 "bits" of information, will feed data into high-speed printers capable of turning out material at the rate of 150 lines per minute—each line 120 characters long. And $50,000 worth of reproduction machines, also on loan, will complete the process, delivering the results of any event within a matter of minutes. The service can be extended to supply reporters the biography of any contestant, right up to his performance in the event of a few minutes before.

Comprehensive though the Olympic planning has been, officials profess to have done nothing about the possible cloak-and-dagger aspect of the games. During the 1956 summer Olympics at Melbourne, Australia, forty-six Hungarian athletes refused to return to their Iron Curtain homeland and asked for political asylum. In this year's winter competition Hungary has only three entries. However, more than 220 other representatives of the Communist sphere—from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland, Romania, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia—will be at Squaw Valley, with the Soviets alone sending eighty-seven athletes, plus forty-nine officials, trainers and other noncombatants.

What will happen if some of these people don't want to go home? No one is saying. Olympic officials reply, "We don't get involved in international affairs." The State Department says, "That's an immigration matter," and the immigration people simply quote regulations, saying, "An alien must apply to the nearest Immigration Service officer for a permit to stay here." For the record, let it be noted that the Immigration office nearest Squaw Valley is in Reno.

Pre-Olympic pageantry begins this week at the huge Los Angeles Coliseum with the delivery by helicopter of the Olympic flame—ignited by the sun's rays in Olympia, Greece, and jet-planed almost halfway around the world to Los Angeles International Airport. From the Coliseum the flame will start north along California highways, carried by a 485-man relay team of high-school cross-country runners, each covering one mile on the trip to Squaw Valley. Unlike the Australian runners who carried the torch night and day in 1956 for 2750 miles from Cairns to Melbourne, California's torch bearers will run only in daylight, working from eight to five.

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Of wrinkle creams and beauty
aids;
An aging actress? Frayed
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Elinor K. Rose

... ...

Olympic spectators will first see the flame on February eighteenth when it appears atop Little Papoose, a 7467-foot-high peak on whose slopes are the Olympic ski jumps. At this stage enters the pomp that Cushing originally disclaimed for Squaw Valley. However, it is not Roman pomp; it is California pomp straight out of Anaheim and directed by Walt Disney, chairman of the Olympic pageantry committee. The opening ceremonies, except for the traditional touches required by Olympic rules, are overwhelmingly Disney. They feature a chorus of 2000 teen-age voices, a 1000-piece high-school band, mountain chimes, fireworks, colored flares and the release of 20,000 balloons.

Disney will not, however, ski the torch down to the ice arena, as has been jokingly suggested by the boys at the Bear Pen. This rite will be performed by Andrea Mead Lawrence, one of the nation's two Olympic gold-medal skiers—Oslo, 1952. But the destination of the sacred flame is an eighty-foot "Tower of Nations," another Disney creation. This will be a part of the scene for the duration of the games, and so will the thirty snow statues—each sixteen feet high—with which Disney artists are decorating the valley floor.

Squaw Valley itself—a natural amphitheater 6200 feet above sea level—is actually as spectacular as anything that has been contrived for the occasion. From the one square mile of the valley's floor, peaks push up half a mile. A skier on the high slopes can see the deep blue of Lake Tahoe seven miles away.

Its compactness is one of its glories as an Olympic site. For the first time in the history of the winter games, which originated in Chamonix, France, in 1924, athletes will be able to walk to work. Their quarters are only a five-minute stroll from the slalom and downhill ski courses, the ski jumps and the hockey and skating rinks. They will live in a quiet, snug little island of privacy, with four three-story dormitories and an athlete's eating and recreation center that will feed a thousand persons at a sitting.

It is here that Art Linkletter will stage nightly one-hour shows for the weary contestants, bringing talent from Hollywood, Las Vegas and Reno. For the relaxation, and possible astonishment, of visitors from Poland and Taiwan and Liechtenstein, there will be a Hawaiian Night, an Amateur Night, a Western Night—with Walt Disney staging the gun battles and the barroom fight—and a Jazz Night. The public will not be admitted to the Linkletter parties. Nor will the athletes be kept awake by carousing spectators, nor nagged for autographs and interviews, as has been the case at some European games where they were quartered in public lodgings.

The athletes' village offers such conveniences as waxing huts, a portable skating rink and a movie theater. In each dormitory is a sauna, the famous Finnish steam bath so important to Scandinavian athletes.

At the edge of the village are an international bank, a post office, a telephone and telegraph center and a travel desk for rail, air and bus tickets. These facilities will be open to the public, but no one, not even reporters, can enter "athletes' country" without a special pass. A series of small rooms has been set aside for press interviews.

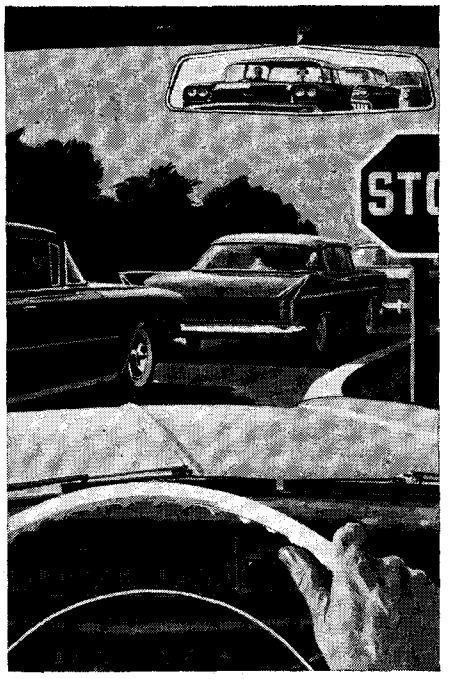
Just across Squaw Creek is the interdenominational, saddle-shaped United Church of Squaw Valley, a $140,000 shell of concrete and stained glass built by the Northern California Congregational Conference. A half mile downstream is the $125,000 wooden *A*-frame of the Roman Catholic Queen of the Snows Church. Both structures were erected last fall.

In an area about a half mile square, arranged as neatly as an old maid's kitchen, are the skating and hockey rinks, the ski jump and the finish lines for the downhill and slalom. Here also are two huge, nine-sided spectator centers, where visitors can eat and rest while they watch the competition.

Today Squaw Valley is a small city standing where cattle pastured four years ago. It supplies its own heat, electricity and water; it has its own sewage-treatment plant and nineteen miles of telephone cables and 60,000,000 feet of wire for its 1200 telephones. It is everything that millions of dollars could make it.

Last December, with the valley floor bare of snow and the games only two months away, an Olympic official ordered a dozen Paiute Indian snow dancers, who went through their routine in the valley. The not entirely unexpected result was a lot of publicity and no snow. However, the authorities are not really worried about having grassy ski runs when competition opens. Average annual snowfall in Squaw Valley is 450 inches; in February the snow is usually several feet deep.

The valley's snow problem next week could be one of too much, rather than of too little. A sudden blizzard could trap 35,000 visitors in a one-exit area with inadequate overnight shelter. But Prentis Hale, the hard-driving, no-nonsense San Francisco department-store executive who is bossing the Olympic games, will be able to keep open his two miles of valley roads with the help of a



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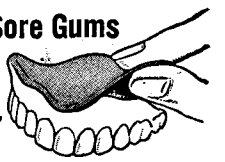

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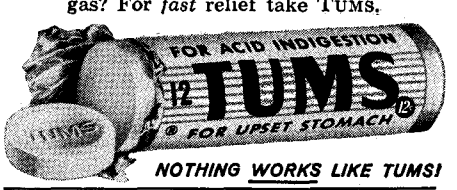

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large contingent of Army troops driving rotary plows, bulldozers and road graders. Outside the valley the state highways will be cleared by the huge mountain plows of the California Highway Department.

The area's greatest hazard—avalanches—should not concern the average spectator unless he climbs high up the slopes, but most of the 800 contestants will be skiing in a valley with thirty-five repeating avalanche paths. There have been two snowslide deaths since 1952. Last February a huge avalanche boiled down Squaw Peak, forcing trial-events officials to shift the downhill race to another mountain. This year's men's downhill is again scheduled for Squaw Peak.

Extreme precautions are being taken against avalanche disaster. For weeks a twelve-man crew of snow-safety experts has been patrolling the danger areas. United States Forest Service specialists Monty Atwater and Dick Stillman, who have been scouting and preparing the valley for three years, know that the vibration of a skier at the bottom of an avalanche area can bring tons of snow tumbling down upon him. To prevent this, Atwater and Stillman break the backs of potential slides before they get too large and before skiers are allowed on the mountains.

With the help of two meteorologists at Squaw Valley's new United States Weather Bureau station, a twenty-four-hour alert is maintained for the weather conditions that cause avalanches—heavy, fast snowfalls coupled with strong winds and sudden temperature changes. The snow-safety men have three recoilless rifles borrowed from the Army with which to hammer at the threatening snow fields. They can fire even in a blinding Sierra blizzard, because their artillery pieces—mounted on critical peaks—have been zeroed in. They have built earth mounds to divert slides from ski-lift bases which have been knocked out by avalanches three times in the past.

During the 1959 trial events the crack Russian cross-country ski team practiced deep in the back areas, and the safety people were on tenterhooks until the Russians returned. This year a three-language brochure on the snowslide problem is being given to athletes, and an "avalanche school" is being held.

In the center of the valley, well away from any snowslide area, is the "pad," an unpaved 12,000-car parking lot that is perhaps the most controversial facility of the Winter Olympics. The games committee first considered paving large areas seven miles away at Tahoe City and eleven miles away at Truckee, and operating a fleet of 350 shuttle buses for the spectators. However, this would cost more than $700,000. So Art Jenkins, an articulate San Francisco traffic engineer, suggested smashing down the valley's meadow snow to make a parking pad.

Jenkins pointed out that Russia, the United States and Canada have successfully compacted snow for arctic airfields. Skeptics countered with statistics on Squaw Valley's winter weather, which in February is commonly bright and sunny, with temperatures climbing as high as fifty degrees. The fear was that a warm spell might cause 12,000 automobiles to sink to their hubcaps in the snow.

Jenkins' plan, however, was considered worth testing. Prentis Hale, who had already been blessed with Olympic assistance of one sort or another from the Army, the Air Force and the marines, called this time upon the United States Naval Civil Engineering Research and Evaluation Laboratory. A geologist began probing into the meadow to see how stable it might be when frozen, and Navy Seabees brought in $300,000 worth of snow-compacting equipment—tractors with heated cabs and especially wide treads, huge snow rollers eight feet wide and weighing almost five tons; wobble-wheel tamping drums used in road construction, and great ski-equipped snow planes to scrape level the packed snow.

For three winter months in 1958 the Navy worked in the snow. Seabees tried churning it, mixing it with sawdust and spraying it with water. Simply to remove the snow was impractical; a four-foot accumulation, for example, would require the scraping, loading and hauling of 850,000 cubic yards of snow.

The formula the Navy finally arrived at and put into effect for the trial events last winter was a twenty-five-inch-thick pad compressed from six feet of snow. This survived pouring rain, hot sunshine, blizzards and air temperatures ranging from zero to forty-nine degrees, as well as the scars of thousands of spectator vehicles. In addition, the Navy failed in a deliberate attempt to wreck it with a chain-equipped thirteen-ton truck. Even so, there are still those who remain dubious about the pad. But Olympic officials—who will park their cars elsewhere—are convinced that next week the pad will support 12,000 cars with safety and convenience.

Almost next door to the parking site and dominating the valley is the ice arena, an eight-story building that has been called "the world's most beautiful white elephant." However, it has been more gently criticized than the pad—perhaps because of its beauty, perhaps because it won first prize over 600 other entries in the 1958 Progressive Architecture contest. Designed by the associated firms of Corlett and Spackman, Kitchen and Hunt, it resembles a huge, blue-backed open book lying face down in the snow.

Its great steel roof beams, running out into the meadow like orange fingers grasping the earth, require no center supports and allow clear visibility for a hundred yards. Its open end can be closed by swinging some of its 8500 seats inward to face the hockey and figure-skating rink. When the bleachers are open, spectators in any arena seat can see a quarter mile to the ski-jump take-offs.

There are three other rinks outside the arena. The heat extracted by the seventy-two miles of refrigeration pipe that is used to make all this ice produces hot water for the arena's shower rooms. It also warms air which is circulated beneath spectators' seats and through the hollow roof to melt snow.

The Federal Government, which plunked down $3,500,000 to build the arena, has stipulated that it must become more than an eleven-day wonder. The state of California has agreed to operate and maintain it for thirty years as a memorial to the VIII Winter Games. Olympic officials are already touting it as a fine convention site. But even if Squaw Valley does not evolve into a convention city, and the arena stands there as a prize-winning white elephant, some American ice-skating authorities think that the four ice rinks may become the skating center of the nation because they are superb facilities.

Meanwhile 800 high-strung athletes speaking two dozen different languages are in the valley practicing for next week's competition. They are unconcerned about white elephants, brandied St. Bernards or the question of who brought the games to Squaw Valley. They are there to ski and skate and jump, for this is the Winter Olympics purpose, obscured though it has been at times in the past.

For quite a while now the sages of winter sports have been making prophecies about possible winners. Theoretically only individuals compete in the Olympics, rather than nations against nations, but humans and sports writers being what they are, the games always are unofficially scored by nationality. For example, the U.S.S.R. in 1956 "won" both the Melbourne summer games and the Cortina winter games, with the United States placing second and sixth. Experts are saying that the Russians will be strong again this winter.

Until Bud Werner, this nation's best male skier, broke his leg while practicing at Aspen, Colorado, last December, the United States had real hopes for its first gold medal in the men's alpine events, which consist of the downhill, the slalom and the giant slalom. With Werner on crutches instead of on skis, the strength in these events now seems to be distributed among Austria, Japan and Switzerland.

In Penny Pitou of Laconia, New Hampshire, and Betsy Snite of Norwich, Vermont, the United States has strong women's alpine contenders, and might win some gold medals. America's Carol Heiss and David Jenkins, both world-champion figure skaters, should capture Olympic titles, but they will be pushed by athletes from Austria, the Netherlands, West Germany and Canada.

Russia's strength lies in hockey, the Nordic ski events—cross-country and jumping—and the new biathlon, a combination of cross-country skiing and rifle marksmanship. Sweden, Norway and Finland will give the Soviets competition in jumping and cross-country, two events in which America has always been weak.

Whichever nation "loses," the state of Nevada is bound to win. Already Reno has put aside its traditional slogan, "Biggest Little City in the World," and adopted a new alias—"The Gateway to the 1960 Winter Olympics." The Reno municipal airport has opened a new $1,300,000 terminal building, extended its runway by a third of a mile and installed the state's first nonmilitary instrument-landing system. It also has paved a new parking area for 150 private planes. These improvements, Reno says, were not exactly caused by the Olympics next door, but were accelerated by them.

Reno banks, which normally stock about 18,000 silver dollars a week, are bringing in 75,000 for the eleven-day Olympic period. Reno saloons and night clubs have caught the fever. Despite a protective Federal law, they are decorating themselves with the five interlocked rings that are part of the United States Olympic emblem. Months ago the Nevada Club, not to be outdone, changed over the symbols on some of its 800 slot machines, substituting skiers and Olympic insignia for the more familiar bells, oranges and lemons.

Although Olympic officials can hardly be held responsible for the price-gouging of some avaricious innkeepers who know a solid-gold bonanza when they see one, the authorities have gone to great efforts to control the costs of overnight lodging for visitors. Some homeowners in Squaw Valley have asked as much as $10,000 house rental for the month of February, but these are luxury chalets sleeping up to twenty guests. New motels have sprung up like seedling pines along the roads around Squaw. All told, there are accommodations for 35,000 persons within a fifty-mile radius of Squaw Valley.

Most of the innkeepers, in order to fly an Olympic housing flag—a symbol of economic virtue which will be struck if prices are too high—have signed agreements to charge no more than ten dollars per person per night. But Reno hotels have kept in force their summer rates, which are normally about 10 per cent higher than winter rates.

The stimulus of the Olympic hypodermic will be some time wearing off after the contestants pack up their skis and skates and hockey sticks and depart at the end of this month. A goodly portion of Squaw Valley—the goodliest being the Olympic facilities—will be left to the state of California to be made into a public park. Already the state's Park Commission is squirming over the realization that it probably will cost millions more to convert the site to permanent public use. But then, as any old-time prospector could have told them, once a bonanza gets started there's no predicting where and how it will all wind up.

THE END

"How's the family, Latimer—briefly!"

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And Now the Abominable Coalman

(Continued from Page 25)

claims to have been the wild inaccuracy of some of those newspaper stories. But he will soon have to emerge from his laboratory into the limelight again because Oreopithecus is to be put on public view in June as part of an exhibition to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Basle University. The little creature will certainly be the star attraction. And the resultant publicity, whether welcome to Doctor Huerzeler or not, will constitute an implied tribute to what has been one of the most remarkable feats of paleontological "detective work" accomplished by a scientist for many years.

The full story of how this earliest-known animal relative of man was painstakingly tracked down over a period of ten years by a then-obscure Swiss paleontologist has many of the elements of a detective story. Some of this story I obtained firsthand from Doctor Huerzeler himself; the gaps in the narrative left by Doctor Huerzeler's modesty were filled in for me by his colleague, Prof. Adolf Portmann, director of the zoological department of Basle University.

The quest which covered 10,000,000 years of human prehistory really began when Johannes Huerzeler was a schoolboy. His father was a teacher in the village school of Gretzenbach, in the canton of Solothurn, north of Bern. When Johannes, at the age of twelve, began to show an interest in collecting fossils around the countryside, his father gave him every encouragement, with the result that what had started as a hobby ended as a career. Johannes entered Basle University as a student and, when he had received his degree, remained on as a paleontologist.

It was in that capacity, in 1945, that Doctor Huerzeler began making what he intended to be a generalized study of the fossils of European primates, that order of mammals consisting of men and apes, monkeys and lemurs. It was in the course of this research that he unwittingly met his fate, in the form of the creature classified in the scientific manuals as "Oreopithecus Bambolii Gervais."

"Pithecus" means ape. The designation Bambolii comes from the ancient mine of Monte Bamboli, Tuscany, in which the first few scanty relics—mainly teeth and part of a jawbone—were originally found in 1870. These were first described in detail in a monograph published in 1872 by the French paleontologist, Paul Gervais, who added the prefix "Oreo"—meaning hilly, or hillocky—apparently in reference to the high-pointed cusps or crowns on the cheek teeth, which had been among the first relics discovered.

But while Gervais assigned Oreopithecus to a place somewhere near the apes, a famous German paleontologist, Dr. M. Schlosser of Munich, a few years later took a scientifically fatal step. Misled, apparently by inadequate drawings or carelessly made plaster casts of the original relics, Schlosser, in 1887, classified Oreopithecus as either a baboon or a long-tailed monkey. Scientists accepted the conclusions of Schlosser, and virtually nobody, it seemed, bothered to make a re-examination of the creature's remains, even though some additional assorted relics were discovered in subsequent years in the lignite coal seams of the Grosseto province of Italy.

It was not until about 1915 that a German anthropologist named Schwalbe and a few other experts began even to consider the possibility that Oreopithecus might possess some hominid—or manlike—qualities. But no basic research on the problem was done at that time.

Then, in 1945, Doctor Huerzeler, in the course of his own studies on European primate fossils, began poring over a handful of old Oreopithecus casts which had lain neglected in the Basle museum since the turn of the century. The more closely he studied them, the more unreasonable it seemed to him to classify this creature in any purely monkeylike category. As he expressed it to me, "There seemed to me something odd and unexplained about it all." He investigated further. Most of the known remains of Oreopithecus had lain for years in Florence; Doctor Huerzeler managed to have some of these sent to him on loan, so that he could examine and photograph them.

After submitting the few relics to a rigorous process of cleaning, Doctor Huerzeler became increasingly convinced that his original intuition had been right, that the Oreopithecus was certainly no monkey, but an anthropomorphic creature showing the development of definitely manlike tendencies. There were some clues, even at this stage, which led him to this conclusion: The front teeth of Oreopithecus were far smaller and straighter than those of a fossil monkey, they were set straight in the jaw, as in human beings, and were not forward-jutting as in monkeys and apes, and had no simian gap. The chin was not pointed, but partly rounded, and the jawbone had a hole for a nerve passage, which was characteristic of man.

To Doctor Huerzeler these deductions seemed elementary. But, when he published his first note announcing the results of his investigations in mid-1954, some fellow scientists expressed more than a little skepticism. Recalling that first reaction to his note, Doctor Huerzeler told me with a smile, "Some people, I really believe, thought I had gone a little bit crazy."

It was not so much that scientists disputed the suggestion that the line of evolution leading to man had been distinct for more than 10,000,000 years. There had been substantial agreement on that point for some time, though scientists talked about such matters with care, because actual fossil evidence for hominid history—that is, of man and his allies—earlier than about 1,000,000 years was poor. The main objection of the scientists was that they could not imagine now the complex patterns of the crowns of the cheek teeth of Oreopithecus could have given rise to the much simpler cheek-tooth patterns seen in man. Doctor Huerzeler's answer to this point was that the problem of the cheek teeth was largely a matter of opinion, about which the evidence on either side was inconclusive.

In any case, Doctor Huerzeler remained undiscouraged and undeterred. To convince the whole scientific world beyond doubt, Doctor Huerzeler realized that he urgently needed more and better Oreopithecus bones. So, in the summer of 1954, he drove from Basle to Pisa and Florence, to examine the Oreopithecus relics again on the spot. In Florence he was shown a number of new fossilized specimens which he was told had only recently been unearthed in a mine of lignite coal in the Tuscan hamlet of Baccinello (population 400). Scientists believe that this area, 10,000,000 years ago, was semitropical, abounding in palm trees and lush vegetation. The Baccinello mine was, by all reports, a rich store of Oreopithecus relics. So the same day Doctor Huerzeler motored on through Siena and Grosseto, to Baccinello itself.

By chance the director of the mine happened to be there at the time that Doctor Huerzeler arrived, and he listened politely to the Swiss scientist's story of his quest. "Fossils?" said the director. "Yes, we've seen quite a lot lying around in the coal here—even picked up a few ourselves. No idea what they are, of course." He went to a cupboard in his office and pulled out an old cardboard box, which he tossed across to Doctor Huerzeler. Inside was a precious pile of unmistakable Oreopithecus teeth. "My little boy's got some more of that stuff at home," added the director. "He's fond of playing with fossils." Then, realizing Doctor Huerzeler's eagerness, the director telephoned to his home and had a second cardboard box sent over to the office. It yielded remains of Oreopithecus jawbones, inestimably prized by the persistent paleontologist.

But, in making the gifts, the mine director had bad news for the Swiss scientist. The mine, he told him, was being closed down almost immediately. Its working had become uneconomic, and moreover the main shaft itself, 600 feet below the ground, was in a highly dangerous condition, with pit props inadequate to support the pressure from above, and explosive gases circulating to an increasingly threatening degree. Regretfully Doctor Huerzeler traveled back to Basle.

But his quest for the true facts about Oreopithecus had become for him something like an obsession. He felt convinced that the abandoned mine held the key to the secret for which he was searching. But now it was barred to him, and he had no personal means of financing further investigations.

Back in Basle he persisted in expounding his theories and his hopes, with the result that the following year, 1955, with some support from the Swiss Fund for Scientific Research, Doctor Huerzeler returned to Baccinello. He spent a scorching summer doing surface digging in the neighborhood of the mine, where the lignite coal lay only a little way under the surface of the earth. In vain. No single relic of Oreopithecus came to light. The lignite coal near the surface was too young. It had formed, as Doctor Huerzeler came to realize, millions of years after the family of Oreopithecus had passed away. Again he returned to Basle a disappointed man.

Doctor Huerzeler continued his campaign on behalf of his ancient friend. He canvassed his cause in Basle. He traveled to New York to lay the facts before American scientists at a meeting sponsored by the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research. His efforts were redoubled when he learned that the Baccinello mine was being temporarily reopened, as a co-operative enterprise of the miners themselves. Further important relics, all from the same area, were brought to light—relics which served only to intensify Doctor Huerzeler's conviction that his theories about Oreopithecus were correct.

His belief that a systematic probe had to be made in the mine was intensified when he learned that among the new finds was a section of lumbar vertebrae which, by its size and formation, appeared to indicate beyond all doubt that Oreopithecus had walked not like a monkey, but like a man—upright. But this precious relic, too, had been found almost casually by the Italian miners themselves. They had been trained—and given suitable financial encouragement—by Doctor Huerzeler to keep watch for Oreopithecus fragments as they excavated the lignite coal. But the Swiss scientist realized only too well that countless precious relics were without doubt being irretrievably lost in the daily breaking up of the coal during normal mining operations. Only his personal intervention could save what still remained to be saved. Additionally, he was convinced that almost certainly a complete skeleton of one of these four-foot-high creatures must lie somewhere waiting to be unearthed, most probably in the Baccinello mine itself.

Now, he realized, he must stake everything on an effort to save whatever remaining relics there might be, before the Baccinello mine was closed again. He circulated what he called "my SOS" in English to all his scientific friends. Finally his persistence was rewarded. Early in 1958 Doctor Huerzeler was granted, by the Wenner-Gren Foundation in America and by Dr. H. Leemann and the Sandoz Pharmaceutical company in Basle, adequate funds for a systematic probe for the complete remains of Oreopithecus in the depths of the Tuscan hills.

So, with funds now at his disposal, Doctor Huerzeler set out from Basle again in April, 1958, taking with him his wife and daughter, for what was to prove as arduous and dramatic an adventure as any scientist could wish to have.

All through that spring and the sweltering summer which followed it, Doctor Huerzeler (*Continued on Page 108*)

"Hasn't anybody fed the dog yet?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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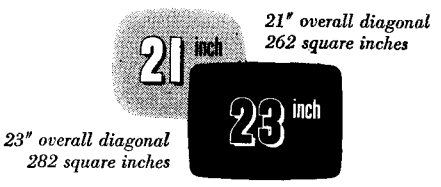

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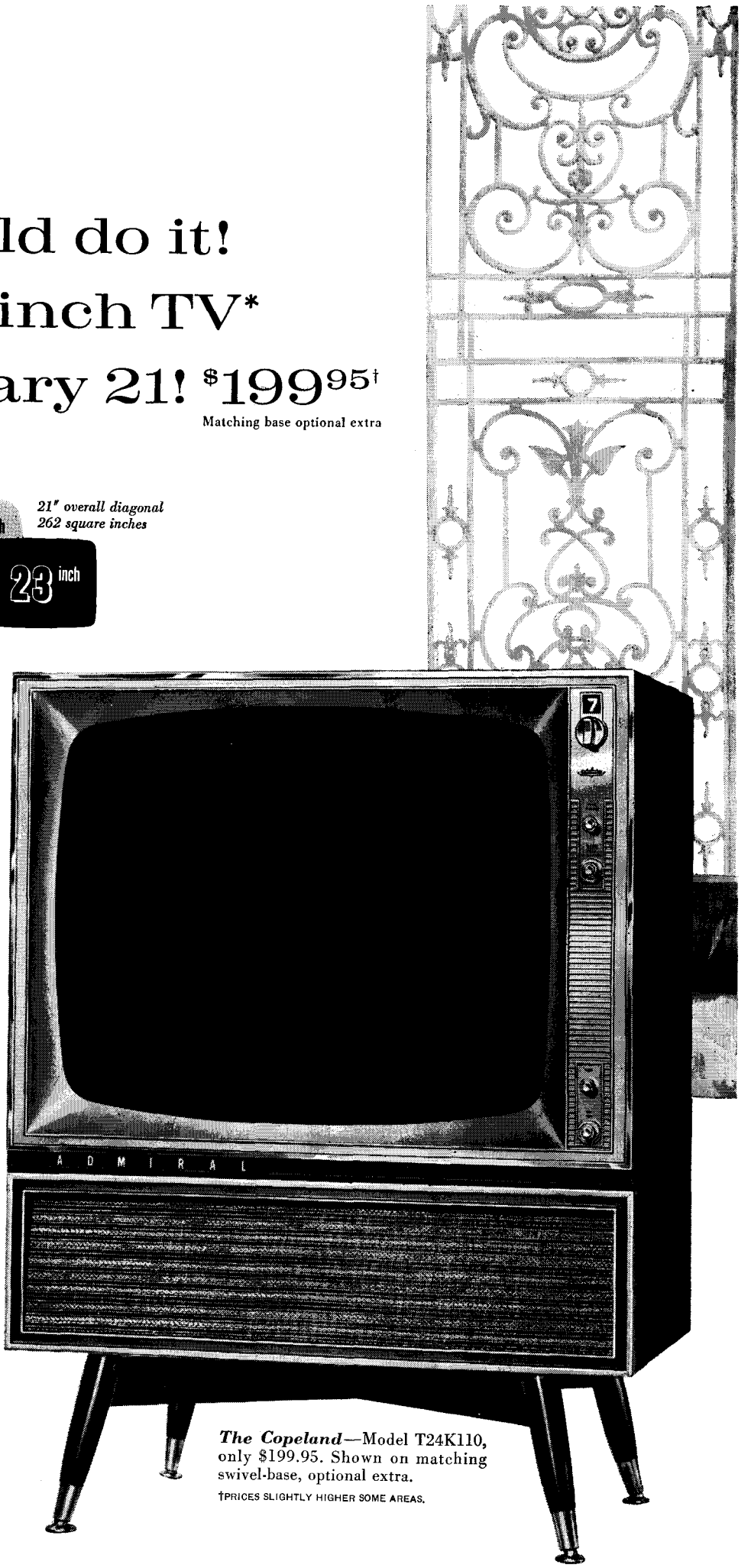

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(*Continued from Page 106*) pursued his quest. But every possible difficulty seemed to intervene. Physical conditions in the 600-foot-deep mine became increasingly perilous, with the pressure on the inadequate pit props increasing, dangerous roof falls occurring and the admixture in the air of explosive gases becoming increasingly alarming. Time after time work in the mine had to be suspended completely. Only some relatively unimportant Oreopithecus relics, duplicates of those already found, came to light. Each week of mining operations, now being paid for largely by Doctor Huerzeler, was using up more money from the grant which had been made to him by the Wenner-Gren Foundation. By the end of July the foundation, also concerned at the apparent lack of results, had sent over Dr. W. L. Straus Jr. of Johns Hopkins University, to see what was going on. Wearily Doctor Huerzeler had to admit that all his hopes seemed disappointed. It was decided that further mining operations should be stopped, and Doctor Huerzeler prepared to go back home to Basle the following day, a bitterly disappointed man. Then his luck changed.

"At seven o'clock in the morning on August second," he recalls, "the chief technician of the mine came excitedly to my room in the little broken-down guest house of Baccinello, where I had been sleeping. He told me, 'Professor, one of our men on night shift telephoned up to me at two o'clock in the morning to say they have found something in the roof of the shaft and you'd better come and see it.'"

Doctor Huerzeler threw on his clothes, grabbed a steel mining helmet and hurried down the dilapidated mine. There, in the light of his flashlight, he examined the "something" on the roof which the Italian miner had reported. It was ill-defined in the black mass of the coal, but it was beyond any doubt the reward for his ten years of work—a skeleton of Oreopithecus, complete except for the skull, which presumably lay in a portion of the coal concealed by one of the wooden pit props.

The roof looked as though it might cave in at any moment. Doctor Huerzeler, realizing that there was not a moment to be lost, telephoned to the surface for a large sheet of paper to be sent down at once and a photographer to follow as soon as possible. At least he would try to have the salient features of the skeleton recorded. Quickly, and as accurately as he could in the cramped and stifling mine, the Swiss scientist made a life-sized sketch and got all the miners present to add their signatures to it. A photographer arrived, but before he was allowed to take his flash-bulb picture the technical manager of the mine ordered everyone else to stand further back in the mine, for fear that the flash bulb might set off an explosion. All went well, however, and numbers of pictures were taken.

After many hours of agonizingly anxious work, Doctor Huerzeler, triumphant but exhausted, finally returned to the surface, only to find himself besieged by a great crowd of reporters, photographers and radiomen. The photographer who had been sent down into the mine had been, in fact, a press photographer, and he had tipped off his colleagues. The next day papers all over the world carried headlines about the discovery. The Swiss scientist was irritated beyond measure, for many of the resultant stories declared that the hominid creature discovered in the mine was a "10,000,000-year-old man."

But if they were sometimes wrong in their interpretation, the newspapers were right in the importance they gave to the discovery. For what the skeleton found in the Baccinello mine decisively proved was that Oreopithecus was no mere mountain ape, but the earliest known animal "cousin" of man—a product of a separate branch of higher primates which came off the family tree at about the same time that it branched into the lines giving rise, respectively, to apes and man. Its discovery had added solid backing to the beliefs of scientists about the age-old antiquity of the roots of man.

Before all the facts could be established, however, there were months of anxious work facing Doctor Huerzeler. First there was the arduous task of detaching intact from the insecure roof of the mine the great block of coal which contained the skeleton. Doctor Huerzeler had managed to have some plaster of Paris sent down the mine, and with this he covered the whole of the underside of the precious area of roof. A pit prop was moved with infinite care and the plaster extended to cover that portion of the coal seam in which Doctor Huerzeler judged that the creature's skull most probably lay—though it was not even then visible.

Carefully holes were bored around the edges of the coal block, and after hours of work the block was detached from the roof and taken to the surface, though it broke in half in the process. The two halves were placed in two packing cases for transshipment and—after an infinity of official formalities with the Italian authorities who, alerted by the press outcry, claimed, no doubt with justice, that Oreopithecus was an Italian citizen—the two cases finally arrived in Doctor Huerzeler's Basle laboratory in the middle of December, 1958. The Baccinello mine itself was finally closed again in April, 1959.

The process of liberating Oreopithecus from his prison of coal took months of extremely delicate work, mainly with tiny instruments no larger than those used by a dentist. But, millimeter by millimeter, the delicate little skeleton was pried from its bed—and the creature's skull was found intact in roughly that portion of the coal block where Doctor Huerzeler had judged it to be. "A piece of wonderful luck," the scientist called the unearthing of the intact skull. Today the black fossilized skeleton lies neatly and safely embedded in a mounting of white latex rubber, and a number of casts have been taken which, in due course, will be supplied to various institutions of learning. After exhibition in Basle next year, the original Oreopithecus himself will be returned to the Italian authorities.

Simultaneously with the preparation of the skeleton, Doctor Huerzeler busied himself with the scientific deductions which could be drawn from this discovery, and the two tasks have occupied him for the past year. With a few exceptions, visitors have been barred from his laboratory in the basement of the Basle Natural History Museum, though a few fellow scientists, such as Britain's Dr. Jack Trevor of Cambridge University, Dr. W. L. Straus Jr. of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, and Prof. Jean Piveteau of the Paris Sorbonne have called in to pay tribute to Doctor Huerzeler's achievement.

The full scientific findings of the detailed study which Doctor Huerzeler has made of the skeleton will be published in a formal paper which he is now preparing, but I asked him if he could tell me, in layman's language, what had emerged to date.

"The lumbar vertebrae were of particular interest, of course," said Doctor Huerzeler, "because they were too large and too short to belong to any category of ape, and their size indicated a possibility that the Oreopithecus was already tending to walk upright. The pelvis, large and short, is not completely equivalent to that of man, but it is demonstrably different from that of an ape, and it seems to be intermediate between the two. But the skull more especially served to confirm my previous deductions. The rounded chin and the straight set of the teeth show strong human tendencies, and perhaps even more significant is the prominent nose projection, similar to that found in the human skull, but completely lacking in the skull of the ape."

Doctor Huerzeler admits that something of a problem has been set by the arm bones, which are disproportionately long in relation to the legs and would seem to indicate that Oreopithecus lived partly in the trees, swinging from branch to branch like a gorilla or chimpanzee. But the bones appear to have been squeezed out and elongated by the pressure of the coal seam during millions of years, and Doctor Huerzeler is trying to form an estimate of what the original length may have been. In any case, this problem is not a critical one, because scientists believe that, in the agelong course of the evolution of man, "human" characteristics were not all developed at the same rate or during the same geological periods, and that brachiation—or the use of arms as a supplementary means of locomotion—was a characteristic which persisted fairly late into the development of the human being as he is today.

The repercussions caused by Doctor Huerzeler's findings reached even to the Vatican. When, in February of 1959, the Swiss scientist was invited to give a preliminary report on his work at Rome University, something of an academic sensation was caused by the fact that the lecture was attended by Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals. It was the first time that a cardinal had set foot in the modern building of the state university, and the move appeared to indicate renewed interest by the Roman Catholic Church in the theory of evolution. Subsequently Doctor Huerzeler was received in audience by Pope John XXIII.

The interest which will be aroused when Oreopithecus is placed on public view in June will certainly be world-wide. He is not, of course, the oldest relic of prehistoric life ever found. Far senior to him is Britain's Proconsul skull, originally found in Africa, which is in the British Museum of Natural History in London and which dates back probably some 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 years. But Proconsul was definitely and unashamedly an ape, with none of the now well-documented hominid attributes of Oreopithecus. What the little creature who once lived and frolicked in the Tuscan hills has demonstrated is that man's roots go very far into the past, and that the beginnings of his evolution are complex and even now imperfectly known.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS

The Test Pilot of the X-15 Tells His Own Story

By A. SCOTT CROSSFIELD with Clay Blair Jr.

THE CASE OF THE ANGRY ACTOR: ROD STEIGER

By Dean Jennings

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

By Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

IN COLOR:

CHARMS OF THE BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 46:

THE SENSE OF TRUTH

By Alexander Eliot

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My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 21)

fun of a treasure hunt I remember him shouting, "Warm, Norman, warm!" as I approached a hidden present and "Hurrah!" when I found it. In 1936 when I painted a *Post* cover of a small boy searching the pockets of his grandfather's overcoat for a gift. I was really painting Uncle Gil.

Of course I don't claim to have put on canvas sixty-six years' worth of people, places and events. Rather, I store up things in my mind, and when I need something for a picture—a feeling, a character, a wry smile—there it is. And I draw it out and paint it.

Whenever I want embarrassment, I think of the time I tried, and for several agonizing minutes failed, to lift a 250-pound soprano during a performance at the Metropolitan Opera. For racketybang confusion, I recall my early days as an illustrator, when my models were surly dogs, rambunctious children and a cheerful duck. Whenever I want despair, I remember the time I was swindled out of $10,000. For chagrin I remember my flops—the affair of me and the seven movie stars; the United Nations picture I couldn't bring off.

And for a mixture of embarrassment, confusion, despair and chagrin I recall my dinner at the White House. Come to think of it, that dinner embraces vanity, exuberance, fright and a wonderful, warm personality. It's too complex to paint; it wouldn't fit inside a frame.

It all began one sunny day in May, 1955, when I received a note from President Eisenhower, inviting me to a stag dinner at the White House. I had painted his portrait in 1952, but I had never expected an invitation to dinner. Overcome with delight and anxiety, I posted my acceptance and hurried to the attic to dig out my tuxedo. As I pulled it from a steamer trunk a cloud of moths flew up. The sleeves were tattered, the seat ragged, the lapels threadbare. Hastening to a local haberdasher for a replacement, I was shown a midnight-blue jacket with lapels dropping in a fat, glittering curve to the waist. I thought it looked cheap.

"You're sure it's fashionable?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk. "Midnight blue, shawl collar—that's the latest." So, in spite of my misgivings, I bought it.

That wasn't the end of my preparations. I expected to be nervous, even scared, at the dinner. Suppose my mouth dried up and I was unable to speak? *What then?* I thought. *Why, you'll be ashamed of yourself.* ("Hello," says the President—"Gargle," say I.)

I visited the office of my friend, Dr. Donald Campbell. Could medical science help me? It could. Doctor Campbell handed me a tranquilizer pill. "Take it twenty minutes before you go to the White House," he said, "and you won't be afraid of a thing, Norman. It obliterates apprehension, tension and dread."

Armed with my pill (pea green) and my tuxedo (midnight blue) I went to Washington, confident that I was bulwarked against catastrophe. On arriving at my hotel I inquired how long it took to drive to the White House. Then I went to my room and worked out a schedule. At six-thirty, exactly one hour before the dinner, I gave my tuxedo to the valet to press. At seven o'clock he brought it back. As I fumbled for a tip, I noticed him looking at the tuxedo queerly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," he said, recovering the blank stare of valets waiting for a tip.

"The tux isn't fashionable, is it?"

"Well, sir," said the valet, "I might say that I have never seen that particular shade of blue before."

When he had left, I stared morosely at my reflection in the shiny lapels of the tuxedo. Patting the pillbox in my coat pocket, I thought, *At least you've got that; you may look like a fool, but you'll feel like Grant at Appomattox.*

I went into the bathroom, drew a glass of water and shook the pill out of its box into my hand. It fell on its edge, rolled into the sink and went down the drain.

"In fifteen years," I said out loud, "I'll laugh at that." Stunned, I went into the bedroom, put on my extraordinary tux, tied my tie and went downstairs.

As I reached the taxi stand outside the hotel, a battered old cab chugged up, clanking and rattling. At the wheel was a stout, middle-aged woman with a chauffeur's cap cocked over one eye. The doorman waved her away, but I signaled her to stop, feeling that we two, the cab and I, victims of adversity, should stick together.

"The White House," I said.

"My land!" she exploded heartily. "You going to the White House? Whatta you going to do there?"

"I'm going to dinner," I said, cheered by this onslaught of good nature.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "I've never taken nobody to the White House before. I'll get ya there in five minutes flat." The cab leaped forward with a roar like a wounded rhinoceros.

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"Wait!" I said. "I don't want to be early. We'd better go to the White House and then drive back and forth in front of it until the dot of seven-thirty."

"O.K., mister," she said.

While we were cruising up and down Pennsylvania Avenue she asked, "What's your name? You famous?"

"I do covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*," I said. "My name's Norman Rockwell."

"Are you scared?"

"Yes," I said, studying my watch. "Get ready now. It's almost time. . . . Now!"

We turned into the White House gate and jolted to a stop. The guards checked my invitation. Continuing up the drive, we waited while a chauffeur helped a gentleman out of a limousine. A crowd of Secret Service men and other functionaries were standing at the entrance. I paid my fare and started up the steps. "Hey, Mr. Rockwell," boomed a voice behind me. I turned around. The cab driver was waving at me. "Good luck, Mr. Rockwell!" she shouted. "Good luck!" The Secret Service men laughed. I waved back. "Thanks," I called.

A secretary ushered me upstairs and into a sitting room. I almost panicked as I crossed the threshold, for all the tuxedoes were black, with dull lapels. A minute later President Eisenhower greeted me warmly, and I felt right at home.

Then the President, raising his voice a trifle, explained to all of us that his stag dinners are informal get-togethers; he hoped we would not talk to the press about the dinner. So I will only say that I had a fine, easy time and enjoyed myself very much.

After leaving the President, as we were standing on the steps of the White House, we sounded like a bunch of kids discussing the high-school football hero. A secretary had told us that our evening had lasted *one-half hour longer* than any of the President's other informal evenings. We were delighted and flattered, which shows how President Eisenhower affects people. You just can't help liking him.

I have one dark confession to make. Before each place at the dinner table was a small jackknife, a gift from the President to each guest. There was no inscription on the knife, however, so I went to a jeweler's in New York the next day and asked to have "From DDE to NR" engraved on the knife. During the next few months, whenever I took out my knife, always being careful to show the inscription, people would say, "DDE? Is that President Eisenhower? Where'd you get that knife?" So I'd get a chance to describe my evening at the White House. Ah, vanity, vanity, thy name is Norman!

I sometimes wonder why I was so nervous at the prospect of dining at the White House. After all, I'm no pink-cheeked innocent. Still, I have a rather simple view of life. To me, a President is an awe-inspiring figure. I can't be as cool as a clam at the prospect of dining at the White House.

And then I have a mercurial temperament. When that pill rolled down the drain, my spirits followed. The same sort of thing happens with my work. When the art critics call me "cornball" and my work "kitsch," which I'm told is a derogatory term for popular art, I begin to worry. But I always pick up my brushes and go back to work. For better or for worse, I'll never be a fine-arts painter or a modern artist. I'm an illustrator, which is very different.

The modern artist and the fine-arts painter have only to satisfy themselves. The illustrator must satisfy his client as well as himself. He must express a specific idea so that everybody will understand it. He must meet deadlines. The proportions of the picture must fit the proportions of the magazine.

Ten or fifteen years ago a Bohemian art student—beard, long hair, sandals—kept hanging around a studio I had rented in Provincetown, Massachusetts. One day he interrupted my work on a painting of Johnny Appleseed—an old man with an iron kettle on his head and a burlap sack for a coat, striding across a hilltop, flinging out handfuls of seed.

"Whatta ya do it that way for?" the art student asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Whyn't ya do it with more feeling?" he said. "Like this." He pulled some colored chalk out of his pocket and outlined a tall rectangle on a big piece of paper. "Now," he said, filling in with light-brown chalk a shape like a hawk's beak, "that's old Johnny's body. It was browned by the wind and sun. O.K.?"

I nodded, startled.

"O.K.," he said, and above the hawk's beak, which projected from the lower-right corner, he divided the rectangle into a red area and a white area, each roughly triangular. "He was kind of a religious fanatic," he said, "right?" I nodded dumbly. "So the white's his spirit," he said, "and the red's the physical part of him and they're contending, the physical and the spiritual." He rubbed blue chalk over the area below the hawk's beak—"That's nature."—made the base of the rectangle dark brown—"That's earth."—and drew a hand casting a seed, the arm coming out of the hawk's beak.

"But," I said when he'd finished, "nobody knows it's Johnny Appleseed. Only you know it's Johnny Appleseed. Nobody else can tell who it is."

"So? What difference does it make about anybody else? *I* know it's old Johnny. I'm painting it for myself. Who cares about the unwashed masses?"

"Besides," I said, "your picture won't fit into the book it's supposed to appear in. The proportions are wrong. You've got it too tall."

"So make the book tall," he said.

All of which demonstrates, I think, that a modern artist or fine-arts painter doesn't go at a picture the same way an illustrator does. I believe strongly that a painting should communicate something to large numbers of people. So, according to some critics, my work is old-fashioned, trite, banal. This criticism worries me now and then, especially when a picture I'm trying to finish is going badly, but I've learned that I can't change. I'm not a modern artist and never will be. I don't see things the way modernists do, even though I enjoy studying their work. I've been an illustrator since I was sixteen years old. I'm not particularly satisfied with my work—at least I'm always trying to improve it—but I believe in it.

It's not that painting *Post* covers is easy. I haven't been doing it for forty-three years just because it was the simplest way to earn a living. It's been darned difficult at times. Once I couldn't finish a picture for six months; I almost went under that time. And there is a recurring crisis when I seek *Post* cover ideas.

During my first years as an illustrator, when I'd sit down in the evening to think up a batch of new ideas, I'd feel all washed out, blank, nothing in my head but a low buzzing noise. I'd stare at the wall and doodle. One day, after I'd been aimlessly sketching and crumpling up sheets of paper for hours, I said to myself, *This has got to stop; I can't sit here and muse all day*. So I figured out a system, and used it for twenty years or so.

When I had run out of ideas, I'd eat a light meal, sharpen twenty pencils and lay out a dozen pads of paper on the dining-room table. Then I'd draw a lamppost (after a while I got to be the best lamppost artist in America). Then I'd draw a drunken sailor leaning on the lamppost. I'd think about the sailor. Did his girl marry someone else while he was at sea? He's stranded in a foreign port without money? No. I'd think of the sailor patching his clothes on shipboard. That would remind me of a mother darning her little boy's pants. Well, what did she find in the pockets? A top. A knife handle. A turtle—I'd sketch a turtle slouching slowly along to ——

Slowly. That would make me think of a kid going to school. No, it's been done. How about the kid in school? Of course, he hates school. Gazes out the window at his dog. I'd sketch that. The dog runs after a cat. Cat climbs a tree. Dog ambles about, looking for trouble. Sees an old bum stealing a pie from a kitchen window. Dog latches onto the seat of his pants. I'd sketch that. Bum escapes. Eats the pie. Sheriff collars bum. I'd sketch that. Bum to jail. . . .

I'd keep this up for three or four hours, the rough drawings piling up on the floor. Then, worn out, I'd arrive at the absolute conviction that I was dried up, through, finished. So I'd go to bed, completely discouraged.

The next morning I'd be desperate. After pawing at my breakfast eggs for a few minutes, I'd push them away and drag myself out to the studio. What was I going to do? No ideas. I'd kick my trash bucket and suddenly, as it rolled bumpety-bump across the floor, an idea would come to me like a flash of lightning. I'd given my brain such a beating the night before that it was in a sensitive state. Pretty soon I'd have a *Post* cover.

Nowadays I don't think up ideas in exactly the same way, but the process is just as nerve-racking. You'd think that by this time I would have thought up a simple, efficient system, but I haven't. A good idea for a *Post* cover is hard to come by. I have to work for it. But a picture is worth any amount of bother. I cling to this belief in spite of the trouble it's got me into. Further on I'll tell about how I bought almost all the old clothes in Hannibal, Missouri, because of it. And why I'd be embarrassed if I met Stan Musial, Van Johnson, Loretta Young or Lassie on the street.

It's a marvel to me the situations I've got into and out of during my life. When I was fifteen years old, I taught French and athletics at a private school, though I couldn't speak a word of French or play a slow game of tiddlywinks. Later on, my life was complicated by impostors who committed practical jokes—even swindles—in my name. Compounding confusion, my name is sometimes mistaken for that of Rockwell Kent, the noted artist, writer and left-wing sympathizer. But all these stories are for later telling. Right now, I guess, I'd better begin at the beginning.

I was born on February 3, 1894, in a shabby brownstone-front house on 103rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York City. My mother was an Anglophile—I wore a black arm band for six weeks after Queen Victoria died—and she named me after Sir Norman Perceval, an English ancestor who reputedly kicked Guy Fawkes down the stairs of the Tower of London after he had tried to blow up the House of Lords. The line from Sir Norman to me is tortuous but unbroken, and my mother insisted that I always sign my name Norman Perceval Rockwell.

"You have a valiant heritage," she said. "Never allow anyone to intimidate you or make you feel the least bit inferior. There has never been a tradesman in your family. You are descended from artists and gentlemen."

But I had the notion that Perceval was a sissy name. I darn near died when a boy called me "Mercy Percy"; to my relief, the name didn't stick. When I left home, I dropped the Perceval immediately, despite my mother's protestations.

My family moved to an apartment on 147th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue when I was two years old. It was narrow and gloomy, with few windows. My father had to carry coal for our two stoves up four flights from the basement. But the flat was uptown from 103rd Street and, in those days, that meant we had risen in the world.

It was a pitifully genteel neighborhood—a few private houses, but mostly four- or five-story apartment houses; a grocery store or saloon on every corner; here and there a vacant lot strewn with bottles and cans. It wasn't a slum neighborhood; just lower middle class, with a smattering of poorer families.

When I was six or seven, my father's mother died, and we moved in with my grandfather, who lived in an apartment at 152nd Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Again we had (*Continued on Page 112*)

"On this diet you can eat anything and everything you want. Just don't swallow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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February 13, 1960

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(*Continued from Page 110*) taken a step up. There were two small elm trees in front of our house, and our apartment had a mock fireplace with a plaster mantelpiece.

There was a lot of racial and social prejudice in New York City in those days. Children felt it. Boys whose families could afford to live in private houses looked down on those who rented. Sons of white-collar workers disdained boys whose fathers worked with their hands.

I remember one boy, Ewald E. Swenson, whose mother took in washing. That put him below the rest of us kids socially, and we somehow knew it. One day his uncle, a drunkard, dropped dead in the street. When the police arrived in the pie wagon to take the body away, a lot of us boys were gathered around. The policeman asked who the dead man was. We pushed Ewald to the front. "It's Ewald's uncle," we said.

"Well," said the policeman, "come on, the whole bunch of you, get in the wagon. Ewald there will have to identify the body down at the station." We grabbed Ewald, who was almost paralyzed with fright, and piled into the patrol wagon. We were heroes for a week. From then on Ewald was an honored member of our gang. We even initiated him into our secret society, the Jamel Athletic Club. He signed his name in blood and swore eternal secrecy.

The J.A.C. was devoted to knowledge. We read the Rover Boys, and Horatio Alger, even G. A. Henty, who was considered a peg above the rest because it always said, "Based on Historical Fact," on the title pages of his books. We made expeditions along the Hudson River. Sometimes we went over to Amsterdam Avenue to look under the swinging doors of saloons; it gave us a thrill to see the feet of the men standing at the bar.

We dug holes to China in vacant lots and, kneeling down, one ear pressed to the bottom of the hole, listened intently. "D'ya hear anything?" "Yeah, yeah, I hear something. Quiet!" (Breathless silence) "Whatta ya hear?" "Voices. They're talking Chinese; I can't understand them."

We boasted about our families. I was thought to be tops in culture because my family had two Caruso records. We climbed telegraph poles, played prisoners' base, sat on the stoops of our houses in the evening watching the lamplighter climb his ladder and light the gas lamps. I guess we led the average life of city kids around the turn of the century.

Whenever I think of my parents, I recall a scene which was repeated day after day during my childhood. It is late afternoon, and I am playing on the stairs of the apartment house. My father comes up the stairs, tired by his day at the office and his hour's ride home on the trolley. He goes into the apartment and I hear him say to my mother, "Well, now, Nancy, how are you?"

She would reply: "Oh, Waring, I've had such a hard day, I'm just worn out."

"Now, Nancy," my father would say, "you lie down on the couch there and I'll get a cold towel for your head." Then I could hear my mother complaining, interrupted at long intervals by my father speaking in tones of gentle sympathy.

"Your father's a saint!" the neighbors used to tell me. "He's a wonderful, wonderful man." I agreed. Soon after he married my mother, a small, pretty woman, she fell ill. That was the beginning of a long series of illnesses continuing through her whole life—she lived to be eighty-five years old. The doctors often said there was nothing wrong with her. I think she felt that my father was lowering himself when he married her, the daughter of a wild, impoverished artist. When I was a child, she would call me into her bedroom and say, "Norman Perceval, you must always honor and love your mother. She needs you." Somehow that put a barrier between us.

My father was a very handsome man. There was something aristocratic about his fine dark eyes, his neatly trimmed mustache, the way he carried himself. He wore dark, well-tailored suits and never removed his coat in the presence of ladies. He did not drink, but was a gentlemanly smoker. Dignified, gentle but distant, aware of Jarvis and me, always treating us as grown-up sons even when we were children—that's how I remember my father. I was never close to him.

He worked all his life for George Wood, Sons and Company, a textile firm, rising from office boy to manager of the New York office. He was intensely loyal to the firm. Every so often he would come home from the office beaming with pleasure, a sure sign that Mr. Wood had been in the office and spoken to him. At dinner Jarvis and I would beg him to tell us what Mr. Wood had said, and he would repeat the conversation verbatim.

My parents were very religious. Jarvis and I weren't allowed to play with our toys or read the funny papers on Sunday. I was a choirboy, first at St. Luke's, and then at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. At the Cathedral we sang four services every Sunday. There were rehearsals three afternoons a week after school and again on Friday evenings. I didn't enjoy it much; it was hard work.

After the Spanish-American War many churches organized miniature army units. All the boys of the congregation were drilled by some church member who had had military training. On holidays we marched in parades, dressed in copies of Spanish-American War uniforms and carrying wooden guns. I was the smallest boy in the St. Luke's Battalion and marched alone in the rear—my father used to call me "The High Private in the Rear Rank." Sometimes I'd be strutting along trying to hold myself ramrod straight, eyes front, and the motorman of the trolley following the parade would bring his car quietly up behind me, then clang the bell and nudge me with the cowcatcher—to the great detriment of my military bearing.

On Sundays, if my mother was too ill to go to church, we would sing hymns in the parlor. On weekday evenings, after Jarvis and I had finished our homework, we sat around the dining-room table while my father read Dickens aloud. I drew pictures of the different characters as I imagined them—Mr. Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Uriah Heep. They were crude drawings, but I was impressed and moved by Dickens. I suffered with Little Dorrit in the Marshalsea Prison, had nightmares over Bill Sikes and Fagin, felt ennobled by Sydney Carton: "It is a far, far better thing that I do. . . ." The variety of life in Dickens—its sadness, horror, happiness, treachery, the sharp impressions of dirt, food, inns, horses—shocked and delighted me. *So that*, I thought, *is what the world is really like.*

Two memories of the city overshadow all else, unfairly perhaps. One is of the night President McKinley was shot. I remember the streets were dark except for the yellow pools of light beneath the gas lamps. The newsboys were shouting, "Extra! Extra! Extra! McKinley assassinated! Extra! Extra!" People were gathering under the gas lamps, reading the news and brushing off their faces the moths which swarmed about the light. There was a kind of horror in the streets. Because I did not understand the meaning of the word "assassinate," I thought McKinley had been mortally wounded in some cruel, torturing way. I was only seven at the time. The next day we went to church, where they played *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, McKinley's favorite hymn. My father and mother cried.

The other memory is of a vacant lot in the cold, yellow light of late afternoon, and a drunken woman in filthy rags beating a man over the head with an umbrella until he fell, then standing over him, kicking and striking him again and again. We kids watched from the edge of the lot until a policeman ran up and grabbed the woman. The man got up slowly and, seeing the policeman struggling with the woman, attacked him, swaying drunkenly and swearing. I forget how it ended. But the memory of that night and of that drunken woman became my image of the city.

Against this image of the city—distorted as it is, I have never been able to rid myself of it entirely—I set the country. Until I was nine or ten years old, my family spent every summer in the country at various farms which took in boarders. The grownups played croquet, or sat in high slat-backed rockers on the front porch. We kids were left to do just about anything we wanted. We helped with the milking, fished, swam, trapped birds, cats, turtles and snakes, smoked corn silk behind the barn, fell off horses and out of lofts—did everything, in fact, that country boys do, except complain about the drudgery and boredom of farm life.

Those summers, as I look back on them now, more than fifty years later, have become a collection of random impressions outside of time, not connected with a specific place or event, and all together forming an image of sheer bliss. I remember throwing off my shoes and socks to wiggle my bare toes in the cool green grass on our first day in the country, then running off gingerly over gravel road and hay stubble for a swim in the river. I remember the hayrides, all the boarders singing as the horses trotted along the dark country lanes; the excitement of eating lunch with the threshing crew at long board tables; hunting bullfrogs with a scrap of red silk tied to the end of a pole; the turtles and frogs we carried back to the city in the fall, snuffling and crying on the train because summer was over.

During the summer I lived an idealized version of the life of a farmboy in the late nineteenth century, and my memories of those days had a lot to do with what I painted later on. Every artist has his own way of looking at life, and this view affects the treatment of his subject matter. Coles Phillips and I used to use the same girl as a model. She was attractive, almost beautiful. In his paintings Coles Phillips made her sexy, sophisticated and wickedly beautiful. When I painted her, she became a nice, sensible girl, wholesome and rather drab.

The view of life I communicate in my pictures excludes the sordid and ugly. I paint life as I would like it to be. Somebody once said that I paint the kind of girls your mother would want you to marry.

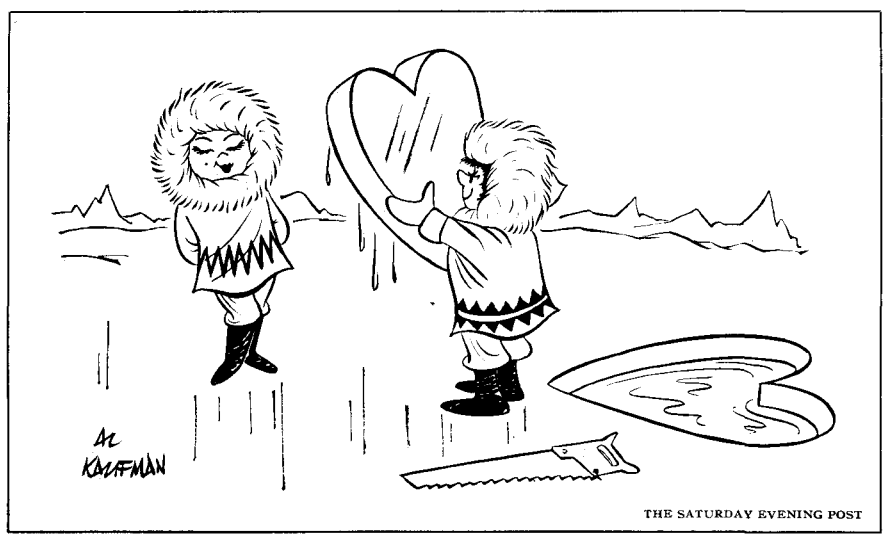
In 1951, for the Thanksgiving issue of *The Post*, I painted a cover showing an old woman and a small boy saying grace in a shabby railroad restaurant. The people around them were staring, some surprised, some puzzled, some remembering their own childhood; but all were respectful. If you actually saw such a scene, some of the staring people would have been indifferent, some insulting and rude, and perhaps a few would have been angry. But I didn't see it that way. I just naturally made the people respectful.

Frederic Remington painted the romantic, glamorous aspects of the West—cowboys sitting around a campfire, an attack on a stagecoach. Any old-timer can tell you that life in the wild West was often dull. But Remington, who was born and reared in upstate New York, didn't find drudgery and boredom out West. In the same way I missed the dullness of farm life. I doubt that I would have idealized the country if I had grown up as a farmboy.

Maybe as I grew up and found that the world wasn't the perfectly pleasant place I had thought it to be, I unconsciously decided to compensate. So I painted only the ideal aspects of life—pictures in which there were no drunken slatterns or self-centered mothers, in which, on the contrary, foxy grandpas played baseball with the kids, and boys got up circuses in the back yard. If there were problems in this created world of mine, they were humorous problems. The people in my pictures aren't mentally ill or deformed. The situations they get into are commonplace, everyday situations, not the agonizing crises and tangles of life.

The summers I spent in the country as a child became part of this idealized view of life. Of course, country people fit into my kind of picture better than city people. Their faces are more open and expressive, lacking the coldness of city faces. I guess I had a bad case of the American nostalgia for the clean, simple country life, as opposed to the complicated world of a city.

Then, I have other motives for painting as I do. For one thing, I have always wanted everybody to like my work, so I have painted pictures that I knew everyone would understand and like. I could never be satisfied with the approval of the critics; and, boy, I've certainly had to be satisfied without it.



Next week, in the second of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell recounts some amusing incidents of his early days as a struggling young illustrator and tells of his troubles with impostors. —THE EDITORS

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Scandal in the Family (Continued from Page 34)

Mr. Knowlton waited, wryly enjoying the sight of several of his fellow commuters giving Toby a right-of-way they never granted him. But then, of course, he was forty-one, not seventeen, and he didn't bear the remotest resemblance to an angelic Elizabeth Taylor.

"An old classmate?" Mr. Knowlton suggested.

"The younger sister of an old classmate."

Mr. Knowlton smoothed the fairly creditable crop of sandy hair on his parental head. Whether he knew it or not, the gesture had become almost automatic whenever youth was mentioned.

"Father, tell me, why in the world do lovelorn people always throw themselves at mother?"

"Well, when I was lovelorn, I did, didn't I?" Mr. Knowlton sat up a little straighter. "You mean we have tears and woe-begone and all that to deal with? Someone left at the altar?"

"No. After the altar. That's worse, I guess. Isn't it?"

"Much. Is this person indigent?"

Toby frowned a little, then laughed.

"That word always throws me. I get it mixed up with 'indignant.' You mean poor or needy, don't you?"

"Yes. But I believe your confusion of words is reasonable. The needy have been indignant for years."

"No, everybody in this deal is rich as Croesus. Our supplicant's name is Maggie Mason. She's quite a dish. Kind of all-over tawny. Tawny hair, tawny eyes, a gorgeous complexion, and the prettiest mouth and teeth I've ever seen."

"Haven't looked in the mirror lately, have you?"

"Down, father, down," Toby admonished. She scuttled the car across an intersection. "You don't see a white Ritz convertible in front of our place, do you?"

"A white Ritz convertible?"

"Uh-huh. I told you they were potty rich. Mr. Mason gave the car to Mrs. Mason for their anniversary last June. And now it's almost time for another anniversary celebration and they're all washed up. Sad, isn't it? The coast looks clear. Let's go."

She wheeled the car into the home drive and headed for the garage. She and her father went into the house through the back door.

In the kitchen Mrs. Knowlton stood calmly arranging yellow roses in a milk-glass bowl. In a white silk shirtwaist dress, accented by a pumpkin-colored cummerbund and matching sandals, she looked anything but harassed. Her dark, short-cropped hair was shining, and her eyes were dreamy as she looked up at Mr. Knowlton.

"Hi, darling," she said, and promptly gave him a strong smooch.

"Wow!" he exclaimed.

"Sorry if I took your breath away. But do you know, when I hear about marital troubles, I'm always so terribly glad I married you. My luck just overcomes me. Drinks are on the sun porch. . . . Bring your soda, Toby. . . . Now," she continued, after they were comfortably settled, "would you like me to take a slight poke at this comic little tragedy? It's kind of a cross between soap opera and spectacular, complete with juvenile delinquents and a witchy aunt."

"Am I to infer that I may be retained as legal counsel?"

"Heavens, no! Divorce, in case you haven't been told, is a dreadful, miserable thing. My afternoon's visitor also has been informed, by her big sister, that good attorneys don't like divorce cases and bad ones don't like people. Seriously, I'm quite concerned about Maggie. I feel there probably is quite a simple solution to her problem, if only it would rise up and hit me in the face."

"Talk," suggested Mr. Knowlton, stretching out on the chaise lounge.

"Well," she began, "I'll tell you who the actors are in this play. First, there's Maggie Mason, whose husband, Blair, left her about eight months ago and is now resident in an apartment in the city. Maggie's carrying on in fourteen rooms of a house in Lake Forest, to which they moved last year."

"Ages?"

"She's about twenty-seven. He's thirty-ish. And very well-to-do."

"So Toby reported."

Mrs. Knowlton cast a swift glance at her offspring.

"Did that factor particularly interest you, Toby?"

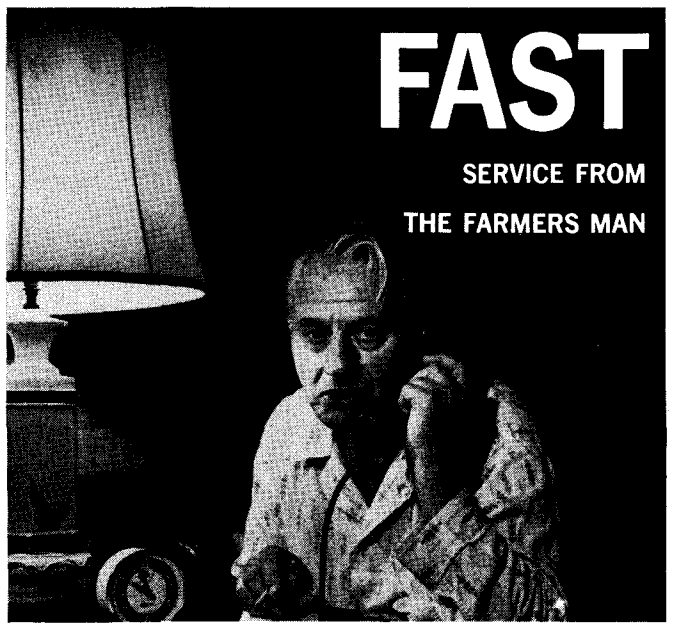
"It sure did. Why not? If there weren't gobs of money the story would be minus its trimmings."

"You aren't just mercenary are you?"

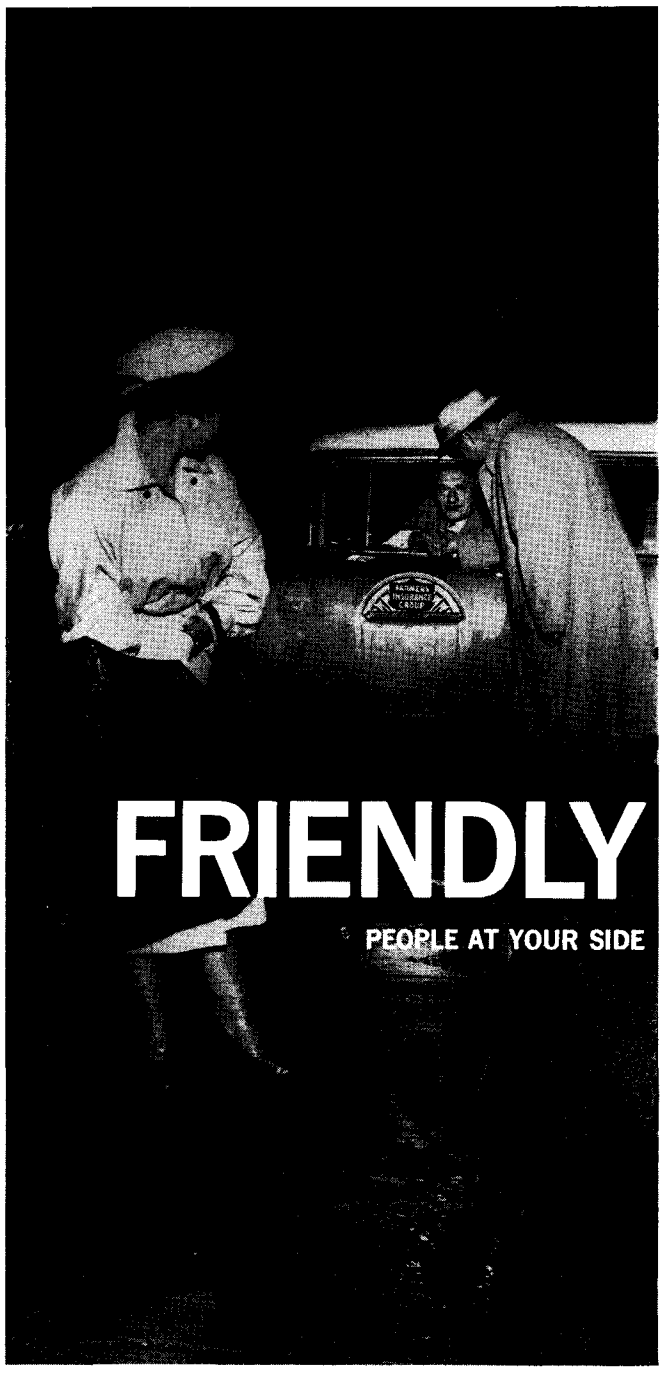
"Well, that's not what we call it at slumber parties. Mother, it once may have been nice to think upstanding young men got their start toward outstanding success by selling magazines and newspapers. But not any more."

"No, not any more," Mr. Knowlton said, dryly. "They now have to have a foreign sports car to serve their morning paper routes."

"The times change," Toby suggested. "I'd love to drive a car like hers."



Friday, 11:50 PM. Rain and heavy weekend traffic mean accidents. A call for help late at night. The man from FARMERS is on his way...fast. His place is with the insured, helping.



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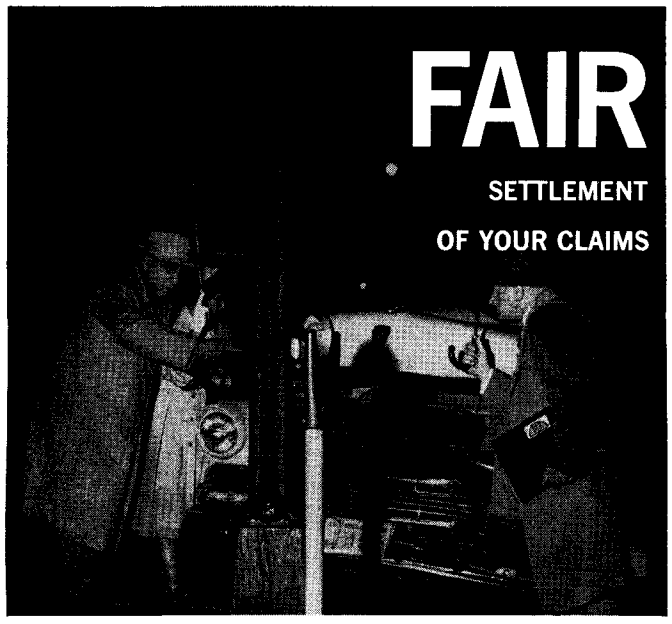

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"Dream on," Mrs. Knowlton said and thoughtfully sipped her drink. "The issue of the Mason marriage consists of seven-year-old twins—Laura and Chris. Maggie described them as cherubs. It made me shudder."

"Was I ever a cherub?" Toby asked.

"Certainly not," Mr. Knowlton informed her. "You were independent, resentful of authority for authority's sake, slightly conniving in your attitude toward rich relatives and horribly frank." He turned back to his wife. "So we have a lovely young mother, two cherubs and an erring husband."

"Do we?"

"Well, isn't that what it adds up to? Wasn't it Mr. Mason who moved out?"

Mrs. Knowlton gazed contemplatively at her drink, as if there might be a crystal ball in the bottom of it. "All husbands who move out aren't erring, are they?" she asked.

"All men are erring," reported Mr. Knowlton. "It's their nature."

"Nonsense. And you're sidetracking me. We have a fifth member of the cast. Big sister Norah. She's a great career girl, and unfortunately her career at the moment is in Milwaukee, which is much too close for comfort. She's the one I went to school with, but every time Maggie and I happened to meet we got along better than I could ever get along with Norah. Norah always had an inexhaustible stock of good advice. She even offered to share some with the school principal. And because their mother's dead, I suppose she feels it incumbent upon herself to tell Maggie the facts of life. Poor Maggie. She's really terrifically appealing in an innocent, sort of untouched way."

"She seems to have lost her appeal for Mr. Mason."

"I wish I could be sure. It seems he left when Maggie was quoting some advice Norah had given her. According to Maggie, he screamed like a stuck panther and hurled a perfectly good humidor clean across the room."

"So we come to Thanksgiving," prompted Toby. "That's the hilarious part."

"Let's have another drink first," Mrs. Knowlton said.

So Mr. Knowlton served fresh drinks.

"Left alone, Maggie, taking a serious view of life, thought she should instruct the children in Thanksgiving tradition. You know, over-the-river-and-through-the-woods stuff. So she began by introducing them to Lydia Maria Child."

"That must have been quite a stunt," Mr. Knowlton suggested. "Lydia Maria Child has been dead since 1880."

Mrs. Knowlton ignored the interruption.

"The twins chose to take it literally. They decided they really wanted to go through the white and drifted snow to grandmother's house, in spite of the fact that their maternal grandmother doesn't exist and their paternal grandmother is in Paris. Their disappointment, according to Maggie, made them cry all day. And the cook, who couldn't bear the thought of the turkey dinner with the mister gone, turned sullen and took to nipping. Thanksgiving was a mess. Friday was father's day to celebrate Thanksgiving. The children left early and didn't come home until very late. When they came they were singing new words to the Thanksgiving song. They were singing:

Over the cities and through the clouds
To a fine hotel we go.
The plane eats up space
That leads to the place
With central heat aglow. Oh!
Over the cities and through the clouds.
The game chef's cap I spy.
The tip is a gyp
But the dinner's a pip
Though I'd rather have pumpkin pie!"

"Where had they been?"

"They had flown to Detroit. There their father had taken them to some fancy club where they had guinea hen under glass and a baked Alaska."

"Sounds good."

"Not to Maggie, it didn't. Then came Christmas. The twins decided they wanted dogs, but, according to Maggie, Mr. Mason was a perfect fiend about the whole thing. Laura wanted a cocker, but said her father told her cockers were lame-brains. Chris yearned for a dachshund, but reported Mr. Mason as referring to dachshunds as unlinked sausage. So of course Maggie got them the cocker and the dachshund. When the children returned from their father's Christmas celebration they had in tow a St. Bernard and a Labrador retriever. Maggie spent the holidays training dogs and cleaning rugs."

"And next came Easter. That was a riot," Toby said.

"Rabbits," Mrs. Knowlton interpreted. "The children insisted upon rabbits."

"And Mrs. Mason just hates hutches," Toby added.

"Same song, second verse," Mr. Knowlton said. "Any divided custody leaves the children in an excellent position to play one parent against the other. There's a lot of it going on these days. Sort of tee-for-two arrangement. The kids put mamma or papa up on the tee and take a good hard drive with a dear little dream, a treble voice and a touching teardrop. They break par on practically every course. Ask any attorney."

"And Norah's no help," Mrs. Knowlton sighed. "Sometimes I wonder if school's a good idea, what with the friends one makes. The good ones almost always seem to marry men in the diplomatic service or Arabian oil, and the bad ones never fade away."

"How about men?" Toby wanted to know.

"The good ones marry women the other wives can't stand, and the bad ones borrow money," Mr. Knowlton said.

"Don't you remember Buzzy, the class-cut-up friend of your father's?" Mrs. Knowlton asked Toby. "He was here when you were six. You got tired of being perched on his knee and told him he was a disgusting old fool and he'd better not ask for another loan because your father said he wasn't going to get it!"

"We haven't seen him since. There goes the telephone. . . . Answer it, will you, Toby? . . . Well, your script was fine, but inconclusive. Probably Maggie and Mason could (*Continued on Page 118*)

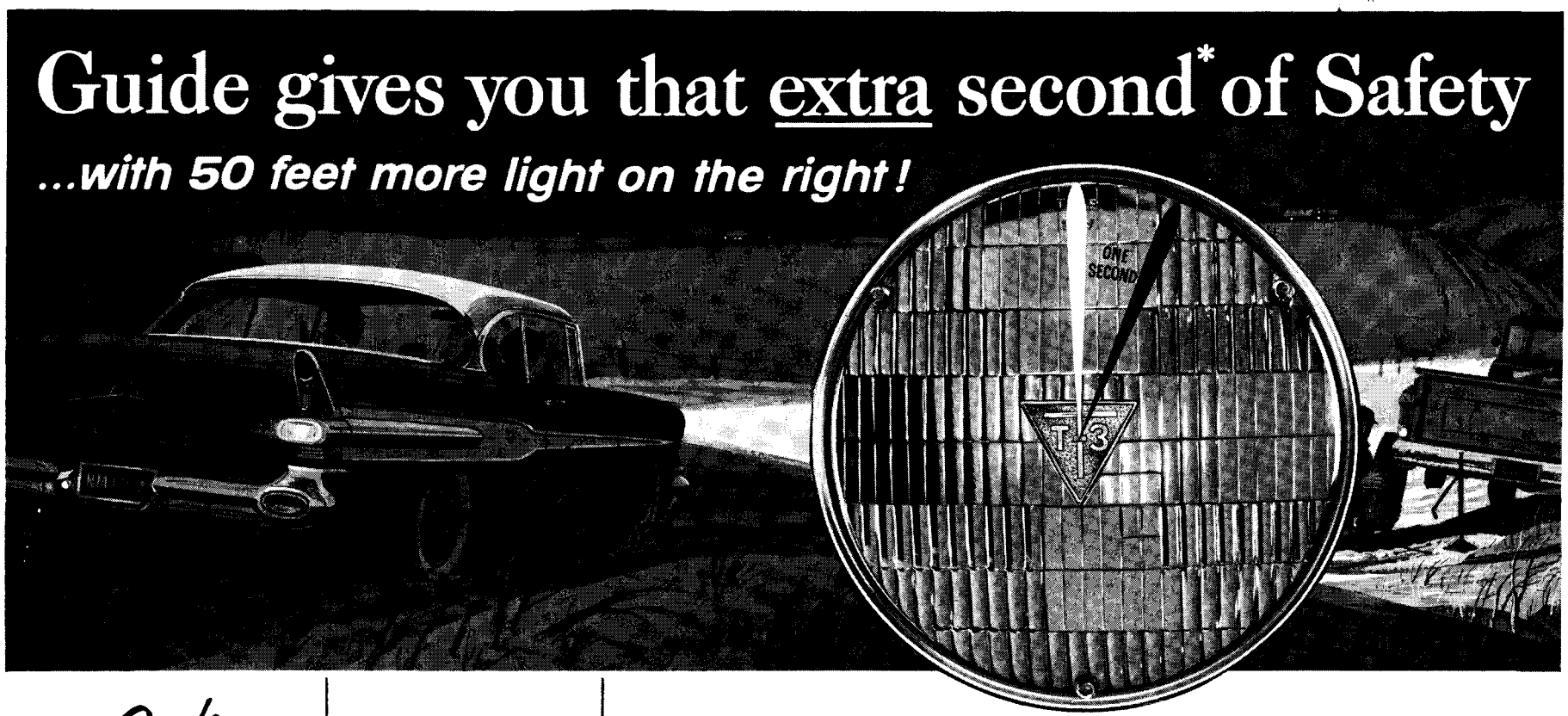
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bouquet for a Valentine

By Frances Higginson Savage

The pinks are for your pretty
words,
Your shy words,
Your sly words;
Lilacs for your loving words,
And lupine for your laughter.

The ferns are for your young air,
Your slender air,
Your tender air;
Take this small bouquet to wear,
And wear my kiss thereafter.



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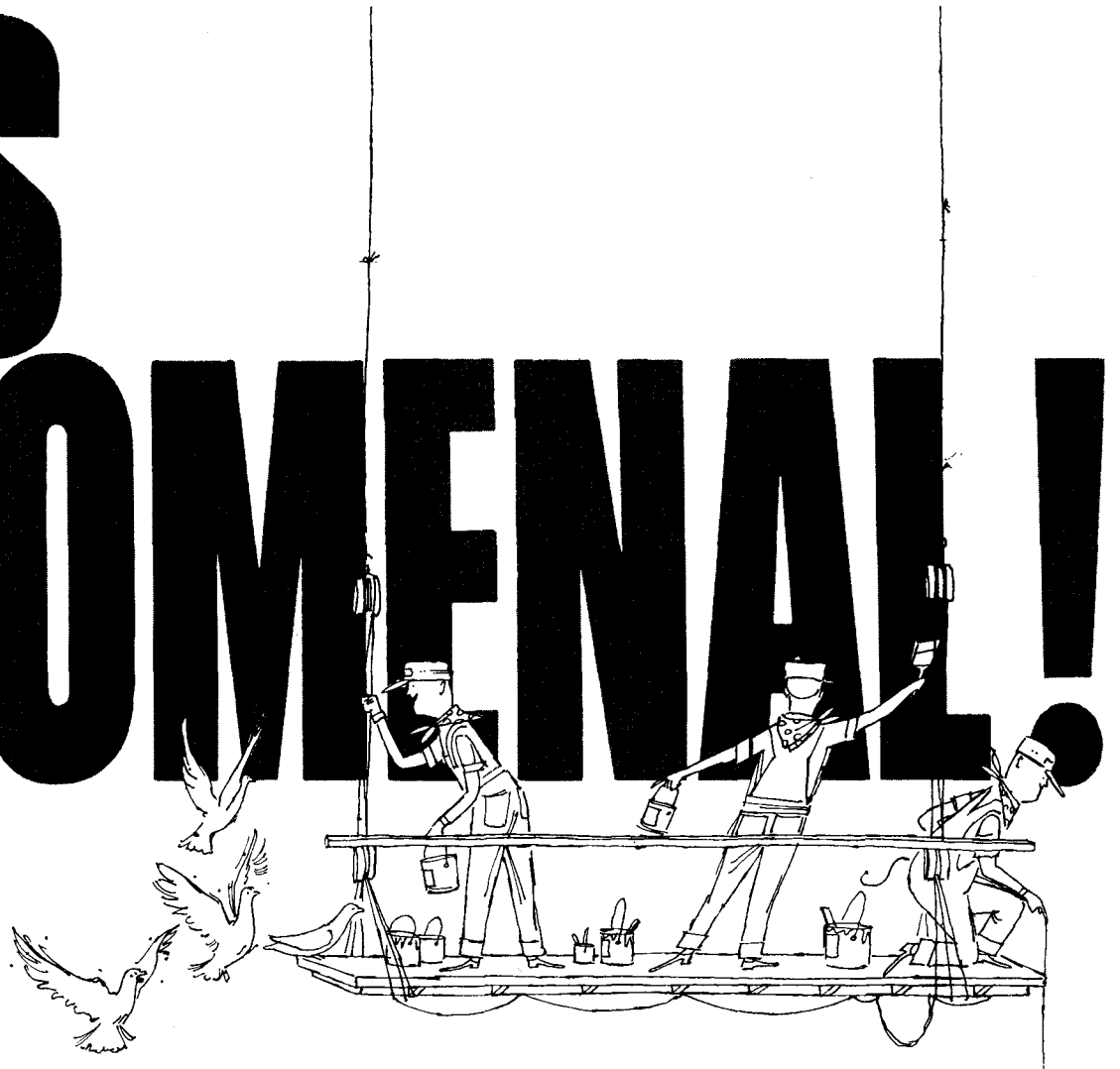

One at a time, once a week, men and women *paid for* and read better than *three hundred million* copies of The Saturday Evening Post last year.

This represents many things: quite a lot of paper, for instance. A lot of ink. And money.

But the real phenomenon here is the grand total of reading activity involved.

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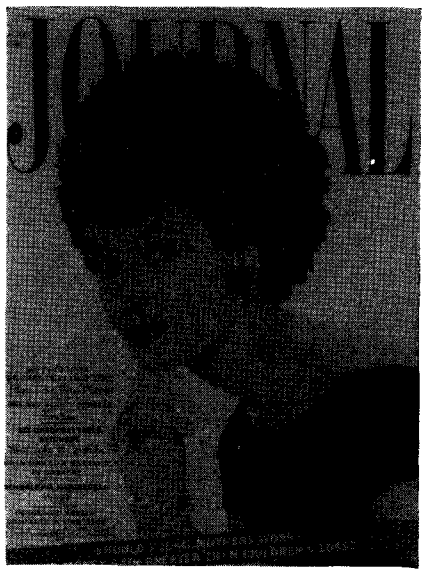

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(*Continued from Page 115*) handle the situation if Maggie's sister could be kept out of the picture and the children denied the opportunity of this double-play business."

Toby came back to the porch. "The call's for you, mother," she reported.

Mrs. Knowlton went to take the call. When she came back her color seemed a little higher than it had been when she left.

"That was Norah," she said. "She's found out Maggie was here and has given me strict, strict orders to tend to my own affairs. Let's have dinner, shall we? We just don't have to think about the Masons any more."

But they did. They had to do quite a lot of thinking about the Masons.

The thinking exploded into violence the night the first page of the second section of the evening paper carried a large picture of Toby Knowlton and Blair Mason smiling dreamily at each other across a luncheon table in one of the glamour spots of Chicago's restaurant circuit. In the picture Toby looked twenty-five and seductive. Mr. Mason looked handsome, prosperous and willing. Having seen it, Mr. Knowlton trudged twice around the downtown station so he could miss his usual train and assorted comments from fellow commuters.

As he detrained, his glance sought his car on the home-station parking lot. He was wondering if Toby would be there. She wasn't. Mrs. Knowlton was leaning against the right front fender, and Mr. Knowlton knew he was headed for trouble. Mrs. Knowlton's kiss of greeting was distraught and hasty.

"You must have been waiting for quite a while," Mr. Knowlton said.

"No, I haven't. I didn't need a crystal ball to tell me you'd deliberately miss your regular train. I simply had to get out of the house to cool off before I strangled Toby with my own bare words."

"What does she have to say?"

"Nothing, so far."

"Nothing? Surely she has some explanation."

"I'm sure she has, and it apparently has made her simply wild with the joy of living. She has stars in her eyes, wings on her heels and a song in her heart." Mrs. Knowlton sighed. "As for me, I feel a million years older than Methuselah and as if I'd misspent my maturity. The telephone has rung constantly. The callers, all women, fall into three categories—natural-born tongue-clackers, mothers of male date bait and a small sprinkling of the jolly gossip type. For a while I sounded like one of those time or weather records. You know, the light, merry laugh, the old-old-friends-of-the-family statement—which is a great lie—and 'isn't it just too amusing what the young people do during vacation?' and 'how kind and thoughtful dear Blair is.' I've never laid eyes on him, of course."

"It surprises me that Toby hasn't offered any explanation."

For the first time during the homeward ride Mrs. Knowlton smiled and snuggled close to her husband.

"It shouldn't," she said. "I wouldn't let her. I ordered her to maintain complete silence till you arrived and the three of us could hold court. I also instructed her to stay away from the telephone. That's a fate worse than death. If there's anything maddening in this world it's to stand there listening to a telephone ringing its lungs out."

"Perhaps I shouldn't mention this, but have you heard from Maggie?"

"Not yet, but it will happen."

Arm-in-arm they entered the house by way of the front door and went immediately to the sun porch. The first thing they saw there was a cocktail tray laid out, whisky decanter, soda, ice bucket and a small assortment of their favorite *canapés*. Some distance from the tray, astride an antique chair, sat Toby, looking extremely cheerful and prettier than ever. She rose to greet her father.

"Is the condemned woman allowed to kiss you?" she asked.

"Don't be flippant, dear," Mrs. Knowlton suggested.

Mr. Knowlton offered his cheek.

"May I talk now, or do I have to wait to be questioned? I'm simply bursting with the most wonderful news, and the most amusing conversation, and ——" Toby was rubbing her cheek against her father's coat sleeve.

Mr. Knowlton had been talked to like this before. His mind could take it, but his knees couldn't.

"Do you have a sort of short, blanket statement to make? One that would do away with all necessity of questioning?" he asked.

Toby went back to straddle the chair, propped her elbows on the back rest, and her chin in her hands, gazing thoughtfully at her parents.

"A short, blanket statement?" she said. "Father, what a thing to ask a woman."

"Surely you must know how embarrassing this is," he began.

"But why?"

At that moment the telephone rang. Mrs. Knowlton dug herself deeper into her corner of the sofa and took a firmer grip on her highball glass. Toby started up, but Mr. Knowlton rose to play the role of dominant husband and father.

He was back on the sun porch within a few seconds.

"This one's yours," he said to his wife.

When Mrs. Knowlton returned to the sun porch, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes looked angry.

"I can tell you why it's embarrassing," she said. "That was Maggie Mason on the phone. Paul Revere rides again! You certainly hung the lanterns in the Old North Church. Somebody spread the alarm to big sister, and big sister's gathered up her verbal minutemen and the fat's in the fire."

"Darling," Mr. Knowlton pleaded, "let's not get all gnarled up in this mish-mash of metaphors and history. Precisely what did Maggie Mason say?"

"She says she came here for sympathy and advice only to discover how hard and unfeeling and deceitful Toby can be. She also says her sister says that if Blair weren't so wealthy it couldn't have happened."

"She's so right," Toby agreed placidly.

"What?" Mr. Knowlton's voice rose a notch or two.

"But, father, if Mr. Mason were poor, how could he and I have been where we were? It's so simple, isn't it? I mean they don't take pictures of people eating lunch at drugstore counters. It's just not romantic."

"Were you feeling romantic?" Mrs. Knowlton inquired with beautiful irony.

"Oh, boy!" Toby replied. "It was simply wonderful. And I was so glad I'd managed to look more than seventeen. My new hairdo and white dress are a terrific combination, aren't they?"

The senior Knowltons exchanged glances, groaned, sipped their highballs and lapsed into silence.

"I wish you'd let me talk," Toby said. "I mean you act as if it's my fault that I'm like you two."

"Like your father and me?" Mrs. Knowlton said, in something approaching new horror.

"Of course." Toby smiled at them affectionately. "I was so proud of my inheritance." She laughed. "And I didn't mind looking pretty slick when I went in pursuit of love."

"Love!" roared Mr. Knowlton. "Look," he continued, "this has gone far enough. A lot of quips aren't going to answer this question. Now ——"

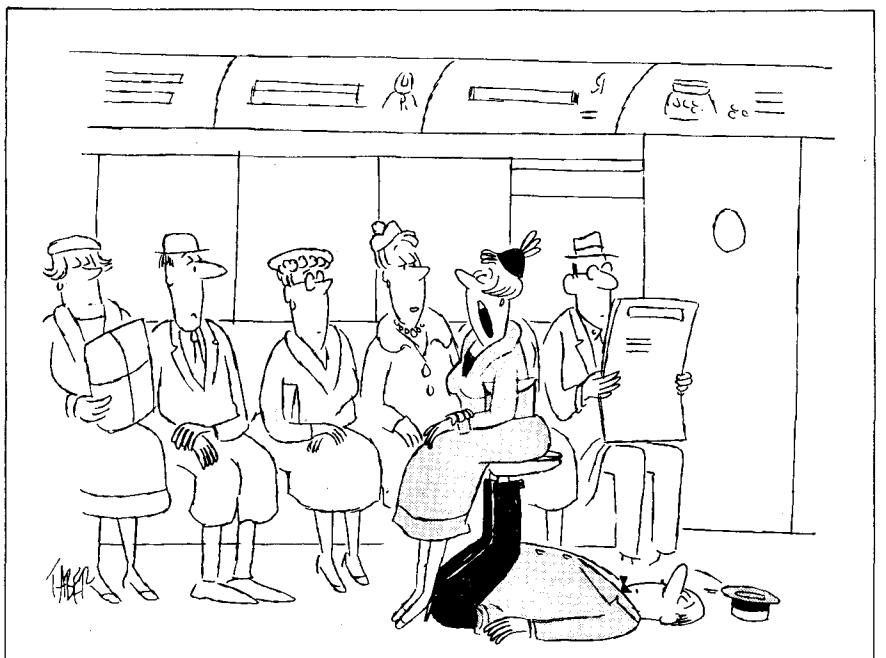
But he didn't get very far. The telephone rang again.

"I'll get it," Mrs. Knowlton said. "It just can't be Maggie Mason. I've heard from her."

She was gone for several minutes, and when she returned she appeared to be walking in a dream. She went over to Toby, cupped Toby's chin in her hand and sighed. Then she turned to look at Mr. Knowlton.

"Toby wasn't pursuing love for herself. She was just pursuing love. That was Maggie Mason on the phone. She called to report that Blair Mason beat nosy Norah to the punch. Maggie and he are simply delirious at being together again. Maggie also says she thinks she's now come of age. She says Blair's absolutely right when he says the time has come to take a steady stand against government by big sister. . . . Talk, Toby And accept my apologies. I guess I should have known better."

Toby came running over to kiss her parents.



"Now that's what I call a gentleman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, thanks," she said. "I've just been busting to tell you. I mean if you two are going to run around helping people, now that I'm as old as I am, you certainly could expect me to sort of follow in the tradition, couldn't you? That's all I did. And it worked, didn't it? Big sister Norah put a restriction on mother, but she didn't mention me, did she? Father, the Christmas-dog deal was exactly what you said. The twins were playing tee-for-two for sure. They pulled the same old sob stuff on their father about how much they wanted a St. Bernard, but they didn't have a chance of getting one because their mother thought St. Bernards were horrid things who did nothing but walk around with barrels of whisky hanging around their necks. And so forth and so on."

"Did you invite Mr. Mason to take you to lunch?" Mr. Knowlton asked.

"Uh-huh. You see I had lots of time to spare and all the information I needed because I'd heard what you and mother had decided, and vacation seemed a nice time to see if I could push the Masons into a reconciliation."

"Wasn't Mr. Mason a little surprised to be asked to take you to lunch?"

"Oh, I didn't really come right out and ask him to take me to lunch," Toby reported. "I just told him I had some information I thought might be helpful to him and I could see him around noon. He's really wonderful. We got along fine." And then she started to laugh. "The Thanksgiving story was a real rollick. You remember the parody of the Lydia Maria Child number? Well, Mr. Mason didn't teach the twins those words. The stewardess did, and she and Mr. Mason had a good cry together, he said, thinking about the passing of the dear old ways and days of Thanksgiving. The stewardess said a traveling salesman had taught the words to her, but that he'd cried too."

The senior Knowltons laughed appreciatively, beamed at each other and at their offspring, and a vast aura of contentment settled over the sun porch.

"I guess I'd better snatch a shower, and change," Toby said, and started out of the room. But she stood in the doorway for a moment and looked at Mr. Knowlton.

"Father," she said, "I hate to be mercenary about this, but it cost me ten dollars. I mean should I just charge this up to being a helpful citizen, or is there some chance of a refund from the firm of Knowlton, Knowlton and Knowlton?"

New doubt assailed Mrs. Knowlton. "Toby, surely you didn't insult Mr. Mason by paying for your own lunch."

Toby laughed. "Brother!" she said. "My lunch cost more than ten bucks. No, it wasn't that." She looked away for a moment and then she turned to face them again. "Of course, I'm just an amateur at this stuff, but I hope you think I did all right. I mean that picture in the paper did sort of stir things up, didn't it?"

"Most certainly," Mrs. Knowlton agreed. "Maggie said it had never before occurred to her that Blair might interest himself in another woman."

Toby's smile was enchanting. "Thanks," she said. "That makes the ten dollars well spent. You see I sort of bribed the strolling newspaper photographer. I gave him the high sign at the right time. I mean when the conversation got worked up to a real good pitch."

Suddenly Mr. Knowlton's knees rediscovered their shakiness. "What did you consider a real good pitch?" he asked, while remembrance of the picture stabbed him with new fear.

"Oh, that was simple," Toby explained. "I stole the lines from mother. I just began to talk about Mrs. Mason's innocent, sort of untouched, charm." THE END

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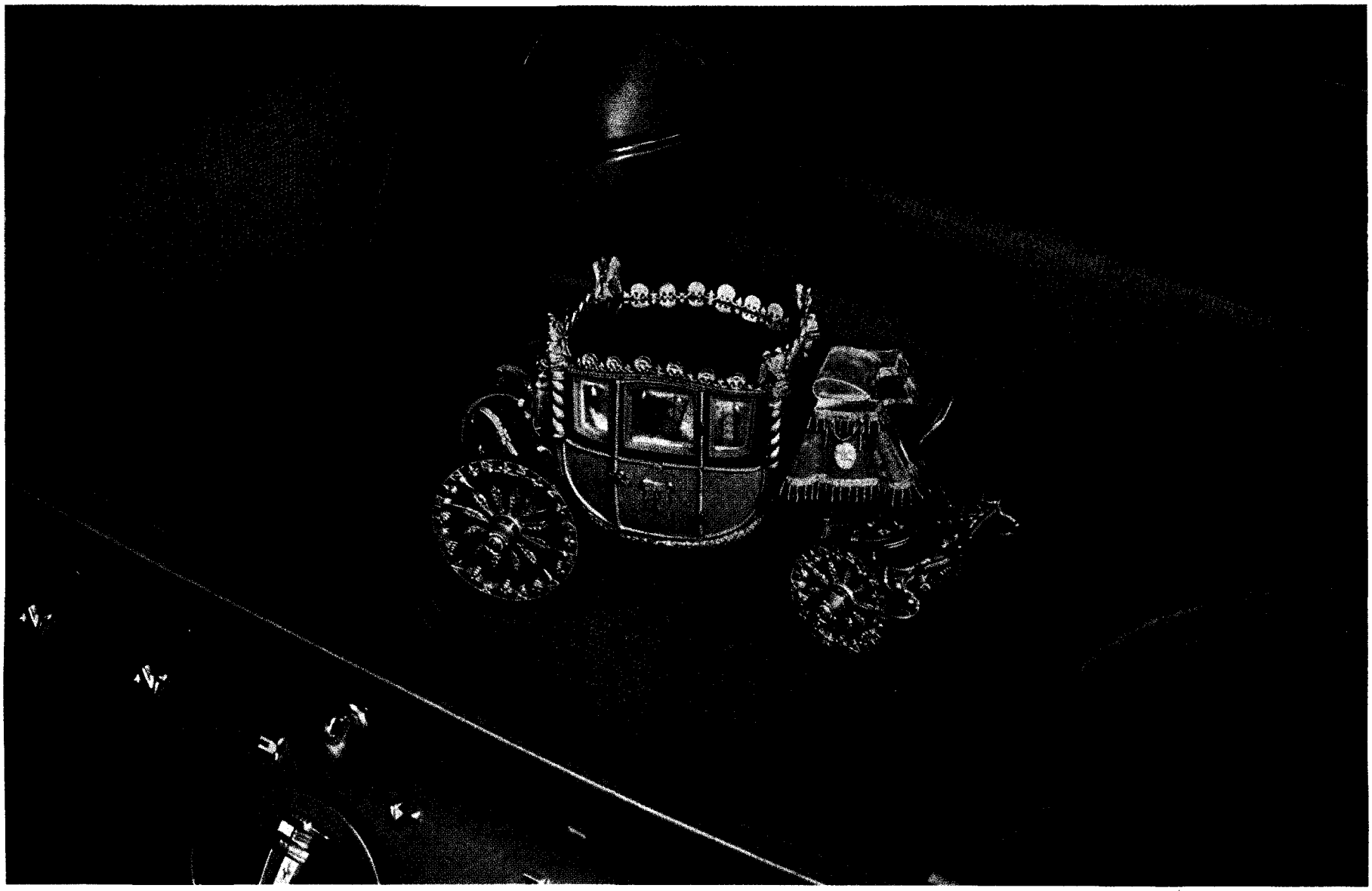

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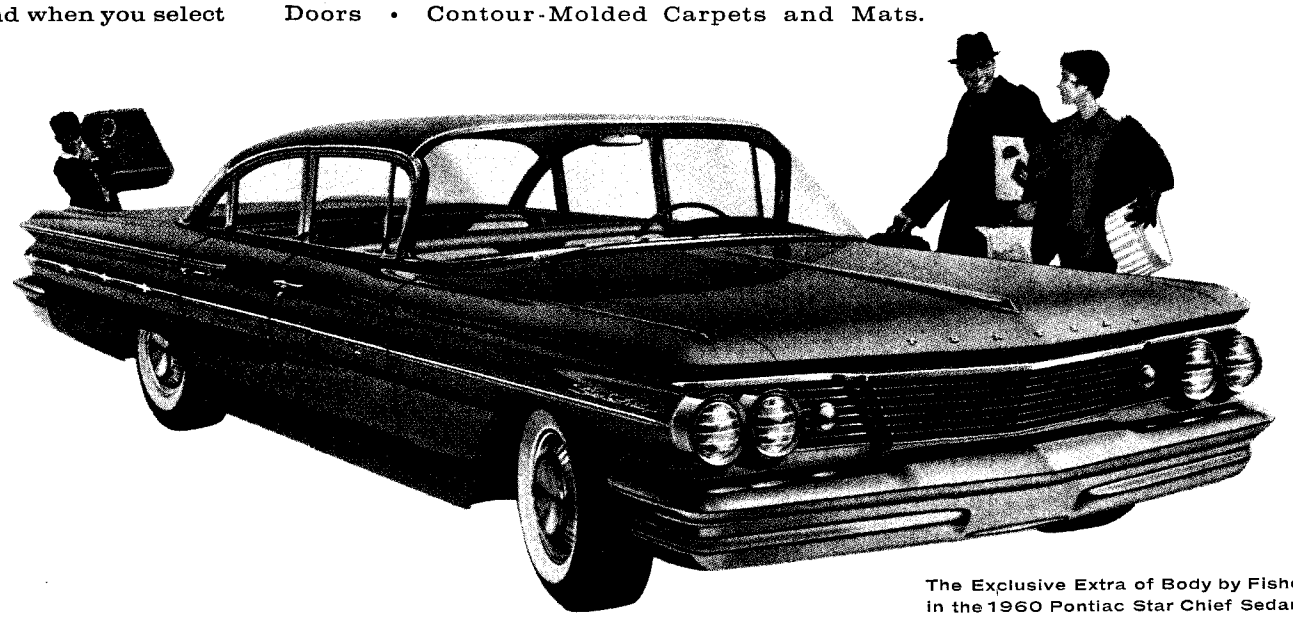

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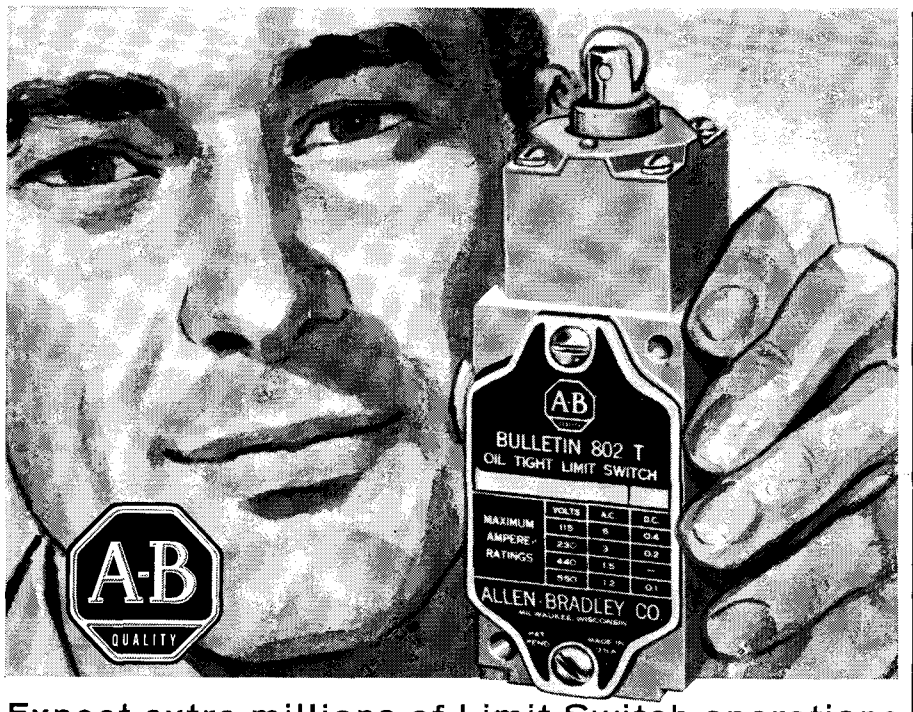

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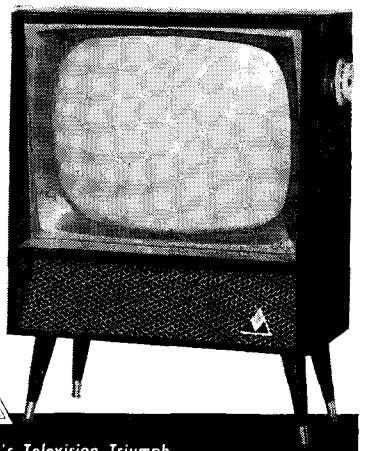

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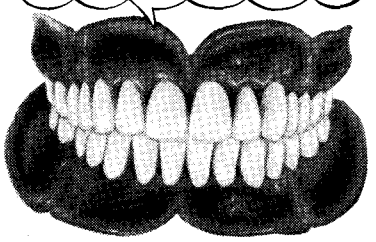
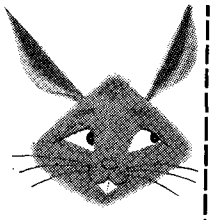


When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.



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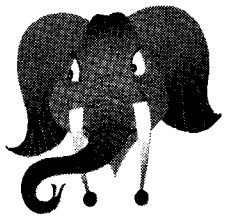

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The Gorge of Death (Continued from Page 31)

summer rains had set in, a steady gray drizzle, but the boughs of the pine kept him dry. They had sheltered him for years, from rain and snow, from sun glare and dust. The huge trunk broke the force of storms that often howl across our mountains. "Old tree," he said with affection, and rubbed a hand across the rough, thick bark. "Old friend."

He set out his alms bowl and counted off the beads of his rosary, chanting the incantation for each of the one hundred and eight. He straightened the prayer flag and began to rotate his wheel, from left to right. "Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus," he intoned, moving his lips over toothless gums. "Let there be an end to violence and bloodletting, an end to killing in the land."

Far down the road, deep in the gorge below, a cowbell tinkled. Few travelers passed his way any more, not since the trouble had started several moons ago, but this one came each morning, up from the village, and returned each night from the meadows above. Tekan watched three yaks plod up the steep, narrow road along the cliff face, followed by a sturdy figure in cape and boots. Beside the shrine this herder drew to a halt and placed a stone on top of the mound.

Pink bloomed in her cheeks from the exertion of the climb, and when she shoved back her hood, moisture sparkled in her braided black hair. The girl-woman, this yakherd, Kaya, who might have been three generations distant, brightened all the day with her youth.

"Greetings, child," he said. "The heavens shine upon you."

From some recess of her garment she drew a pat of freshly churned butter and laid it in his bowl. With downcast eyes she murmured, "Thank you, gracious lord."

Such honorifics embarrassed him, for he was not an ordained lama, but the villagers had reverence for any man of piety. "You are too generous. Only yesterday you brought me tea."

"To nourish the soul," she quoted, "one must also feed the flesh."

"True, and for this gift I bless you." Waiting for Kaya to respond, he saw that her eyes were swollen with weeping, and he sighed. To be young was seldom easy, and for young lovers these cruel times were the seventh pit of darkness. "But smiles are likewise food. Can you not spare one?"

Her lips quivered. "There is trouble in the village again. At the bridge. More *wa-tse* soldiers have arrived."

"They harmed you?"

"No, not that. But you must help me!"

"Whatever one feeble old man can do, consider done."

"You are wise and compassionate, lord. Everyone knows this."

"Age is not wisdom," he said. "But come now, tell me of your man."

Kaya stared at him in wonderment. "You know about Dorje?"

Tekan shook his head. Dorje Goze had been the village blacksmith, until the Red Chinese came once more in force.

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

To understand his patients and himself better, Doctor Jonas decided to undergo psychoanalysis. After lengthy and expensive sessions on the couch, he sought to deduct the cost of the psychoanalysis from his income tax. The Government objected, so Jonas appealed to the United States Tax Court.

"A taxpayer is permitted to deduct expenses reasonably necessary to his business or profession," the physician pointed out. "By having myself psychoanalyzed, I improved my professional ability to aid my patients. That is a reasonable thing for a physician to do, and therefore deductible."

"A doctor doesn't have to be psychoanalyzed to improve himself in the practice of medicine," counsel for the revenue department countered. "If Jonas believes he enhances his efficiency by curling up on a psychoanalyst's couch, let him do so at his own expense, not the Government's."

If you were the judge, would you allow the deduction?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jonas gets the deduction. A majority of the court ruled that the cost of improving one's professional skill is deductible and that the doctor was entitled to psychoanalysis as a deductible business expense.

Based upon a 1959 decision of the United States Tax Court.

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There had been much fighting, the bridge destroyed, and Dorje had fled to the mountains where he now lived in hiding with the guerrillas. "I know only that he is young and hot-blooded and the most fortunate of men."

"Last night ——" Her voice faltered. "—he came to me, to my house. Dorje himself. He slipped past their guards into the village."

Tekan Sorbu drew a deep breath. Chinese troops occupied the village—many troops. Each day armed patrols rode out to protect the road and search the countryside for guerrillas. And Dorje Goze, who had a price upon his head, had been rash enough to invade their stronghold. "To court such danger he must love you very much indeed, for which no one can blame him. Where is he now?"

"Hidden on my roof. I begged him to go and take me with him. Together we would be safe in the mountains. But he is more stubborn than any yak. He has a plan, some desperate scheme."

"A plan?"

"He would not tell me what. But he must not do this thing. He will be caught and executed. Talk to him, lord. Stop him. To you he will listen."

"You wish me to go to him in the village?"

Kaya covered her face with her hands and nodded mutely.

Tekan closed his eyes, feeling the thin, dry lids, like ancient parchment. The passions of war and desire and hatred no longer had the power to move him. His blood was watered wine; for too long his concerns had been of another world. But a dim memory stirred in him. "And do you love this smith in return?"

"Oh, yes!" she breathed. "He is my sun, my life!"

"Go along then to your grazing. No more tears. We will talk again tonight."

After Kaya had clattered off with her yaks, he rested his head against the pine. Rain pattered down among the needles, and far below the waters of the mighty Tata Ho flung back their song as they raced through the gorge. By ear he could recognize the river's moods, her quiet periods as well as her tantrums. He had spent a lifetime listening. She was restive now, swollen with child of the melting snows, chafing to give birth and burst forth to the sea. Her time, he knew, was almost upon her.

"Perhaps mine, too, has come, old tree," he said, and tapped the gnarled ropy roots. "You will outlast me yet."

He gathered his cloak about him and padded down the road, leaning on his staff. The cobbles were wet and slippery, worn smooth by the traffic of centuries, and mist hid the village. He could not recall when he last had visited there, or left his shrine untended.

With explosives the Chinese had widened the roadway to make passage for their trucks and wheeled vehicles. They had brought many changes from their lowlands. Presently a patrol mounted on jeeps crawled by, spewing out fumes that made him cough. Pressed against the cliff, he watched their grinning faces, their tools of death. They knew him and called out coarse jokes as they passed, but he did not think of them as the enemy. They were mortals like himself, men of another faith or perhaps no faith at all.

Pausing often to rest, he climbed down to the river bottom and the edge of the village. Here, where the river pinched in to its narrowest channel between two granite ribs, a new bridge spanned the gorge, replacing the old swaying suspension bridge of iron chains that he had known. He studied the marvel of it, this airy structure of arches and girders and pilings. Truly the Chinese were clever. Like ants they swarmed over the great beams, scores of them, working, working.

Kaya's small house stood at the far side of the village. Behind the parapet of the roof he must look for Dorje Goze. But to go there directly might arouse suspicion. Soldiers seemed everywhere about, on guard with long knives fastened to their rifles. Only a few Tibetans moved along the one street, mostly women and children. The younger men, men of fighting age, either had escaped to the mountains or been deported. Holding out his bowl, Tekan shuffled forward.

Before he had gone many steps two soldiers seized him by the arms. He did not resist their search. They pushed him roughly toward a building over which fluttered the foreign flag with a star of blood red. Inside he stood with bowed head, silent, surrounded by a ring of curious Chinese, until he was led into a smaller room furnished with a desk and chair.

The single occupant, a young, moon-faced man in uniform, continued reading some papers for several minutes before glancing up. With a faint smile he examined Tekan at leisure. "What do you want, beggar?"

It was a deliberate insult. No Tibetan would have used that word. But Tekan answered quietly, "I want nothing, excellence."

"Nothing?" The other's eyebrows lifted. "Perhaps you come to see our new bridge."

"It is a very handsome bridge."

"You like it, eh? You must be the holy man from the (*Continued on Page 124*)

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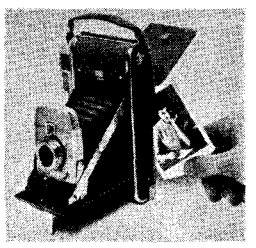

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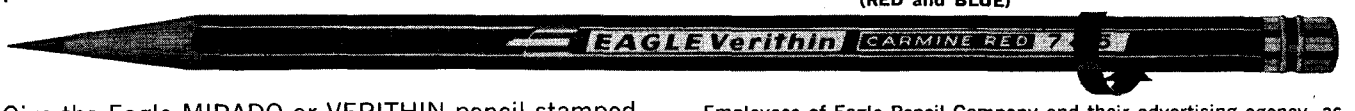

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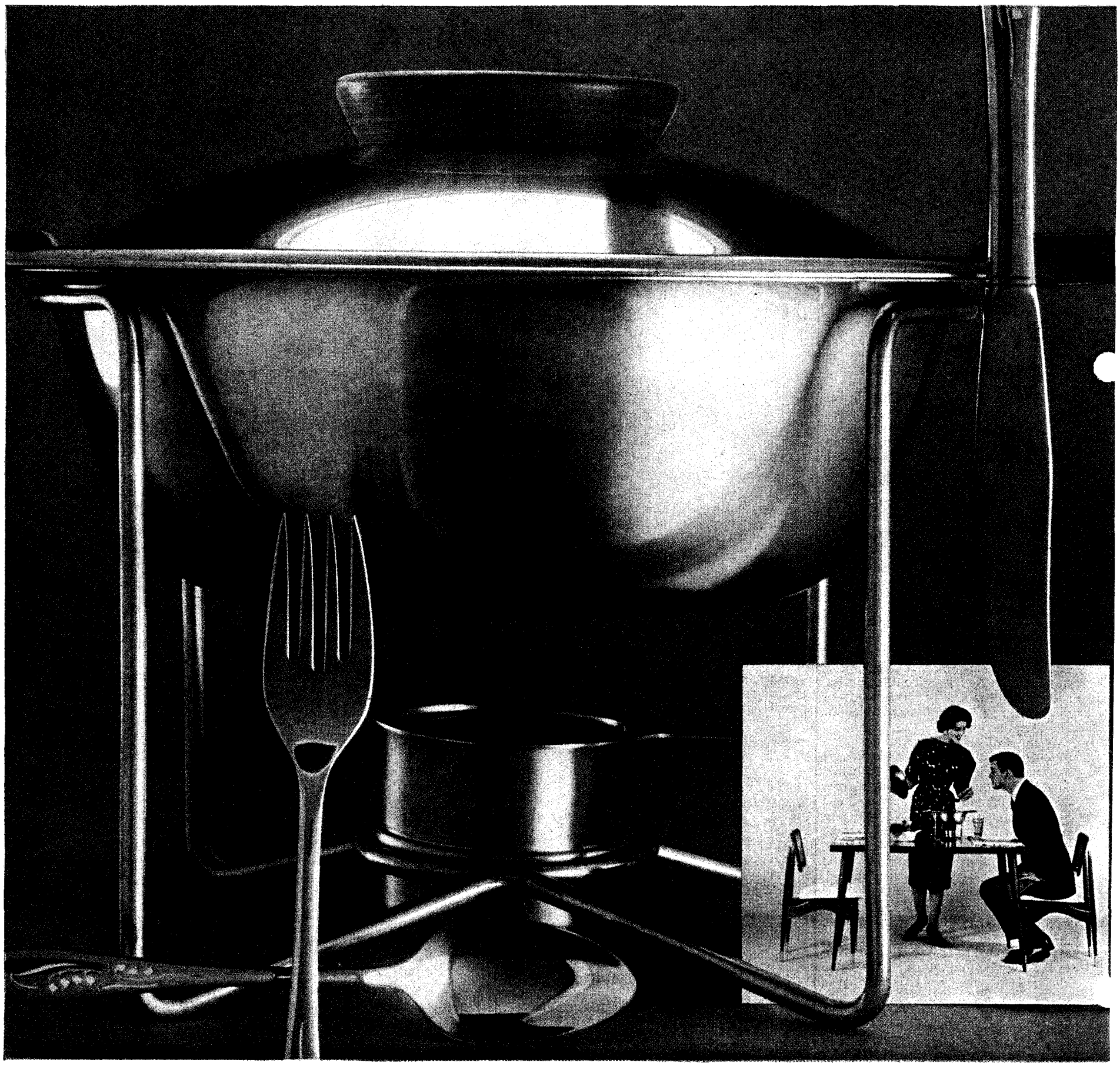

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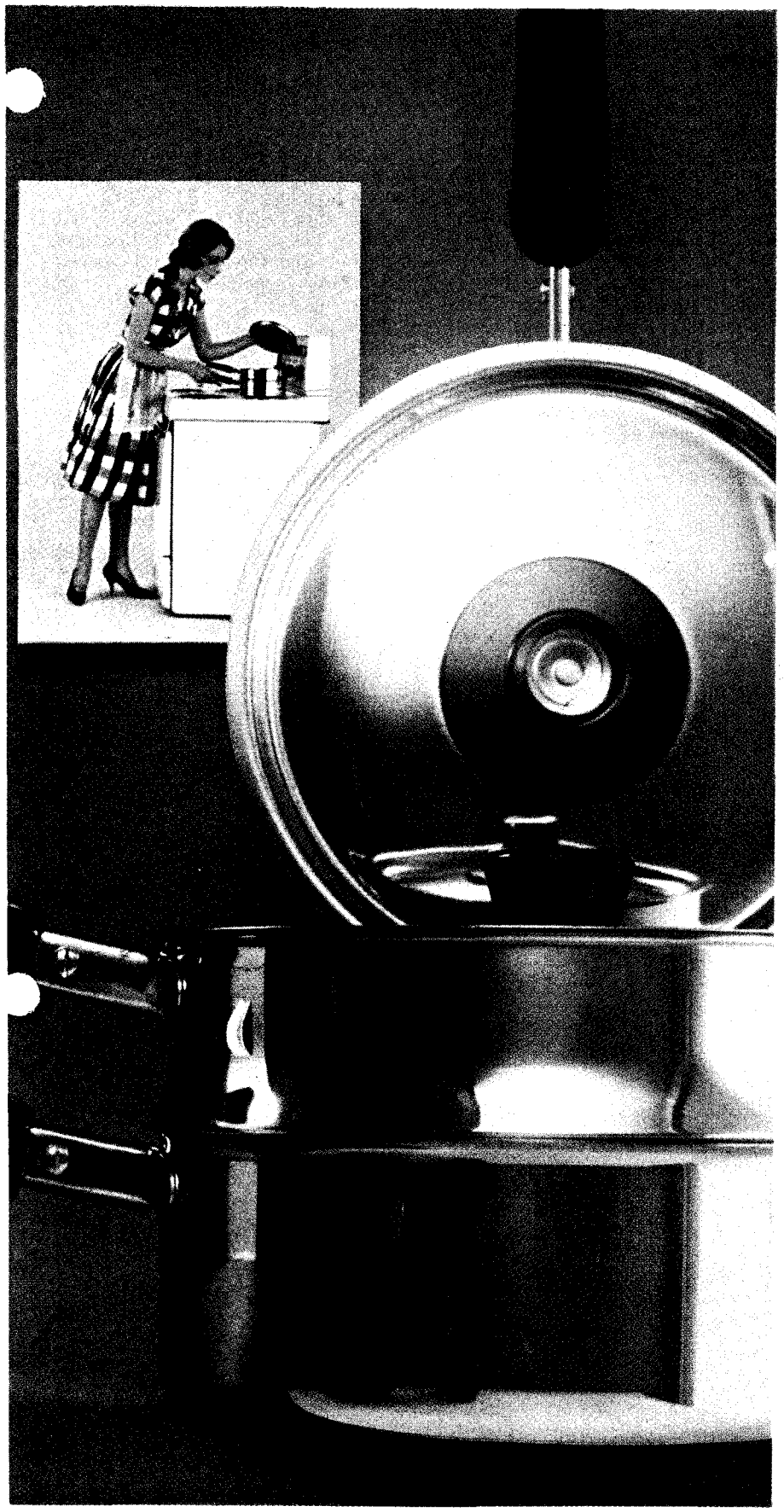

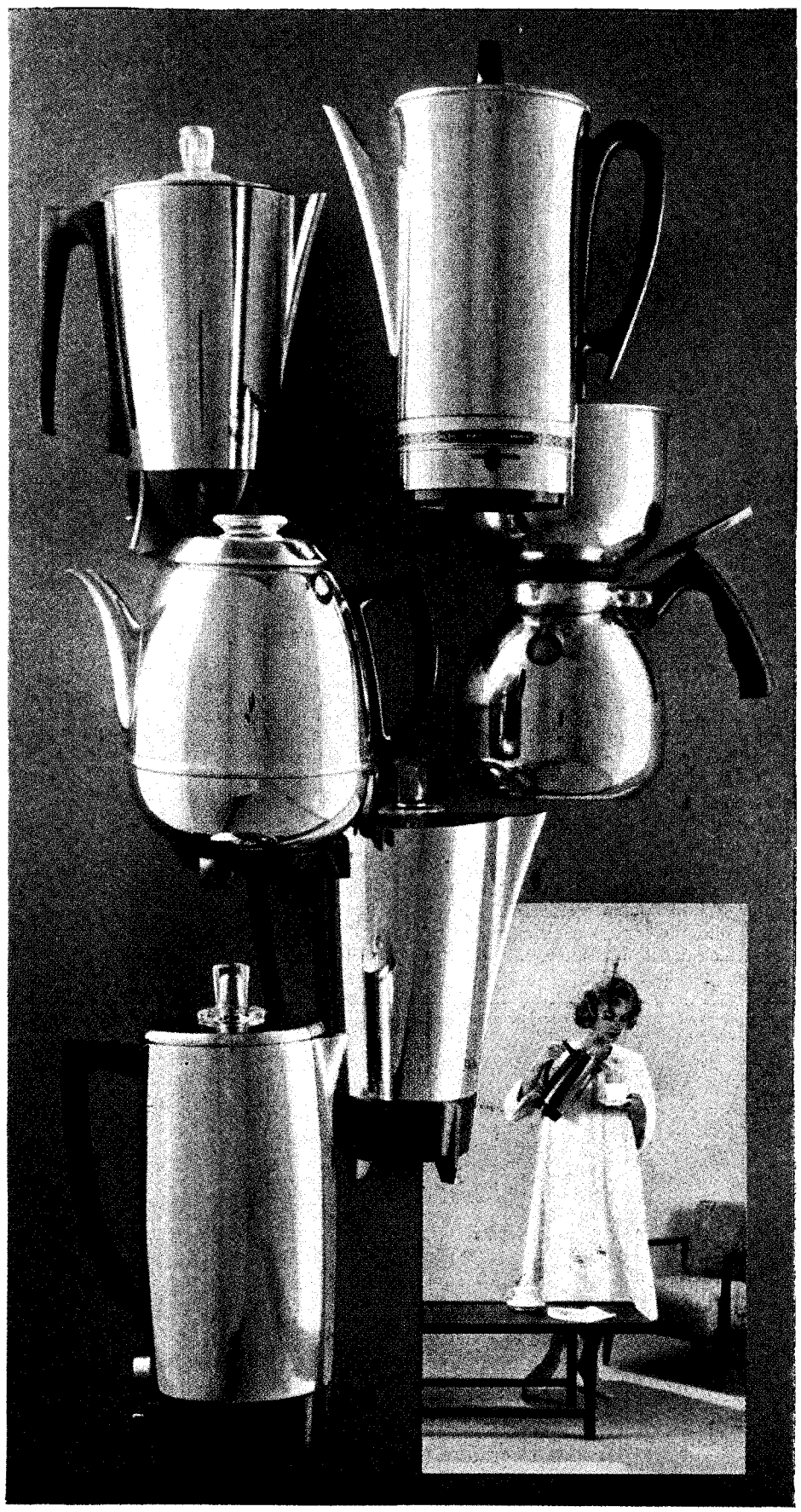

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(*Continued from Page 121*) cliff. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Colonel Chen of the engineer corps. I designed and built this bridge which you admire."

"I stand humble in your presence," Tekan said. Through the window he could see the roof line of Kaya's house. For her, and for her lover, he feared this smiling, silken-voiced colonel of engineers. Far better that he had stayed away.

"So at last we meet," the colonel said. "I have heard some wondrous tales of your powers."

"I have no power but prayer."

"You disappoint me. Your neighbors swear that you possess the evil eye and gifts of black magic, that you heal the sick and cast out devils. Some say that you have put a curse upon my bridge."

"They are simple people, excellence, as I am a simple man."

"Come now," the colonel said playfully. "I won't reveal your secrets. Give me a sample of your art. Cast a spell. Perform a trick for me."

Tekan swallowed and said nothing. For the first time in more years than he could count he felt the hot prick of an almost forgotten sensation—anger, a strange, unseemly emotion of which he was ashamed.

"Then I will perform a trick for you." As the colonel stood up his manner changed abruptly. "Look out that window, you filthy, ignorant fakir. Tell me what you see."

Tekan tried to still the trembling in his legs. Was it anger, fear, exhaustion, or all of these? Outside, the mud-brown river boiled and surged with thunderous power, carrying a flood-stage burden of driftwood and debris, almost to the high-water scar of bygone years. In all Tibet never had there been such a bridge as this which defied the Tata Ho. "I see the bridge," he said.

"Also you see the road. The Amban Road. The great high road from Peking to Lhasa, built a thousand years before you and I were born. In a few days my bridge will be finished, and the road reopened to travel. It, too, will last a thousand years."

"With God's will," Tekan said. "In my lifetime, however, I have seen three bridges destroyed here."

"Not this one!" A wildness came to the colonel's eyes, the fire of a fanatic. "You barbarians will not destroy *my* bridge."

"The river is the true destroyer, not man."

"Listen well to me. I am an engineer of the New China. I do not build bridges that can be washed away. I spit on your devils and curses. For one reason only have I spared your carcass."

Tekan remained silent. Nothing he might say would reach this man, who knew all and understood nothing.

"Each day you sit up there and watch my soldiers, my bridge, my labor battalions. These things you report to your guerrilla friends. Now give them this message from me."

Tekan raised a hand in protest, but the colonel cut him short. "Tell these vermin I want them to attack my bridge. I welcome them. I invite them! To their death. Now climb back to your perch, old man. Stay there. If you return to the village to spy again, I will have you shot."

Slowly Tekan walked back up the road, feeling the weight of his years, heavy with defeat. He dared not so much as glance back at Kaya's house now. He had failed her. Perhaps the soldiers already had discovered her young man. If that came to pass, how could he sustain her through the agony of grief?

In early evening he finally reached his shrine again and sank down on the rocks. The rain had stopped, the mist had blown away and the distant peaks stood revealed, blazing in the sunset under their eternal cap of ice. It was a barren scene, treeless except for his lone towering pine, but from it he drew renewed strength and comfort as he prayed. Afterward he sat listening to the sounds of twilight—the croak of a jackdaw in flight, a marmot's piping whistle, the endless sullen grumble of the river.

Presently, when he heard an approaching bell, he roused himself, gathered twigs and struck fire with flint and steel. By the time Kaya arrived, leading her yaks, he had brewed a pot of tea, richly flavored with salt and butter. He handed her a bowl and shook his head, wincing at the stricken look which came into her face.

"I will go to him!" she cried. "He must be in trouble."

"Wait, child" Tekan touched her hand. "Not yet. If he has been found in your house, it will be unsafe to return. Patience a little longer."

They waited together while dusk melted into night, and he lighted the butter lamp in his hut. The Chinese patrol clanked past, empty-handed after a day's search, and descended toward the village. Fresh storm clouds gathered to the west. On the horizon lightning flickered and rent the sky. Not even scalding tea could thaw the chill which crept into his bones.

Hours later a pebble rattled against the hut wall, and a tall figure climbed over the cliff edge and stepped into the circle of light. With a cry of joy Kaya sprang to her feet. Carefully Dorje Goze put down the sack he had been carrying on his back. Seizing Kaya about the waist, he swung her into the air. "Little one!" he boomed. "You are still here."

He was a big, rollicking man with a smile that would set any girl's heart afire. The glow in Kaya's eyes was a sight to behold. But womanlike she snapped, "Set me down, you brainless donkey! Where have you been all this day, while I died ten thousand times?"

Dorje threw back his head and laughed. "Already you sound like a wife. In the village, little one. I had business there. After dark I slipped out again, as I slipped in. The Red monkeys hear no evil, see no evil."

"Tell this foolish man of mine," she said to Tekan. "Tell him what you learned today."

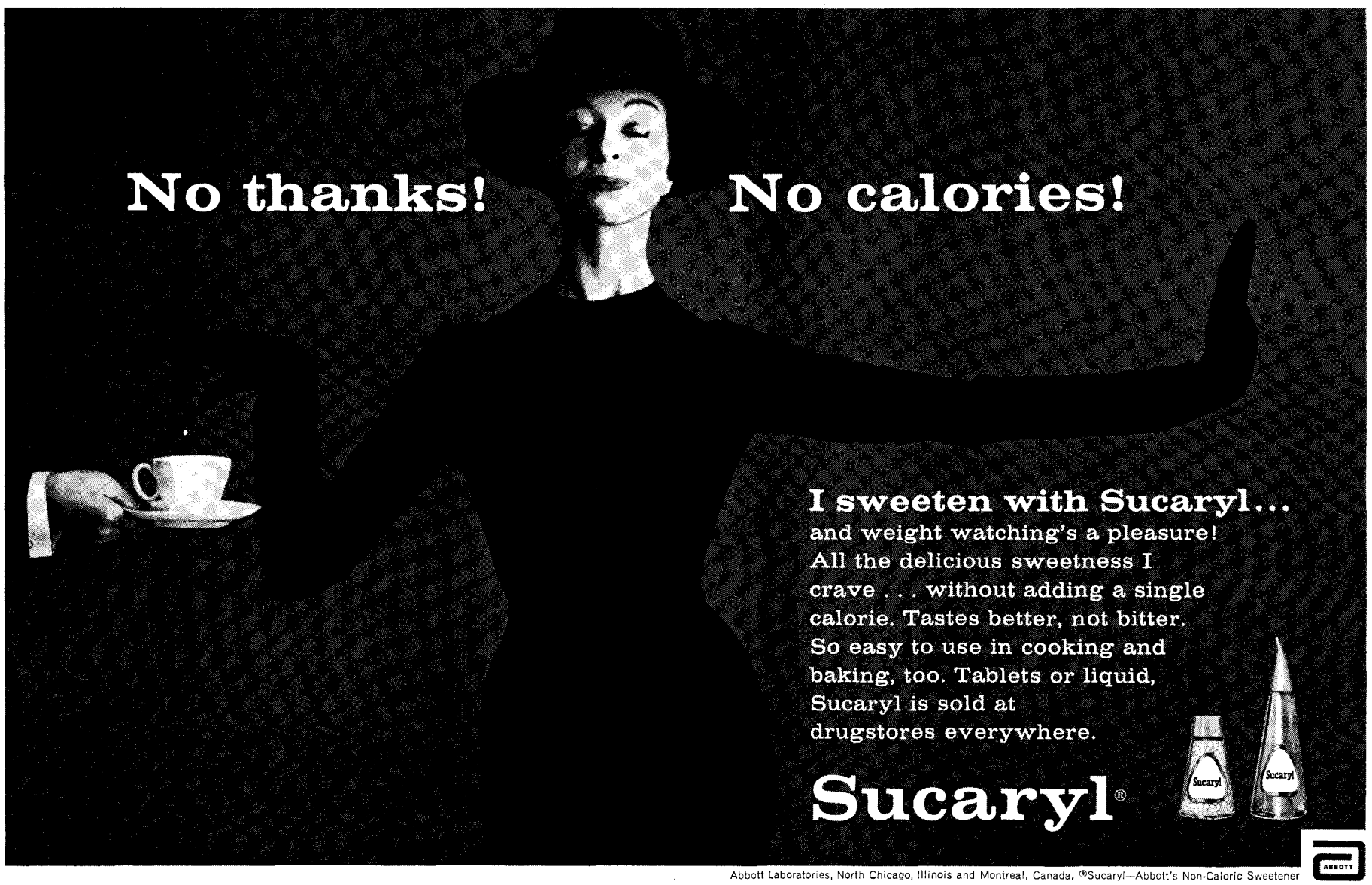
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Gloves

By Ann Darr

Coolly, carefully over each finger
Ease on the cloth, while time
seems to linger.
Now is the hand in pride
encased;
Now by demand the tears
erased;
Daintily clothed from nail to
wrist,
Hand no more is an angry fist.
Here is protection, not from
cold
But from feeling as old as hate
is old.

The act has made time to count
to ten;
She is a lady once again,
Gloved.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Dorje turned. "Are you about to scold me, too, grandfather?"

Tekan smiled. How often had he wished for a grandchild of his flesh and blood? "Scold you? No. I salute your courage. But does this business concern the bridge?"

"It does." Dorje's face sobered, and he toed the sack at his feet. "Here is explosive. I stole ten boxes from their storehouse and hid the rest. Tomorrow night we return, a hundred strong, and blow their bridge to bits."

"No!" Kaya gasped and clutched his arm. "You will be butchered! All of you."

"That is the risk of war," Dorje said gravely. "We are all soldiers now. This thing must be done."

"Kaya is right," Tekan said. "It is a Chinese trap. And if you do succeed, they will only rebuild the bridge."

"Then I or someone else will destroy it again. And again. Until they are driven from our village."

"But why must it be you?" Kaya's voice quavered and broke as she blinked back sudden tears. "There are others who will fight. You swear you love me, but ——"

"Hush, little one." Dorje tilted up her chin with a finger. "You know my heart. But would you have me hide behind a woman? Even one such as you?"

His voice was gentle, tender with love and infinitely sad. But his jaw was set as hard as stone. With a sigh, Tekan looked at Kaya's face, from which all life had drained. They had forgotten him. But somehow he must find a way to melt this rock of a man.

"You go now?" she whispered. "So soon?"

"I cannot desert my comrades. They depend on me." Dorje backed to the door.

"Wait." Tekan fingered his beads as the idea took on substance. Any appeal would be futile. In some ways Dorje seemed not unlike the Chinese colonel. Both were young and righteous and dedicated to a cause. For them he knew a kind of pity. But for Kaya, weeping softly in the shadows, and for all women everywhere who lost their men, he felt a deep, aching compassion. "Surely you have a moment to refresh yourself before setting out on such a stormy night."

Hastily, before the young man could decline, he rummaged in a dark corner of the hut, then turned back with a third bowl. He filled it from the pot of lukewarm tea and handed the bowl to Dorje. With a finger Dorje stirred the thick black brew, took a sip and gulped it down.

"Now, Dorje Goze, I would tell you a little tale."

"Make it short, grandfather. I have a long road to travel before daylight."

"So do we all," Tekan murmured. Never had he felt more weary, but he spoke in a light, clear voice, hugging his chest to ward off the cold. "This happened long ago. There was a young man full of learning and pride and self-importance. He, too, fell in love, with a girl of great beauty. He was hopelessly in love, and she with him, or so it appeared."

"You knew this girl?" Kaya interrupted.

"You remind me of her, child. Well, they were happy in their love, planning marriage and many children. Then one day, without warning, she ran off with a trader from Batang. The young man was thunderstruck—with rage, with fury. He knew no forgiveness. Lust for revenge burned in him like a wicked flame."

Dorje made an impatient gesture. "Get along with it. I am late."

"The young man pursued the couple. In a lonely camp on the grasslands he overtook them. With his sword he slew the trader, before the eyes of his beloved. He gloated in his vengeance."

"The girl?" Kaya asked, shivering. "Did she go back to the young man?"

Tekan rubbed a hand over his eyes. Outside the hut lightning flashed and thunder boomed over the peaks. "No, the girl fled from him, as she would flee a monster. He never saw her again. Before many days she died of grief, broken by the tragedy."

"And did he die too?"

"From that time," Tekan went on, "he became a pariah. All men turned against him. But he could not escape himself in death. He knew he must replace life with life, or suffer through eternity. So he traveled to the sacred forest of Tien Shan, seeking enlightenment. There he dug up a seedling. This tiny plant he carried back to the village of the girl and planted it, where no other trees grew. Through the years he kept this stripling alive, watered it with his tears and warmed it with his body, as you would succor a sickly child, until at last it gained strength and grew into a mighty pine. This was his penance."

"This tree, lord? *Your* tree?" said Kaya.

Dorje snorted. "It is only a tale. Why tell me this?"

"The young man," Tekan said, "had no understanding of the nature of love, you see. Violence ruled his mind, and in violence he destroyed his soul. Do not you, Dorje Goze, commit such error. Do not close your heart to love."

"I would have done the same," Dorje retorted. "At least your young man proved he was a man."

"Take me with you!" Kaya clung to him. "I beg you, Dorje! Do not leave me behind again."

Gently but firmly Dorje pushed her away and shouldered his bag. "Look after her for me, grandfather."

Tekan nodded. "As my very own."

Watching anxiously, he saw Dorje pause in the doorway. Perspiration beaded the young man's face, and a film glazed his eyes. He mumbled something incoherent, and the sack slipped from his fingers. With a lurch he slumped forward to the earthen floor and rolled over onto his back.

Kaya darted forward and knelt beside him. His eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily, like a man in deep slumber. She pinched his cheeks, shook him in panic. "He—he is sick!"

"Not sick," Tekan said. "Asleep. For several hours. He will awake no worse for the experience."

"You?" Her eyes grew round with disbelief. "You did this to him?"

"I put a pinch of harmless powder in his tea."

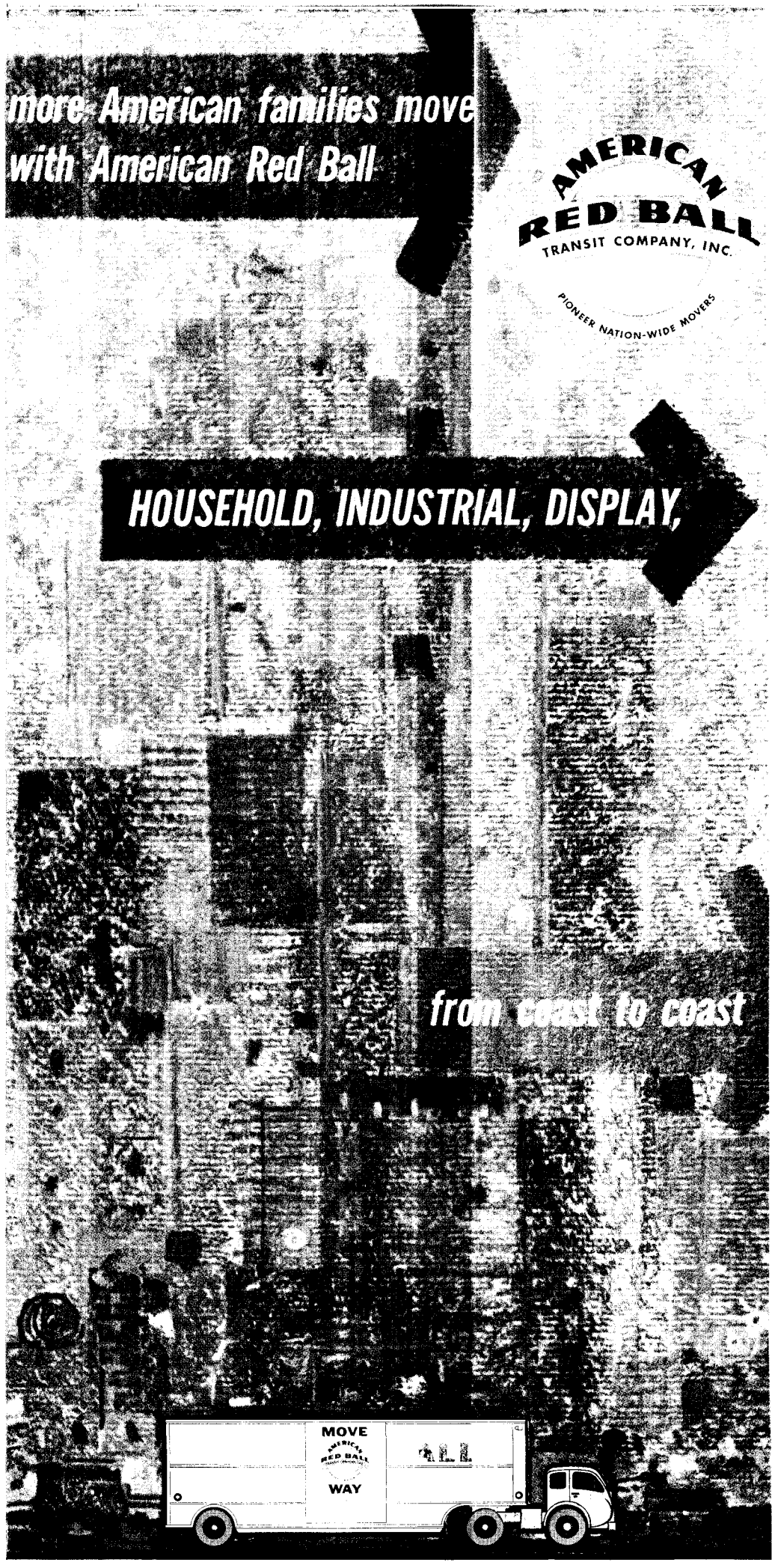
"But why? Why?"

"Try to trust me," Tekan said soothingly. "Then try to forgive me. You saw that I could not persuade him. So you must take him away from here at once. To the mountains, among his friends. They will take care of him, and of you too."

Her face twisted. "But he will be furious when he wakes. He will come storming back ——"

"Perhaps by then," Tekan said, "he will have a change of heart. Come now. Hurry."

In bewilderment she helped him drag Dorje from the hut out into the road. Together they struggled to lift his limp body onto the back of the largest yak. With a piece of thong around the beast's belly they secured him in place. Overhead, wind soughed through the treetop, moaning like a ghost. A peal of thunder made Kaya jump.



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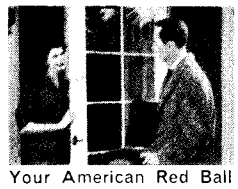
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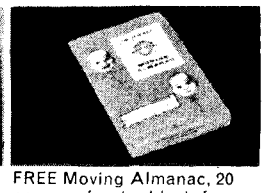
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"That story, lord, about the young man and the girl he loved, and the tree? You told it only to detain Dorje until the powder worked. It never really happened, did it?"

Tekan lifted one shoulder in the barest shrug. "Who can say? Safe journey, child. The heavens shine upon you and your man."

"You will not come with us?"

"No, I remain. There is"—he smiled faintly—"a demon I must exorcise."

He slapped the yak's rump, and the little caravan lumbered up the road and out of sight, swallowed by the night. He waited until the tinkle of the bell faded, then turned back to his shrine. Boughs clacked and groaned in the wind, and thunder rumbled over the gorge. The first drops of rain pelted his face.

Hauling Dorje's sack from the hut, he set about his task. He had watched the Chinese do this more than once, but his fingers were unskilled and awkward, stiff with age. Daylight was not far off before he finished. For the second time that night he knelt down and struck fire from flint and steel. "Forgive me, old friend," he said aloud, and peered up at the trunk. "Forgive us both."

An hour after dawn, having completed his devotions, Tekan Sorbu ate a barley cake, although he was not hungry, and emerged from the hut. Sitting cross-legged beside the shrine, he was ready for another day. Rain beat down, soaking through to his skin, but he did not seek shelter. With head bent forward he listened intently to the Tata Ho and the story she could tell him.

Mist hid the river far below, but her voice rose from the gorge in full roar. She was angry, raging, insane with pain, a monumental force in labor. Only once or twice before had he heard her bellow with such fury. He closed his eyes and waited, but did not drowse, for the very old require little sleep.

A long while later a Chinese patrol in jeeps crept up the road. They slowed, stopped, and a soldier climbed out. He stared about at the crater in the rocky earth, at the jagged blackened stump of what had been a mighty pine. He sniffed its charred odor. "What happened here, old man?" he demanded. "Where is the tree?"

"Did you not hear the thunder?" Tekan said. "Have you never seen a bolt of lightning from the sky?"

Awe came into the soldier's eyes, and he popped a hand over his mouth. Edging forward, he peered over the cliff down into the gorge. "The tree!" he cried to his companions, and pointed. "It fell into the river. It was the tree that smashed the bridge. Lightning struck it."

Busy telling his beads, Tekan paid no heed. The soldier shouted at him. "Do you hear me, old man? This tree, or one like it, wedged against the bridge supports. It caused a log jam from wall to wall that dammed up the river. The bridge went out like a straw."

Slowly and calmly he raised his eyes to the soldier's face. They held a strange, deep light that made the other back off in alarm. *These people*, Tekan thought, *do not believe in devils nor in miracles.* They had come warring from the east before and would again, but always in the end the land defeated them. "I hear you, *wa-tse*," he said. "Tell your colonel of engineers I pray for his enlightenment."

After the patrol had gone he pulled his cloak about him and leaned against the splintered stump, huddled in the rain. The roar of Tata Ho had become a song once more, a song that warmed his very bones. He thought of Kaya and her love, who surely must be safe by now. And looking back through a haze of yesterdays he saw for an instant another soft, dark-eyed face, radiant with youth.

This is our legend, one to cherish in the black days ahead. Perhaps you question it, for no one can prove that it happened just so. But this much is certain: The bridge is gone, the tree is gone, but the old man still is there, sitting by his shrine in all weather to bless travelers. Whatever his sins of the past, he has paid his penance in full.

Don't Hamstring the Talented (Continued from Page 30)

knowledge and his acquisition of a technique for applying this knowledge to the problems of everyday life. The professional man's contribution to society is the use of his good mind and special knowledge for solution of problems that cannot be solved by the common sense of ordinary men. It is obvious that as technology advances more and more problems will require the kind of specialized knowledge the layman lacks; hence our increasing need for professional people.

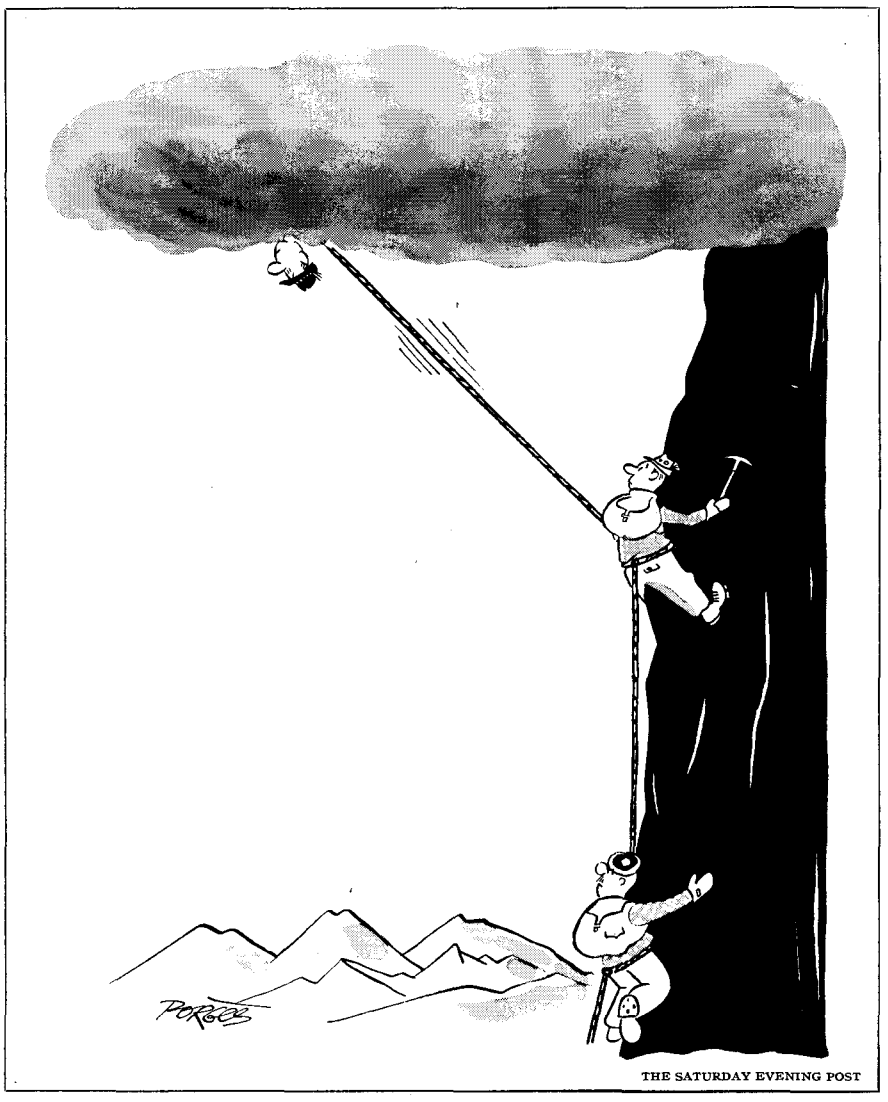
The role of the professional man differs from that of the technician. Both have in common an *expertise* not possessed by laymen, but the professional man has undergone a much longer period of preparation and knows much more than the technician. Moreover, he is able to apply this knowledge to a great variety of unforeseen problems, while the technician, though he may do difficult work, does it in a routine manner and follows the instructions of his professional superiors. The difference is like that between physician and nurse. Both are indispensable to the patient, but their roles differ. The physician takes full charge of his case and is held responsible for his way of handling it; the nurse carries out the doctor's instructions and is held responsible only for obeying orders.

Another important difference between professional man and technician is that creatively endowed professionals enlarge their particular branch of knowledge and devise new ways to put it to practical use. Though a clever technician may make small improvements in his techniques, fundamental advances in technology are now almost without exception the work of professional people. It is supremely important that the American people comprehend that we advance technologically through the efforts of our professional men, not through our technicians or administrators.

When organizations employing professional men fail to accord them their proper role and instead treat them as technicians or, worse still, expect of them the kind of unquestioning obedience to administrative superiors demanded of the proper "organization man," all the effort and money spent on their long and arduous education are wasted. One of the reasons Russia has overtaken us in some developmental projects is that we not only have too few professionals but in addition fail to use properly the ones we have.

Russia, Japan and other nations which were once industrially backward have demonstrated that the whole of the science and technology invented by the most advanced nations can be acquired in a relatively short period of time, given enough determination and readiness to sacrifice present comfort for the sake of future gain. In consequence even the most advanced nation will not retain its head start unless it continues to progress faster than the rest of the world. A head start can easily be lost, chiefly because it tends to breed a sense of superiority which leads to complacency and slackening of effort. At the same time the enormous drive which pushes a technically backward nation ahead is apt to give it momentum well beyond the point where it has caught up. History tells us that England, for example, lost her head start as the first country to introduce industrialization because she was outdone in efficiency by Continental competitors, who were willing to make a greater effort to progress technologically.

Modern science is an achievement of western civilization, existing nowhere else except by imitation. But not all western nations have at all times realized how vital a part the professional man plays in a nation's technological growth. Because a profession is intellectual in content—though practical in application—national attitudes toward intelligence and education influence the place of the professions in a nation's scale of values. For different reasons England and the United States value other human qualities more highly than intellect. In modern life this is dangerous because the science and technology upon which we count to make life on this crowded planet dignified and comfortable depend upon men of superior intellect and education. It follows that a nation will be left behind in the technological race if it does not value education and respect the professions.



A hundred years ago England stood at the pinnacle of political power and industrial might. Within a few decades these were on the decline. The Continental nations, and Germany in particular, rapidly overcame the lead which England's earlier industrialization had given her. They did this through better education, greater support of pure and applied science, and higher regard for professional men. Our position vis-à-vis Russia today resembles that of England to Germany a century ago. Russia's rapid technological progress rests squarely on her excellent free system of education, which produces an abundance of professional people, especially in science and engineering. And if we are to prevent twentieth-century Russia from overtaking us, we may well start by casting a glance at the way nineteenth-century Germany overtook England.

In education England was then many decades behind the Continent. English education was a private or eleemosynary enterprise; a good education could be had only in expensive and socially exclusive boarding schools and colleges. The poor received almost no education; the middle class an inferior one. Across the channel, most advanced nations had excellent state-supported schools and universities. Elementary education was provided free of charge; secondary and university education at low cost.

Matthew Arnold, the famous poet who was also a school inspector for the English Government, wrote a series of studies comparing Continental with English education. Published in the 1860's, these still make interesting reading; for what he says of (*Continued on Page 128*)

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(*Continued from Page 126*) English education, while no longer true of England, is still in part true of American education. In those days English colleges were no more than advanced secondary schools, in no way comparable to Continental universities. This is still largely the case in the United States today. Arnold reported that abroad it took a boy only twelve years to complete his general education, while in England it took from fifteen to sixteen years, including a liberal-arts course in college; that the cost of general education on the Continent was minimal, but in England very high; that in consequence fewer Englishmen received a good education than did Germans, Danes, Swiss and other Continentals. The middle class, especially, was better educated abroad than in England, and this showed up in rapid industrial and commercial advances, with English businessmen increasingly losing out to European competitors.

Today Russian children receive in ten years of free schooling an amount of knowledge in the sciences, in mathematics, the mother tongue, literature and foreign languages that few American youngsters acquire in less than fourteen years, including two at college. Yet the two nations probably have approximately the same number of school-age children.

We find it difficult to admit that anyone could outdo us in the field of education. Our high standard of living deludes us into feeling that we are superior in every respect to all other peoples. So, too, did the English people refuse to heed Arnold and other critics of English education. "Never did people believe anything more firmly," wrote Arnold, "than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich."

Educational chauvinism comes naturally to prosperous and powerful nations. They are annoyed when told they could learn from less prosperous or powerful nations. When Prince Albert joined the advocates of educational reform, there was a feeling that, as the English historian Trevelyan puts it, the prince spoke as he did because he was, after all, a German and "popular education was a fad—fit perhaps for industrious foreigners in Central Europe who had not our other advantages of character and world position."

Germany was as far ahead of England in recognizing the value of the professions as she was in education and in support of science and research. Here, too, Arnold's voice was raised in warning. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, the professions were "the stronghold of science and systematic knowledge," he wrote, while in England they were not. In class societies such as nineteenth-century England and Germany, social position was a clear indicator of national value scales. In both countries barriers between classes were high and difficult to surmount, but in Germany top men in the professions broke through these barriers. A university professor, for example, was received into the society of the upper classes even when, by birth and personal fortune, he would normally have been excluded from select social circles. This was not true in England then; brains as such did not open social doors.

Only a few of England's leaders saw how dangerous to the nation was its undervaluation of intelligence and education. Their haranguing and warnings eventually prodded England into setting up a state system of education and into giving recognition to her men of superior intellect and knowledge. For their efforts on behalf of reform, these men were often accused of disloyalty and of being in love with Germany! Their voices brought a discordant note into the Victorian symphony of self-congratulation and complacency.

Typical of their courage and the despair they must often have felt was an editorial in the magazine *Nature*, published on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. What seems to have induced the editor to break into the universal atmosphere of self-satisfied rejoicing with a solemn warning against continued English disrespect of intellect was his exasperation when only one Fellow of the Royal Society was invited to the ceremony at Westminster. A theatrical entertainer, he wrote bitterly, might be admitted to the presence of the Queen, but a Darwin, Stokes or Huxley would not—"The brain of the nation is divorced from its head." Abroad, he remarked pointedly, these matters were differently ordered; there men of letters, art and science were made welcome in the councils of the sovereign. No particular harm was done the famous men, who would probably not have enjoyed the show at Westminster anyway, but their exclusion, declared the editorial, had rendered the ceremony ridiculous and contemptible, and thus great harm was done the nation when not England "but only England's paid officials and nobodies" were present at so historic an occasion.

All this is history, but we might ponder whether the resistance of the English people to reform did not delay their technological progress so much they were unable to catch up and therefore lost the industrial supremacy that had once been theirs. There are enough similarities in our present situation vis-à-vis Russia to give us cause for worry.

Russia produces more professionals than we and rewards them more highly. What is more serious, she appears to put them to better use, with the result that she is able to shorten the time between concept of a new scientific discovery and its practical application—"leadtime" is the technical term for this interval. In the past we had short leadtimes; in fact, our talent for cutting red tape and getting things done rapidly was once world-renowned. In the last decade or two, our leadtimes have been lengthening. In some military items they have grown from five to ten years; Russia's have decreased from ten to two and one half years. Leadtimes are an accurate indicator of a nation's technological efficiency.

Shippingport, Pa.: Admiral Hyman G. Rickover explaining the control panel of the world's first atomic-powered generating plant to Soviet Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov during his visit to the U.S. last July.

We must take steps at once to reverse the present trend in leadtimes. This can be done most effectively by making better use of our professional men. Lengthened leadtimes are primarily caused by overadministration, by excessive emphasis on administrative routines and an unfortunate tendency among managers of private and public bureaucracies to interfere with the technical work of professional men who are their subordinates in the organization. We have such interference because we do not draw clear lines between the respective role of the professional man and the administrator and because, of the two, the administrator enjoys the higher prestige and position.

The administrative head of a large bureaucracy is, in fact, the nearest equivalent we have to an absolute monarch—something of an anachronism in a democratic society! He runs his bureaucracy in an authoritarian manner; he expects unquestioning obedience from his subordinates, even in matters in which they are expert and he is ignorant. His administrative subordinates do likewise. This may be necessary in administrative affairs, but it makes no sense in technical matters. Professional people cannot be fitted into such a hierarchy without losing their professional status, because the administrative principle that a decision derives its importance from the decision-maker's position on the administrative ladder runs counter to the basic professional principle that a specialist is responsible for the way he performs his assignments and cannot submit to lay direction in his professional work.

It is time we ask ourselves just why administrators occupy so high a position in our regard and on our organization charts. Possibly we have here a cultural lag. Until a little over a century ago all of man's most important activities involved manipulation of people and money. Technology was at so low a level that most work was done by human hands. The men who had a talent for manipulating men and money thus had an important role to play. Modern technology lessens this role day by day. As machines take over from men in all routine work, whether in physical or mental capacity, the people who do the basic and applied research and the engineering work that brings still further automation become more important than administrators. Yet the public generally does not recognize the contributions made by scientists and engineers who create the technology utilized by business, because these professionals are hidden from view by a screen of salesmen, public-relations men and businessmen in general. It takes but a moment's reflection, however, to realize that modern technology would not exist without scientists and engineers. It is they who put nature to work for us; without them we stand still at whatever level of technology we may find ourselves.

Such people are never so abundant as are practical administrators; we presently have a severe shortage of the first and an overabundance of the second. In *The Status Seekers*, Vance Packard gives us a chart of brain-power ratings for different occupations that shows first-rate professional men possessing I.Q.'s that put them in the top 1 or 2 per cent of our population, while top business executives average no higher in intelligence than the general run of college graduates—well above the national average, but below that of the professionals. Yet in most organizations professional men are subordinates of administrators whose mental capacity is lower than theirs. Moreover, the kind of work done by these administrative superiors is rarely beyond the (*Continued on Page 130*)

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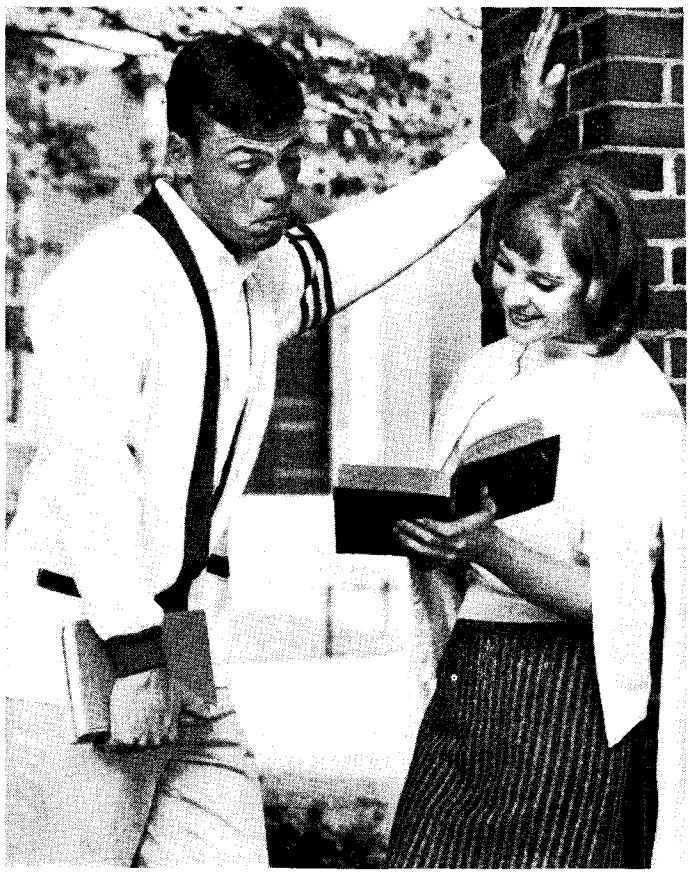

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(*Continued from Page 128*) capacity of a professional man. If the need arose, a good scientist or engineer could learn to co-ordinate the work of the people under him, whereas the lay administrator, of course, could never do the work of the scientist or engineer.

It is high time we give thought to the proper function of administrators. I suggest that at the top level they set policy and see to it that policy is carried out; that at lower levels they provide the environment and the material needed by the organization's productive workers; and that at the bottom they perform housekeeping and clerical chores. Administration is, or ought to be, a necessary overhead to *aid* production and should at all times be kept as low as possible.

From my own experience I judge that the administration of creative developmental work ought not to exceed 10 per cent of total personnel. More routine operations, where machines do most of the productive work, will necessarily have a higher percentage. Industry, I believe, considers 20 per cent adequate for maximum efficiency. But many of our huge bureaucracies have several times more administrators than creative professionals. Instead of being helpful to those who do the real work, these administrators almost without exception interfere with it. They do this by presuming to substitute their own lay judgment for that of professional experts in technical matters, by meddling with the ways professional subordinates plan and execute their work and by bothering them with trifling routines.

The proper relationship between professional man and administrator is best seen in hospitals. In fact, the role of the physician in any organization he joins may be taken as a model for the proper role of all professional people. Even when he becomes a salaried employee, the physician retains full responsibility for his cases and will never under any circumstances submit to lay direction in his professional actions. We take for granted that incorporation into an organization must not detract from a doctor's professional status. No one ever says that such eggheads need administrators to supervise their work, yet in effect this is what we say of scientists and engineers. To visualize how we misuse their talents, consider what a hospital would be like were it run as bureaucracies employing scientific professionals are managed today.

Imagine, if you will, a situation where administrators try to prevent use of new medical procedures merely because these run counter to established hospital routines, or where doctors must spend half their time doing battle with administrators who require them to explain and justify their diagnosis and treatment! Picture for yourselves a situation where the physician in charge of the X-ray treatment of a cancer patient finds that his orders concerning length of exposure to radiation are being countermanded by a lay superior! Fortunately, of course, this could not happen even if the doctor were an underpaid third-assistant resident and the layman the highest-paid administrative officer of the hospital.

Nuclear-reactor safety rules are perhaps comparable to doctor's orders on radiation. I have had the most extraordinary difficulty convincing administrative superiors that in such a dangerous and complicated matter technical knowledge is essential and that they must, therefore, accept the rules worked out by experts in reactor technology, even though these be low men on the administrative totem pole. We in the Naval Reactor Group have so far won our way, but we have had to waste thousands of hours, patiently explaining the ABC's of reactor technology to administrators who attempt to make technical decisions about nuclear reactors without understanding them.

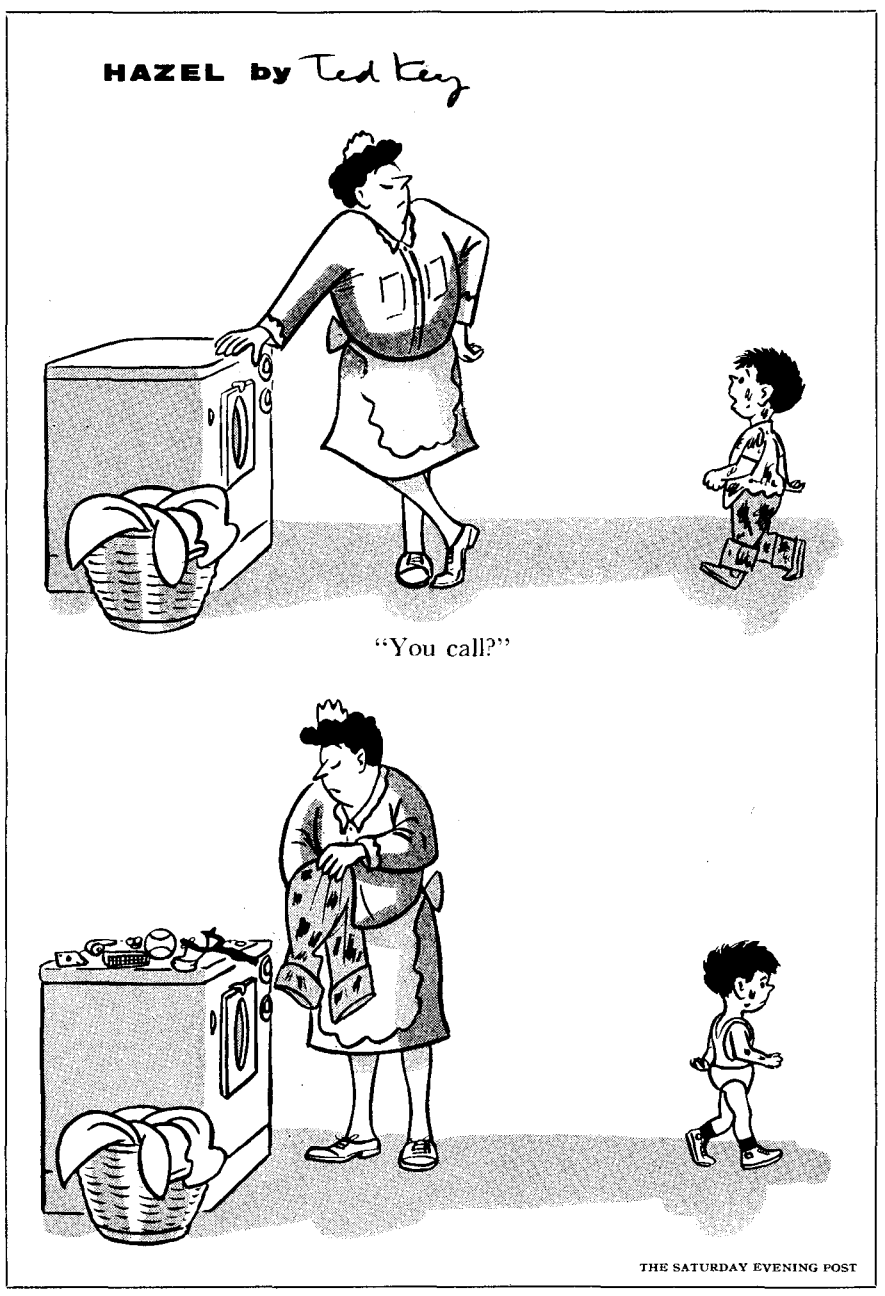
To give but one example of the kind of thing we must contend with: A superior once asked me to reduce radiation shielding. He said the advantage of getting a lighter-weight reactor plant was worth risking the health of personnel. It was not easy to make him see that such a concept was not acceptable and that, moreover, where radiation is involved, we are dealing not just with the lives of individuals but with the genetic future of all mankind. His attitude was that we did not know much about evolution and that if we raised radiation exposures we might find that mutations were helpful rather than harmful—that mankind might "learn to live with radiation."

Conscious as we professionals are that this country has no time to lose in pushing ahead with the development of nuclear power, the needless battle with technically ignorant administrators becomes doubly frustrating. We cannot understand their worship of routines nor their determination to force people engaged in novel projects into time-worn channels. Had we complied and gone about our work in a routine manner, we should have spared ourselves much wear and tear and the enmity of many powerful people. And there would be no nuclear ships at sea today. Conversely, this country would have had such vessels sooner had not so much of our time been wasted.

I mention this personal experience because it is symptomatic of all our bureaucracies. It has much to do with our failures in important new developments, our lengthening leadtimes and the fact that in some areas we have fallen behind the Russians. I see the greatest danger to our nation in the determination of administrators to turn professional men into technicians and obedient "yes" men. It may yet cost us our freedom.

I recently paid a short visit to Russia. It gave me no more than a superficial view of that country; yet everything I saw confirms a long-held conviction that we must gird for a protracted period of intense rivalry during which we cannot allow ourselves to fall behind in any area which contributes, however remotely, to the strength and welfare of our nation. There is hardly a field where our adversary does not try to make use of every weakness we display. The biggest mistake we can make is to look upon the Russian challenge as purely military. On the contrary, it affects every aspect of our way of life, even those we consider private. The intensity of Russian rivalry is something one must see and experience to believe. Whatever the formal relationships between Russia and the free world may be at any given time, the technological race will not cease. I do not believe the Russians will *ever* stop trying to surpass us.

Should Utopia come tomorrow and all the world lay down its arms, this race for technological supremacy would still go on, and the one who emerged on top would then have an easy time taking over the world—if he wanted to. *We* do not want to, as we amply proved during the early years of the cold war when we had atomic supremacy and, despite provocation, did not use it. Let no one doubt that the other side wants to take over the world—and in a similar situation of absolute supremacy would do so. Only so long as we are strong enough to render surprise attack too risky to be worth trying will the determined men who rule beyond the Iron Curtain refrain from using political blackmail or military attack against us and the remaining free nations of the world.



It is often said that democracy is on trial. To my mind it is not democracy but democracy's ability to handle certain basic problems that is on trial. The Soviet Union and the United States are competing for the best solution to these problems. Both countries cover enormous land masses with large populations growing at explosive rates; both are totally committed to making fullest use of science. Human crowding and modern technology make bureaucratization of most activities inevitable. Crowding brings government growth even in the most democratic of countries, and the high specialization characteristics of advanced technologies make it imperative to bring the specialists together in huge organizations. But bureaucratization tends to freeze the *status quo* which, in the face of rapid population growth, would result in steady lowering of living standards.

Only advancement of science and technology can offset diminishing wealth in land and natural resources. Room must therefore be made in bureaucratic organizations for individuals who have the capacity and the initiative to move us ahead technologically. Group-thinking "organization men" lack this capacity; worse, they are conditioned to dislike the creative individual.

The practical problem resolves itself into having enough organization to *utilize* science and yet enough individual creativity to *advance* it. Both the United States and Russia are now huge bureaucracies—we reluctantly, they by design. The technological race thus becomes a race between two bureaucracies. In the long run it will be decided in favor of that bureaucracy which remains flexible enough to permit fullest individual initiative, but which skirts the danger of permitting a free-for-all between opposing special-interest groups in which the welfare of the nation is disregarded.

To state the problem this way is to show that only our own stupidity and selfishness could lose us the race. If we saw to it that democracy prevailed throughout our private and public life, we should inevitably be more efficient than the Russians. The free individual always outcreates the bound individual—provided, of course, the two are equal as human beings, equally well-educated and equally patriotic.

Nothing prevents us from having a better educational system than the Russians; nothing prevents us from working out organizational procedures which give fullest rein to individual talent and creativity. Nothing says it is undemocratic that we accord a proper role to the professions. Let us then take this first step to increase our technological efficiency: let us give future professionals the kind of education they need at the lowest cost and within the shortest time possible; and let us reorganize our administrative procedures so as to allow professional men the independence without which they cannot put forth their best efforts.

THE END

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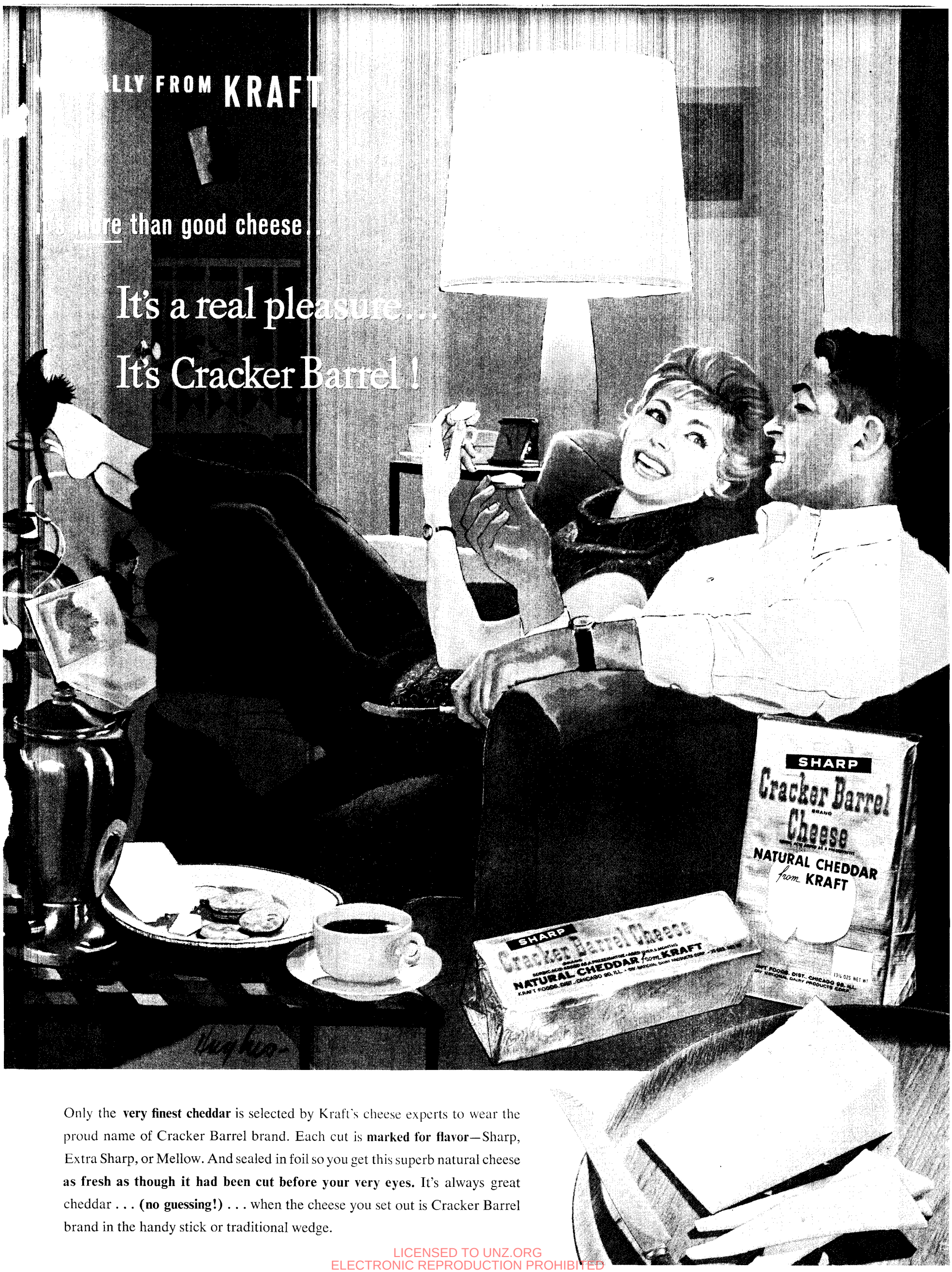

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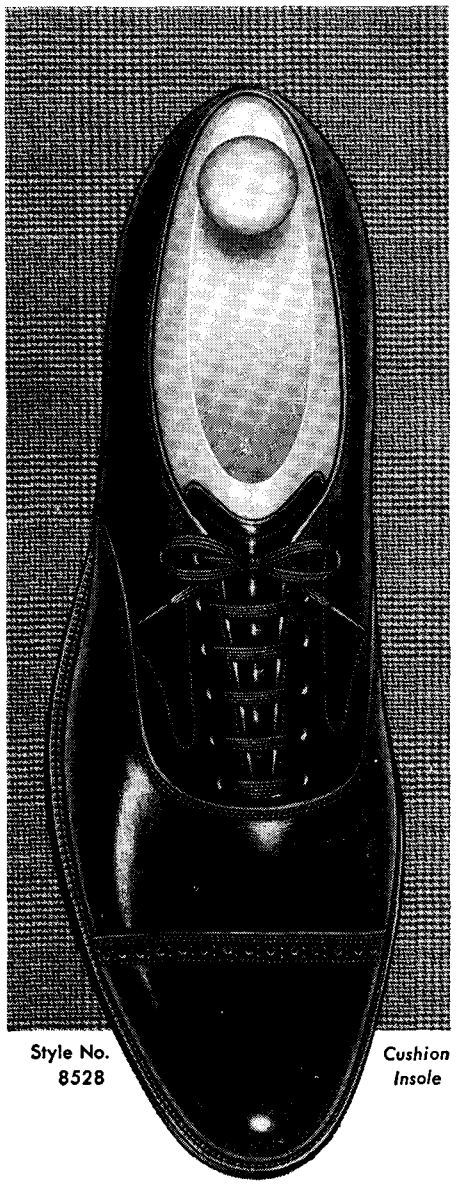

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Keeping Posted

Norman Rockwell Tells His Story

In the summer of 1958 **Norman Rockwell** and his son **Thomas** got busy on the fascinating autobiography which opens on page 19 and which Doubleday is publishing now as a book. It was a happy team arrangement. America's most beloved artist not only has a wealth of vivid experiences to relate but he is a wonderful raconteur—"I'm such a liar," is the way he once referred to that faculty. Meanwhile, son Tom had been heading into the writing business since high-school days, so he was all set to be the told-to party. Tommy—as his dad calls him—says, "I once tried to paint. It was a smashing failure." Incidentally, the two other Rockwell sons are taking care of the art heritage. Jarvis (Jerry), the eldest, is a fine-arts painter in San Francisco, and Peter, the youngest, who is a graduate of Haverford College, is studying sculpture at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Peter's infant son Geoffrey is undecided about his career.

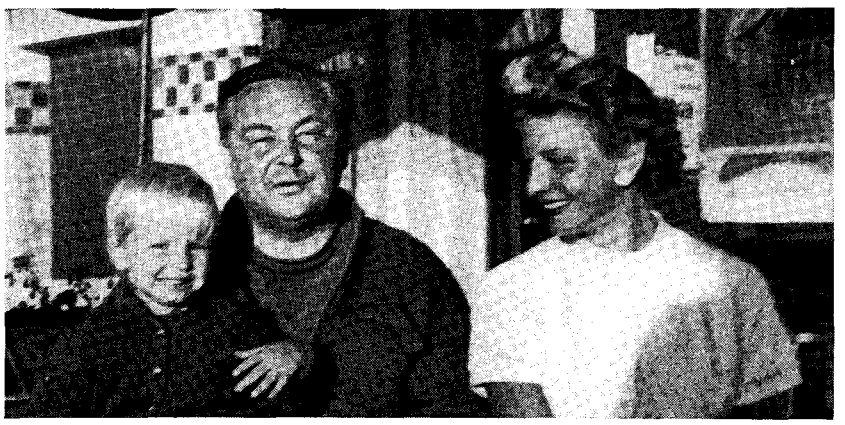
Autobiographer Rockwell did some of his remembering as he painted in his studio, talking into a recording machine, but mostly the two collaborators worked nights, seated at the kitchen table in Norman's Stockbridge, Massachusetts, home. At intervals Tom motored to Poughkeepsie to write—he and his wife Gail live there. Then father and son would do a fix job on the copy, usually amiably, sometimes unamiably. The writing, which took a year, was followed by exhaustive checking for memory slips. Item: Rockwell originally described *Post* editor George Lorimer as a tall man. He was of medium height. Tom says, "I guess my father's veneration for him made him look tall." Now at publication time, Norman Rockwell is worrying about the book's reception—"I think I'll go hide in a cave." He is almost as good a worrier as he is an artist.

Where Did the Money Go?

Queen of Greece, Vice Admiral Rickover inspect American atomic-energy plant.

The appearance on page 30 of another provocative article by Vice Adm. **H. G. Rickover** brings to mind something his readers ought to know. Every cent the admiral has received for articles—including three in *The Post*—for his speeches and from royalties on his book, *Education and Freedom*, has been given to charity. This has amounted to more than $20,000. Among the beneficiaries are orphanages, crippled-children's homes, the United Nations Children's Fund and CARE. After World War II, when Communists were making trouble in Greece, Queen Frederika courageously sought out many Greek orphans and founded an institution for their care; this became another Rickover beneficiary. The photo shows the admiral with Queen Frederika when she visited this country in 1958. The genius who fathered the *Nautilus*, the first atomic submarine, is showing the queen another of his triumphs, our first electric generating plant powered by atomic energy, at Shippingport, Pennsylvania.

Tales of the Authors



Gordon Young with Mrs. Y. and son Peter in a café.

Dorothy Bowers writes outdoors.

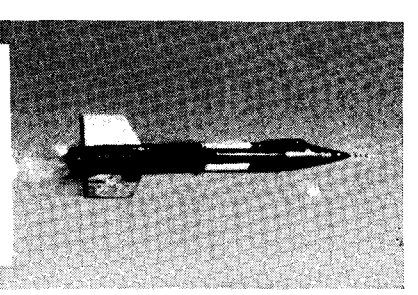
"I'm very proud to break into *The Post*," writes **Gordon Young,** page 25. He is a veteran English foreign correspondent and ex-newspaper editor whose ten books include biographies of Marshal Göring and Prince Aly Khan. Mrs. Young, a former Swedish actress, gave up her career in favor of homemaking, which she pursues in a Swiss apartment overlooking the Lake of Zurich. Son Peter not only speaks English, French and German fluently but also collects *Schweitzerdeutsche* swearwords to teach to his little sister Barbara. Papa Young likes cats, dislikes dogs and puts mint in his martinis.

Dorothy Hughes Bowers of page 34, who lived in Winnetka, Illinois, when she first sold *The Post* in 1954, is now living in Modesto, California, "in a subdivision of an old olive grove which gives the property a nice note of classicism and georgics—good for dreaming." Mr. and Mrs. B. are entranced by the rampant agriculture of San Joaquin Valley, where grapes grow bigger than plums, plums bigger . . . et cetera. The Bowerses just grow a lawn. "This is a mistake. No income, no subsidy, just outgo for mowing fees."

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"My Journeys Toward the Stars"

The fabulous experiences of Scott Crossfield, test pilot of what may be our first manned space vehicle—the X-15.



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Out in the cold: some of the 65 old frauds that tried to imitate Canadian Club

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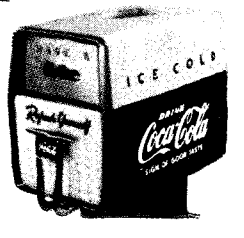

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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